June 8, 1935

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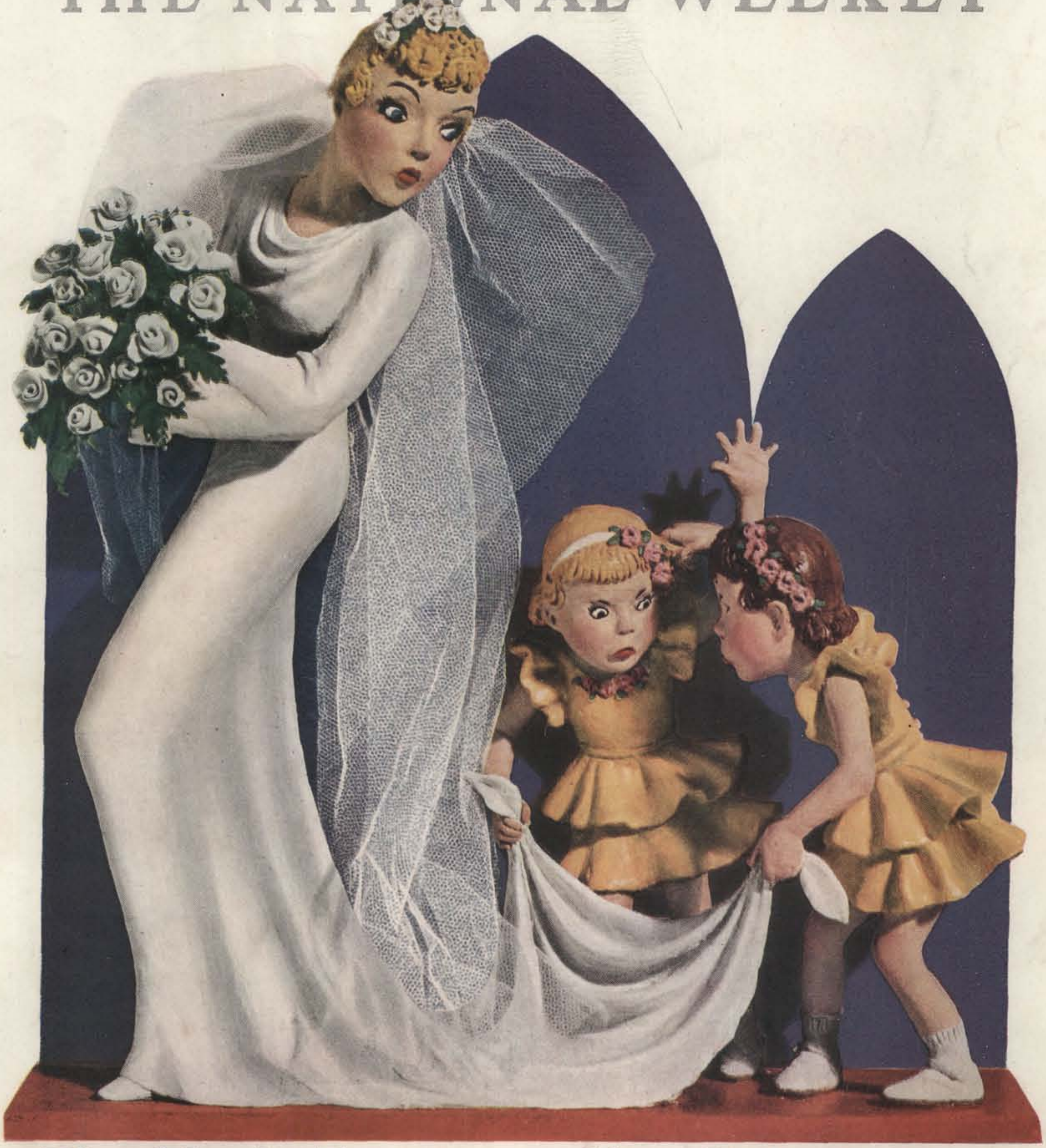
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Magic Egg
By Walter Duranty

Your Daily Dollars
By John

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAGAZ

JUNE 8, 1935

Any Questions, Class?

Very well
Teacher will answer them

First, someone asks,
Where is Old Overholt made?
The answer is
Broad Ford, Pa.

What is Old Overholt?
Fussy old timers
Consider it
The richest, ripest
Mellowest rye whiskey
Ever bottled in bond
In America

How long has it been made?
Since Heck's great granddog
Was a pup
Since the days of the spinnet
The spinning wheel
And the spinster...

To be exact
Since 1810

What is it made of?
Rye...barley... hill water...
And traditional skill
Plus a formula
That has not varied
One jot nor even a tittle
Since Napoleon
Landed at Elba

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

BOTTLED IN BOND

NATIONAL DISTILLERS
THIS EMBLEM PROTECTS YOU

© 1935, A. Overholt & Co., Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.

"The Old Man" to 1,000 Lumberjacks but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the same!

It began with "Pink Tooth Brush"

HE never gave a thought to his teeth — never needed to in the old days when he was just one of the loading gang — chewing the rough, coarse meals the lumber-camp cook threw together.

But, like so many other men on the way up, as life got easier, foods got softer, and his gums got more sensitive. His dentist warned him. His tooth brush warned him. But he said, "Let it ride for a while — can't stop now." And now there's no use trying. He's a dental cripple.

"Pink tooth brush" warns you in plenty of time. It means that your gums aren't getting enough exercise — the fault of our modern diet of soft, creamy foods. It means that they are getting flabby and sensitive — that they must have special care.

If your tooth brush shows "pink"— do the sensible thing. Don't let unhealthy gums invite serious disorders such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana and care for your gums as well as your teeth.

Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You can feel new circulation begin. You can feel a freshening tingle in the tissues. Do it for 30 days — and you can *see* that your gums are firmer and your teeth whiter.

Change to Ipana plus massage today. Your mouth will feel better, look better. And you'll probably never know what "pink tooth brush" is — or what unpleasant results it can lead to.

Professional Opinion says:

- *By a famous scientist:* "The fault of present-day diets is the eating of soft food, which compels no chewing."
- *From a dental authority:* "We do not use our mastication muscles enough . . . and thus deprive the teeth and gums of circulating nourishment."
- *A well-known text book states:* "Massaging or rubbing them (the gums) gently with the tips of the fingers will keep them in a firm, healthy condition."

Tune in "Town Hall Tonight" and hear the Ipana Troubadours every Wednesday evening – WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

THERE is a growing suspicion in the minds of some relief workers that this country is not inhabited exclusively by self-sacrificing patriots. They point to one political boss who sternly rebuked a relief worker for getting jobs for two families, thus removing them from the relief rolls. "We gotta keep up our quota," said the boss.

In fact, the whole program, once it emerges from Harry Hopkins' neat and efficient offices, runs headlong into that usual Waterloo of perfect plans, human nature. The result is drama on a large scale, with a full cast of heroes, villains, clowns and boobies. Walter Davenport presents the spectacle in "My County, 'tis from Thee."

"I'M GOING," Pete Blodgett said, "and I'm not coming back." After that Jane put her head on her arms and cried. Pete's father tried to comfort her. "He'll be back. You can't stay mad." But Jane knew better. "Pete can," she said. And so the next move was up to her. Pete was somewhere at sea, and it's not so easy for a girl to track down a young man on the boundless deep. Jane did it, though. Lucian Cary reports her achievement in "A Blow of Wind."

TAKE a look at a racing crew just after it has crossed the finish line. It's more like something the Spanish Inquisition has finished interviewing than a group of pleasure-loving undergraduates. But the race is what those oarsmen have been looking forward to through long months of training. Where's the charm? Alastair MacBain, from his own experience, gives you the answer in a brilliant article called "Riding Backward."

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN takes you to see the battle between Fireman Dunnevan and one Zewewski for the championship of the Destroyer Force. The action in the ring is brisk and satisfying, but nothing to compare with the action outside.

RUSS WALDRON and his lion-hunting dogs perform again in the romantic short story of a young man who thought he heard a girl's voice in the chaparral. Oddly enough, that's what it was. The story, by H. L. Davis, is called "A Horse for Felipa."

W. B. COURTNEY describes the romance and glamour of the San Diego Fair. George Milburn writes the Short Short Story. Richard Hoffman, George Creel, James Warner Bellah, Sax Rohmer and others complete the issue. Very handsomely.

This Week

●

June 8, 1935

Cover by Rosalie Rush

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS
A Strong, Safe Man. Could you tell one at sight? Sue Harmon couldn't. Page 7

JOHN T. FLYNN
Our Daily Dollars. The story back of the Administration's banking bill. Page 9

WILLIAM MacHARG
Man Missing. Have you ever known O'Malley to fail? Page 11

H. G. WELLS
The New America. Readjusting the mechanism—our crucial problems. Page 12

FRANCIS and KATHARINE DRAKE
Graft in the Air. And romance on the air lines. Page 14

WALTER DURANTY
The Magic Egg. Drama in a Russian courtroom. Page 16

HELEN SPRACKLING
Out for the Summer. Furniture for Eden. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
They Come Up Swimming. Easy as rolling off a log—so the experts say. Page 19

SAX ROHMER
The Bat Flies Low, Part XI. Simon Lobb, toying with catastrophe. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Promotion of Private Sheehan, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Page 21

JAMES WARNER BELLAH
The Brass Gong Tree, Part VII. Cold welcome in Manchukuo. Page 32

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Things you've never thought of. Page 35

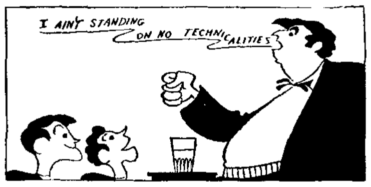
EDITORIAL
Look Ahead. Page 58

●

Any Week

WHAT Mr. Harlan F. Jost of Chicago, Illinois, wants to know is whether the country is going "completely socialistic or whether it will just be socialistic for the unemployables." Adds he: "I'd like to know so as to know whether to go ahead and save a few pennies for my old age or quit and let the government take care of me from now on. What's the use of working for a living if I don't have to?"

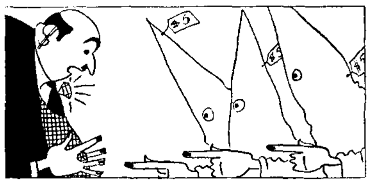
NO NONSENSE goes in California, and Mr. Abel Schroeter of Santa Monica can prove it. He heard a "local bushbeater telling an audience that what this country needed was Calvin Coolidge in the White House and a good hard rain. It was raining at the moment pretty hard," says Mr. Schroeter, "and a member of the audience told the orator so. Also he told him that Mr. Coolidge was dead. And the orator replied: 'Well, I ain't standing on no technicalities.' "


I AIN'T STANDING ON NO TECHNICALITIES

UNTIL we received this one from Mr. Samuel J. Hinemann of Cincinnati, Ohio, we had completely forgotten all about the real radicals. Probably because the soda-fountain variety has been making too much noise. Anyway, says Mr. Hinemann: "What has become of the Communist party and the Socialist party in all this denunciation of bankers and public utilities? I can't hear them at all. Maybe when we unpile and get lined up again we'll find that poor old Bill Foster, the Communist, and the Rev. Norman Thomas, the Socialist, and all the nice quiet, orderly boys like that have been trampled to death by Republican and Democratic politicians running around hollering for votes."

MR. WILLIAM L. BISBEE of Tacoma, Washington (89th Division, A.E.F.), could solve the bonus controversy without looking up from his newspaper. He says, "Let Congress give all us guys the right to sue the government for making us save the country back in 1918 and everything will be all right. This will give millions jobs on juries, give a lot of work to busted lawyers, and the costs, which the government will of course pay, no matter what happens, will go into circulation along with the awards us boys win, thus saving the situation, including the country."

SOMETHING told us that this was too good a chance for our old friends the Ku Klux Klan to overlook. Mr. Jeremiah J. Mehaffey of Indianapolis, Indiana, tells us that the Kleagles are cheered up a lot out his way. "They're trying to pump wind into the old K. K. K.," says he, "by recruiting the suckers who want to see the international bankers slapped in the nose. They've dropped all the old ballyhoo about the Negroes, Reds and aliens and have invited all three to rally round at five bucks a head and save the country from the gold bugs."



IN HIS golf story, "Home Town Boy," Talbert Josselyn described with pitiless detail a golf course you wouldn't want to play on. Reaching out for a name, he called it "San Clemente" and now Mr. Jock MacAdam, the flesh-and-blood professional of a very real and fine course at San Clemente, California, is biting his nails. "I have been working hard to build up this course," writes he. "Have gone out of my way to advertise and promote it, have a greenskeeper and three men besides a caddy master and really have as sporty and well-kept a course as you'll find anywhere. But one reference such as you have permitted will make it very difficult to get tournaments down here and will put the course in a ridiculous light in general."

We urge tournaments to play your course in droves, Mr. MacAdam, and not the shadowy tournaments of fiction, either.

A GENTLEMAN named Mr. George W. Christians of Chattanooga, Tennessee, asks us to join a movement he's launching. Mr. Christians says all chances of a peaceful revolution have gone and his aim, he assures us, is to "exterminate" Communists, bankers, Fascists, journalists, politicians and, believe it or not, tyrants. That done, he will "explode this depression instantly and restore prices, prevent future depressions and guarantee a job to every man who wants work; balance production and consumption; deconcentrate wealth, raise the standard of living," etc. To achieve immediate results he wants 50,000,000 members at fifty cents a head. Let's see: fifty cents times 50,000,000 is—is—is—

PAGE Andrew H. Brown.

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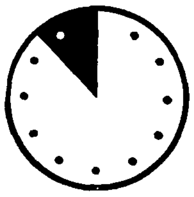
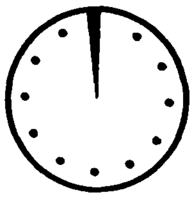
YOUR LONG DISTANCE DOLLAR'S WORTH

1925 | 1935

FASTER SERVICE

Ten years ago, your operator needed an average of 7.3 minutes to put through a Long Distance call.

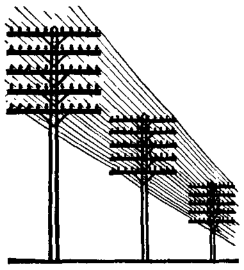


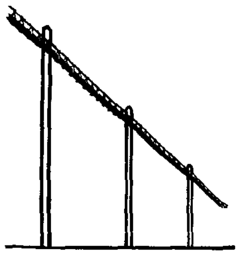


Today, the average waiting time is only 1.5 minutes. Nine out of every ten Long Distance calls are completed while you hold the line.

MORE DEPENDABLE SERVICE

Service was more subject to interruption by wind, sleet and other elements, a decade ago.

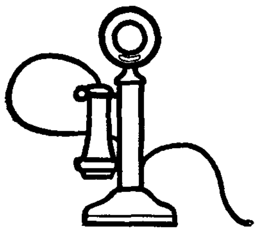


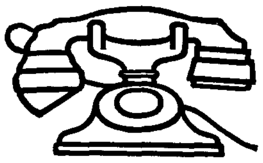


Service interruptions from natural causes have been greatly reduced by the substitution of cable for aerial wire. In 1935, the Bell System has 12,500,000 miles of Long Distance lines in practically storm-proof cable.

MORE TELEPHONES WITHIN REACH

In 1925 there were 11,500,000 Bell telephones and 5,800,000 other telephones in the United States, Canada and Cuba to which you could talk.

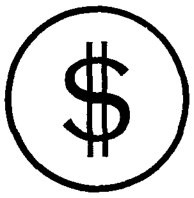




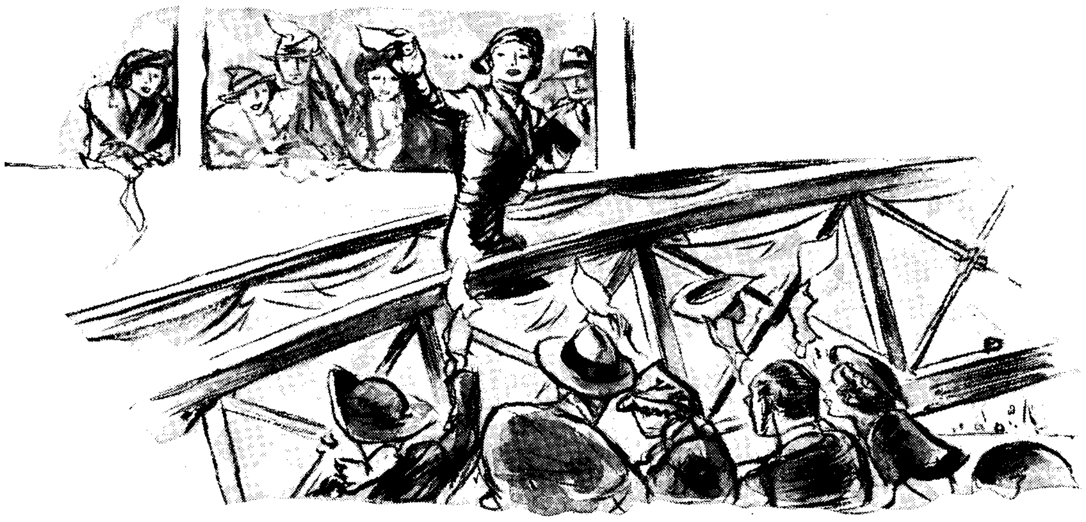
Now there are 13,500,000 Bell telephones and 17,300,000 other telephones in all parts of the world to which you can talk. By land lines or Bell System overseas service, 93% of the world's telephones have been brought within reach.

RATES REDUCED

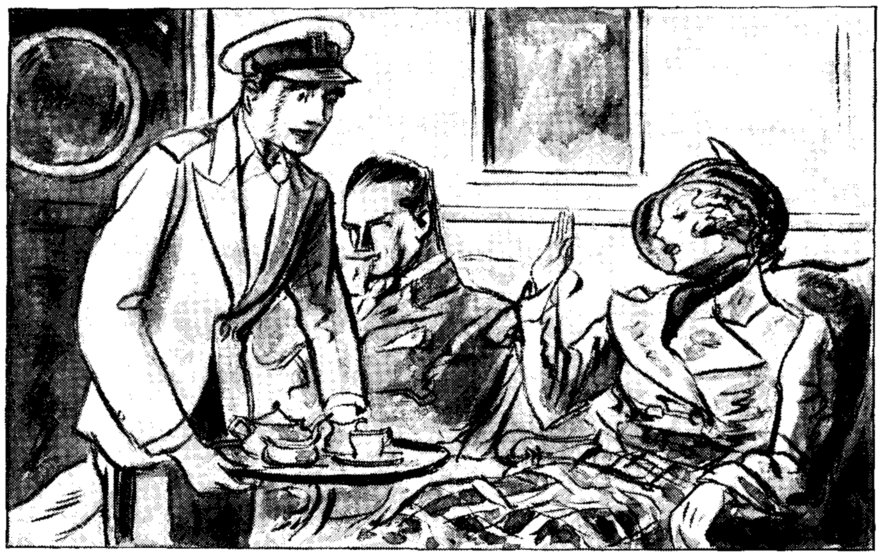
A three-minute, station-to-station daytime conversation between Cleveland and St. Louis in 1925 cost $3.10. The New York to Chicago rate was $4.65; Boston to San Francisco $17.25.



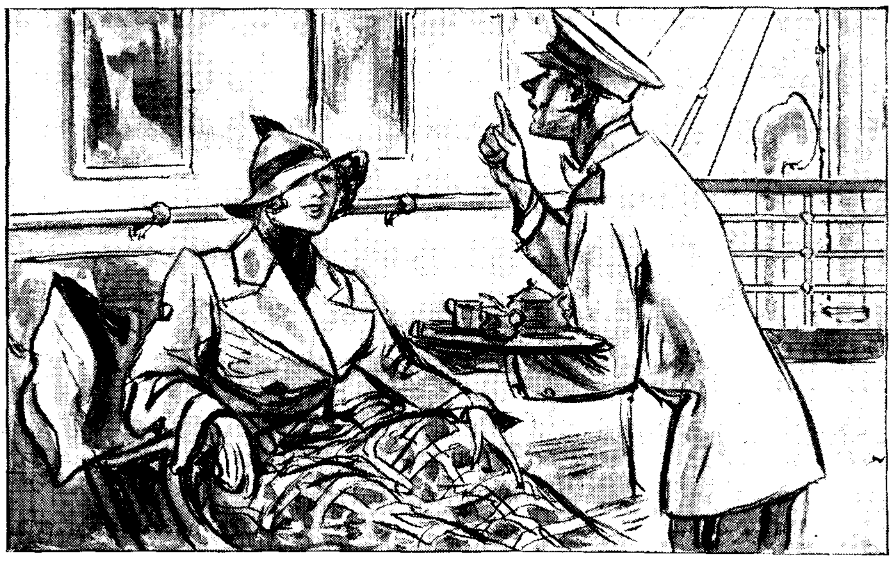
In 1935, the same calls cost: $2.05 instead of $3.10; $3 instead of $4.65; $9.50 instead of $17.25. Since the latter part of 1926, a series of reductions in Long Distance rates has saved many millions of dollars a year to telephone users.



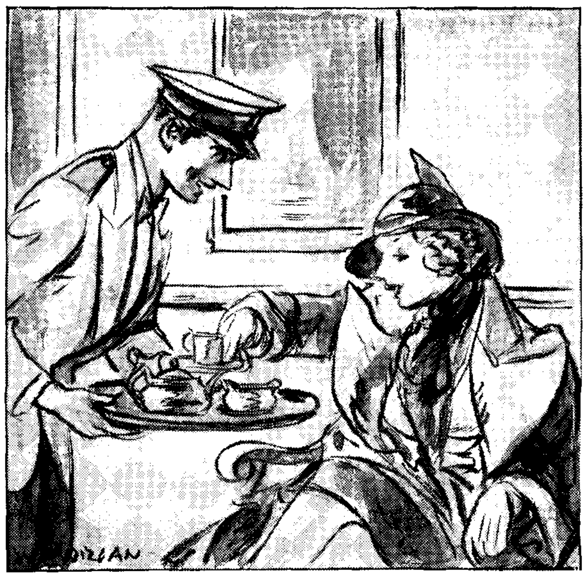
One Belle . . . and all's well



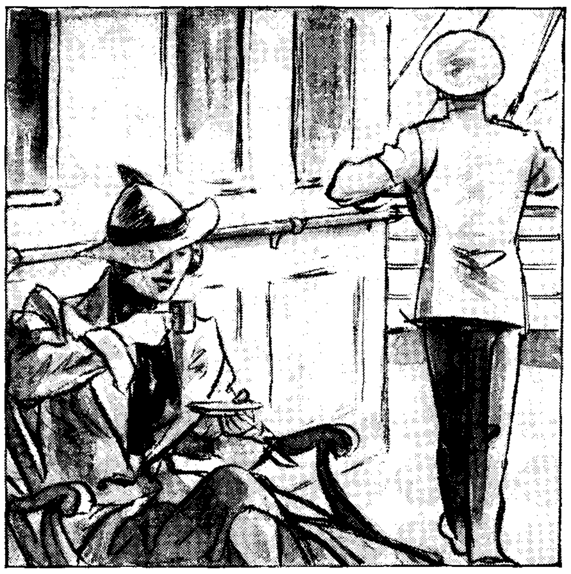
Steward: "Does madame desire the coffee this afternoon?"
Girl: "I'll have to skip it, steward. I love coffee . . . but I love sleep, too. And I can't have both."



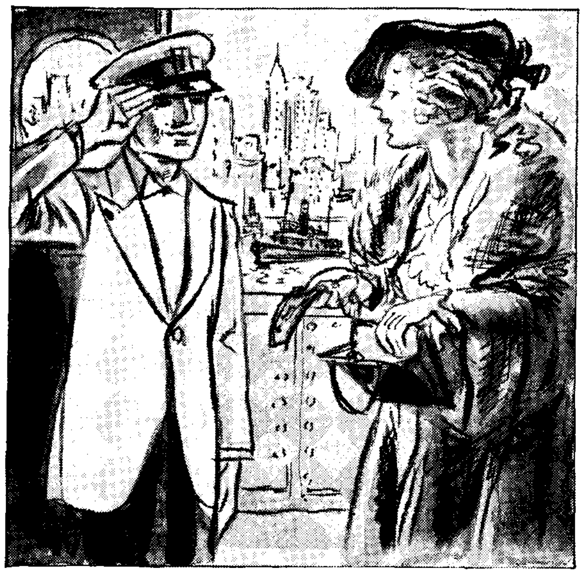
Steward: "Madame! No coffee? Then there can be in your life no happiness. But attend a moment! The big idea has come to me."
Girl: "Well, steward, if your idea is as wide awake as I was last night, it must be a good one."



Steward: "Ah oui! This is the Sanka Coffee, Madame. It tastes like heaven . . . and lets you sleep like the angels!"
Girl: "Well, I'll try a cup."



Steward: "Voilà,—this Sanka Coffee is a triumph! The caffein that spoils sleep, they take out. But all the flavor they leave in."
Girl: "This is the best coffee I've ever tasted."



Steward: "Merci, madame! You are too kind."
Girl: "Don't mention it. That is nothing to the coffee tip you gave me. Now I drink all the coffee I want—and sleep."

You'll love Sanka for its real, deeply satisfying coffee goodness. And you'll love it still more because, even if you are one of the many people who can't take caffein, *Sanka Coffee* lets you sleep like a log. For 97% of the nerve-jangling caffein has been removed. Get Sanka Coffee from your grocer today. A product of General Foods.

ALL PURPOSE GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE—DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

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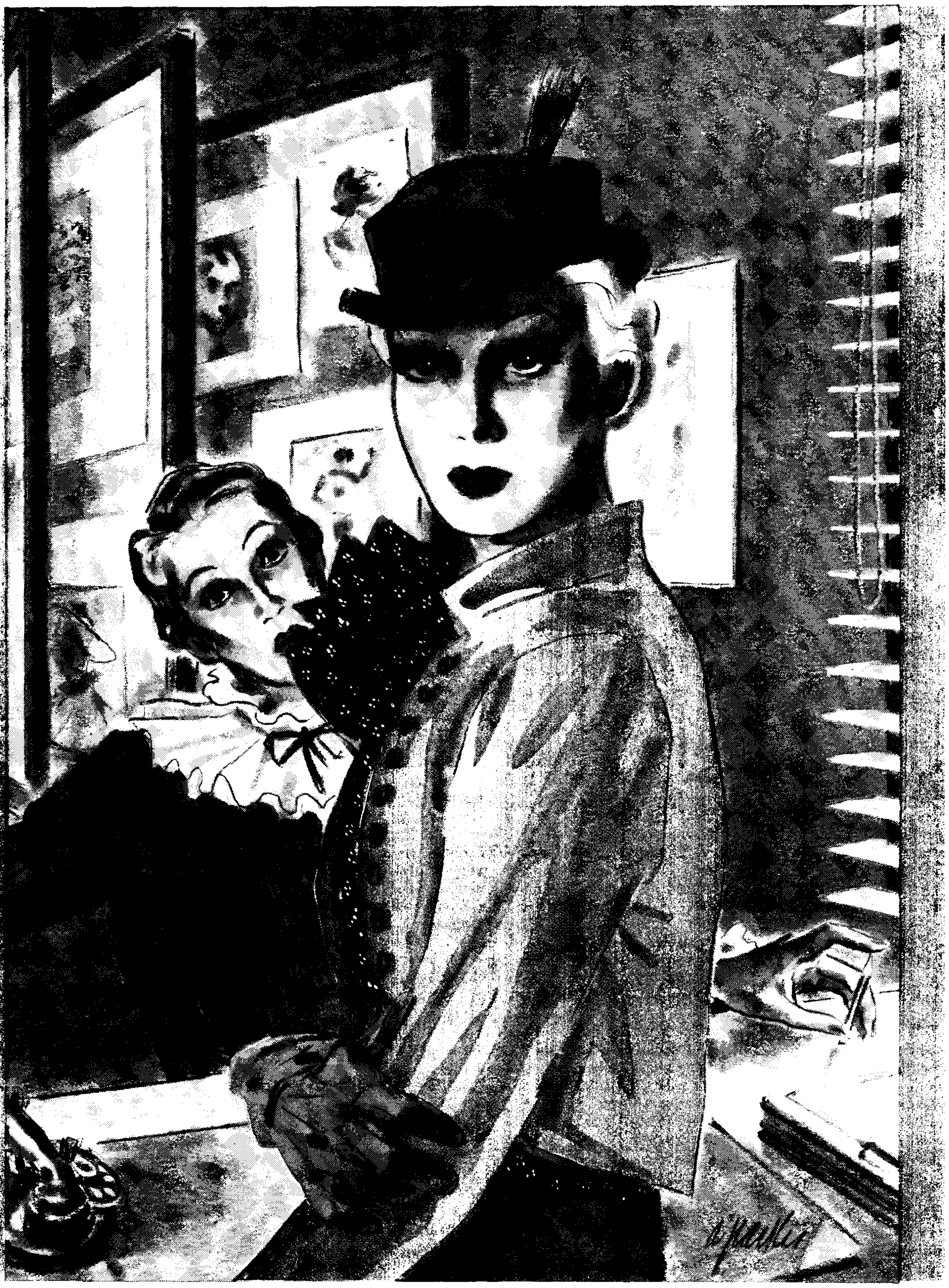
The story of Sue Harmon, advertising model, who was determined to marry—

A Strong, Safe Man

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



"My stars! Mr. Cowdray objects!" said Miss Braing in a tone as if Mr. Cowdray were something that spoiled overnight. "And who," she asked acidly, "is this Mr. Cowdray?"

PERHAPS Sue Harmon had been a serious girl, one of the world's workers, for too long. Perhaps two years of dealing with slightly mad advertising managers would tire anyone. There is a time for everything.

For surely Sue was tired. Tired of posing for photographs, tired of seeing her severe, lovely profile all over magazine stands, tired—a little—of persons who garnish life with entirely too much imagination.

That was the trouble, she felt, with Rodney Brooks of the Dunbar Agency. It seemed to her that he had the insidious charm of his own advertising copy, and the same absence of any necessity to keep dates with himself. She told him that. She was, she said, getting really very tired of froth. She wanted something solid.

"You are always dealing with ideas," she said, "and not with facts. Your feet are never on the earth."

"*Me!*" He gazed at her in awe. "My poor cuckoo, I am one of nature's realists."

"You wouldn't know something real if it bit you; no copy-writer would," she assured him somewhat bitterly. Though why she was bitter she could not have said. Young Mr. Brooks was from Virginia and possibly she had a Northerner's fear of the South; fear of that gay and blithe and not quite plausible quality which makes a Southerner seem to dare to enjoy life.

He grinned. He liked her a lot. He gazed at her with pleasure, with great pleasure. "A bit daffy," he said to himself.

But he liked them like that.

He put her in possession of some facts: "What I need," he declared, "is a good, steady wife. To keep my head out of the clouds. As I have so often told you, her name must be Sue."

SHE looked thoughtfully back at him. "No, not Sue." He ought to know that by this time; that he was the last sort of man on earth that she would marry.

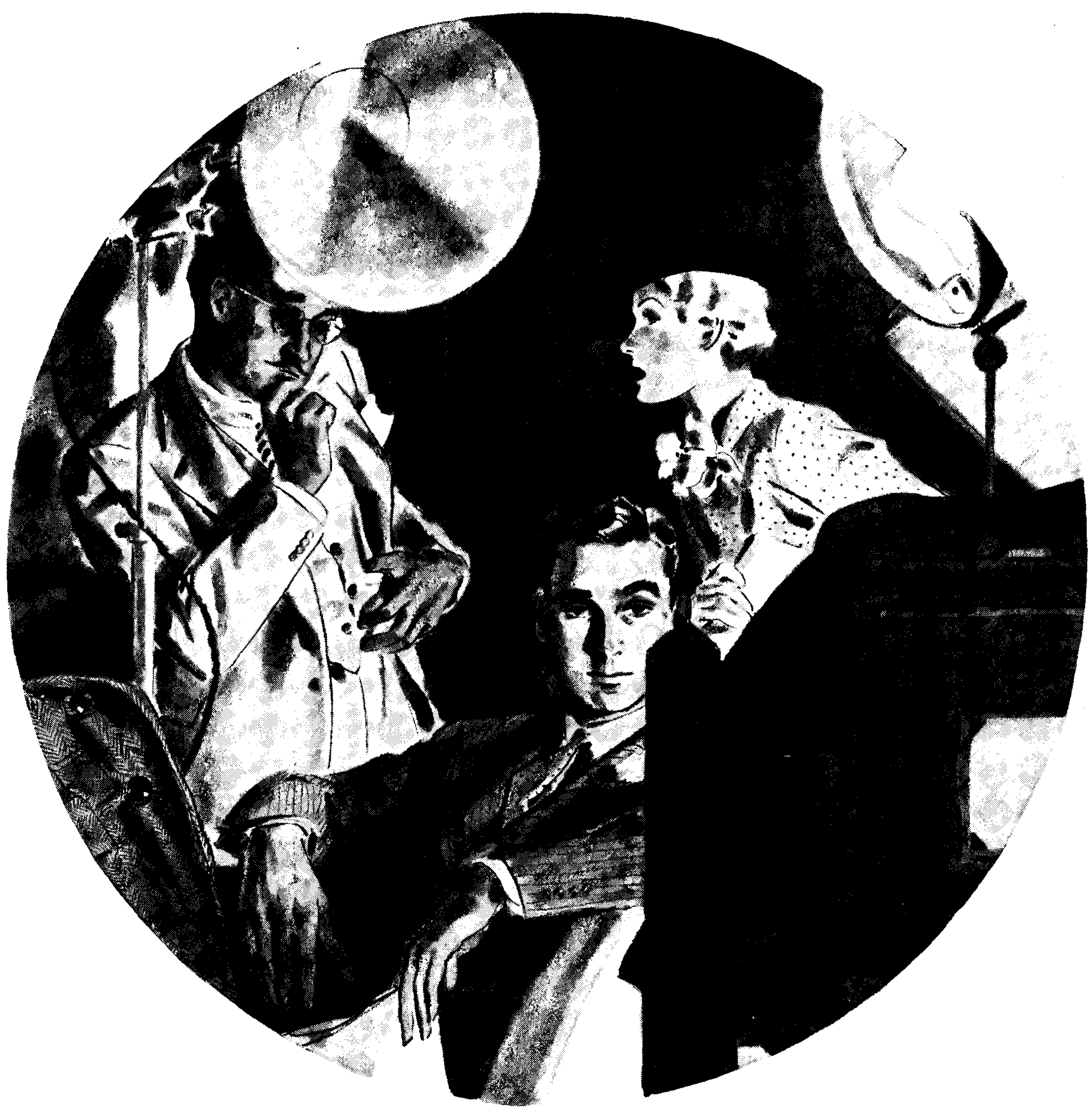
"It's going to be Sue." He scanned her in mild surprise. "Didn't you know that? Well, now you do. You see what you are being let in for."

She regarded him; almost frightened of him she seemed to be, and antagonized by this lightness which seemed never to mean anything; and she felt that she had no power over him except the power to leave him.

"No," she said, collecting her gloves and bag. "No, it is high time you learned that I have entirely different ideas of what a husband should be like." She laid her palm upon her breast as if to quiet something there. "Entirely different."

"I see."

"But you don't see," flared Sue, flinging out her hand. "You think you do, but you don't. All you see is captions and phrases that catch the eye and



"Mr. Cowdray ought to be a marvelous model," she said. "The very picture of a great executive"

make people buy. Break down their sales resistance."

"I can't make you buy me."

"No. I want something else."

"What do you want?"

"Solidity. A home. People who are serious and safe and kind."

"I have a home," said Mr. Brooks. "And you'd be surprised—you'd be scared and running for your life—if you knew how serious I am about some things."

She walked around the room. "I'm giving up posing," she informed him suddenly. "I'm tired of it. I don't believe in it."

It was his turn to look thoughtful. He also looked a little white. "Grief!" he cried. "We can't afford to lose our best model!" The day of adversity had begun in earnest. "You wouldn't run out on us, Sue! You wouldn't let down our biggest advertising accounts."

"Yes, that's just what I would do. I tell you, I'm tired of posing. I just haven't enough—"

"Not enough goldfish in you," he finished for her gloomily. To him it was as if she said, "I'm marrying a real man and giving up this life for good." She might vanish entirely. It gave him a queer feeling to imagine that.

"All this talk about the right sort of bird," he said, "and tossing your job overboard. Is there someone in particular or is it just general *Weltschmerz?*"

"No one in particular," she affirmed haughtily.

Not that he believed her. "I'll take you to lunch," he said. "We'll talk things over." Better not let this girl out of his sight.

"I have a luncheon engagement." She looked at her wrist watch. "And I must hurry. I'm due at the Marlene at one."

She left the office, and all her pink and gold and amber beauty left with her, the high color of strong purpose.

After a time Mr. Brooks found his hat and went out too.

"Going to lunch," he told his secretary, "to take my mind off my troubles." He took his brooding way through the New York Central Building and up Park Avenue to the Marlene.

IT WAS as he had feared: the luncheon date was with a man. There, cozily at a wall table, sat Sue, less severe than usual and quite as ornamental. More ornamental, if anything, unconsciously employing every charm inherited from generations of snug, domestic women upon the impressive solidity of the large young man at her side.

He was a magnificently effective sight in her eyes; you could tell that, even at a distance. Mr. Brooks, who had expected nothing half so commanding, watched with fascination the other's treatment of the situation and of Sue. Watched the indulgent air with which he read the menu to her as if a dear little woman like this could not be expected to have learned to read. Watched the twinkle in the eye as it fell upon her, the half-patronizing, half-cave-man amusement with which he heard her girlish chatter.

"Ass," said Mr. Brooks to himself suddenly. He recognized the handsome specimen—as indeed who, had he followed football, would not? George Cowdray, the famous Yale halfback. "And what," he demanded of the world, "is the secret of his mysterious power over women?" It seemed to Mr. Brooks intolerable, it seemed to him absurd and revolting that women always fell for this strong-silent-man stuff. "Sitting there telling her how reserved he is," was Mr. Brooks' diagnosis, "and managing to keep himself the sole topic of conversation through the whole meal." Prejudice shook him, but none of this bias was in his manner as he approached their table.

He was pure to a fault, nothing was in his look but surprise at seeing Miss Harmon in the room.

"Why, hello, Sue!" His eyebrows shot up into his hair. "Such a surprise. You're looking marvelous." His eyes rested on her companion. "Hello, Cowdray."

Mr. Cowdray looked very calm and half rose.

"Maybe you don't remember me," said Mr. Brooks, in flight, the very picture of a young man on his way to keep a luncheon engagement. "Rod Brooks, of Princeton. Met you once at New Haven at a football game. You took twenty dollars from me. The tiger wasn't roaring that day."

"There were days like that." Mr. Cowdray's tone implied that he would like to report better news but most days were like that for Princeton. "How are you, Brooks?"

"Fine, thanks. But sit down. I didn't mean to break in on you." He glanced around the room. "Nice to have seen you both. Big moment in my life." He had that concentrated look of absent-mindedness which people assume when looking for someone. "My party is late," he confided, "or, by chance, it's the wrong day." He nodded goodby. "I won't be nasty till I have the facts. I'll go and telephone." He went off, with his air of going ahead and enjoying himself more than anybody else.

MR. COWDRAY, a finished lump of conservative business atmosphere, reseated himself. He remembered Brooks now. That writing chap with the sort of crazy ideas that artists and that sort had; and sometimes foreigners. If there was one thing he disliked more than another it was a copy-writer from Princeton.

"So you know Brooks."

"In a business way." She couldn't think, really, of a worse way to know a person. So comforting to be away from it all, to relax in the presence of one who had nothing to do with the commotion of advertising. George Cowdray had inherited a marine insurance company. A real profession, concrete and safe. A man solidly in the marine insurance business wouldn't be caught dead with a new advertising plan. Such a relief. And if she knew George a hundred years she could go on having that relieved feeling. That was the thing she liked best about him—you could not picture one of this prehistoric sort of men in a fantastic modern business.

"No doubt he is good in his own line." Mr. Cowdray's expression indicated that advertising might be a very nice place to visit; but to live with all the time . . . ?

"So they say. Full of all sorts of novel ideas and slogans and things."

"Mainly fake. That's why I want to take you out of it. It isn't any life for you; you don't belong there. You're like a flower in a gutter," said Mr. Cowdray.

THIS was somewhat distressing, for, try as she would, she somehow could not see advertising as a gutter. Not even if George said so. There were two schools of thought with regard to girls posing for advertising photographs, of course, and each was right. But advertising in general?

"But it's a respectable way to earn a living," she said, "and remarkably lucrative."

"You should not be earning your own living in any way. But especially not in that one. You're real, that's why. I'm going to put you on the little throne where you belong," said George. "Marry you straight out of all this blah and ballyhoo—"

She cupped her face in her hands and looked peacefully up at him, so handsome, so uncompromising, so masterful. "Well, some time—"

"Immediately." He was a crusader on a monument.

"I couldn't do that," she remonstrated, but she gazed at him adoringly. "I've promised to pose for the biggest campaign the Dunbar people have put on for ages."

No campaign could dislodge Mr. Cowdray from his firm position. "They can get someone else to take your place," he said. "You don't know what is best for you," patting her hand which lay on the cushion between them, "and I'm here to tell you."

(Continued on page 45)

Our Daily Dollars

By John T. Flynn

How many dollars do we need? Someone has to decide the number that is best for the health of the nation. And that number has to be changed from time to time.

Shall the bankers decide? Or the government? Or both together?

This is the central question in the fight over the Administration's banking bill. And back of it stands the probable issue of the next presidential campaign—the balanced budget.

Mr. Flynn shows you the machinery that controls our dollars and the importance of its proper control

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD TALBURT

THERE'S a little sandy-haired man with steel-blue eyes down in Washington who is on the warpath. He is the senior senator from Virginia—Carter Glass. When he was in the House they used to call him "Give 'em Hell Glass." He came by the name when in a Democratic caucus during Wilson's administration he turned on big Robert Henry and poured out a withering blast of scorn upon the head of the unlucky Texan. Someone yelled, "Give 'em hell, Carter!"

Glass snarled: "I don't have to use dynamite when insect powder will do."

But the name stuck. He was chairman of the banking and currency committee of the House then, trying to get a Democratic caucus to sponsor the bill creating the Federal Reserve System. He's much older now—seventy-seven, I think. His hair is whiter and his face redder, but he still assays 100 per cent Scotch-Irish. He's still just as peppery and, perhaps, more warlike than ever. He's a Democrat and was one of Wilson's Secretaries of the Treasury. But he's a Model-T Democrat and hasn't yielded amiably to the streamlining of the New Deal. And right now he's hot—and it's about that banking bill.

It's the banking bill sponsored by the Administration. And it's that part of the bill which makes certain very radical changes in the Federal Reserve System which has aroused the ire of the Old Dominion senator. On it he has locked horns with another little man, no bigger than himself, not nearly so violent, but with plenty of scrap in him. This is Marriner S. Eccles, the new governor of the Federal Reserve System.

Eccles wants the Reserve System brought under the active dominion of the government. Jouett Shouse and his Liberty League want it kept under the dominion of the bankers. Carter Glass wants it kept free, as far as possible, of both bankers and the Treasury.

In fact, there's quite a cast of characters gathering around this battleground. There's Frank Vanderlip, the seventy-one-year-old former president of the National City Bank, who has a plan for a completely separate monetary authority. Then there's Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, who wants the government to buy all the stock of the Reserve banks and completely own and operate them. And of course there's Father Coughlin, who has a plan for a central bank closely akin to Senator Thomas' plan. There are still others like Representative Goldsborough of Maryland, who want the Federal Reserve banks to buy up all the government bonds and pay for them with reserve notes and stop paying over $800,000,000 a year in interest. It's likely to be a merry little scrap before it's finished.

And as a matter of fact, off in the distance, emerging from the rumblings of this fight, one can hear a low murmur, rising in volume and intensity, around which it is entirely probable the next presidential campaign will be fought. That muttering refers not to banking at all but to another subject which plays a leading role in this struggle—namely, the question of that everlasting old nuisance—the budget. Maybe when the conventions next year have trumpeted their policies, regardless of what they insist is the dominant issue, the big battle of 1936 will be fought around the slogan—"Balance the Budget."

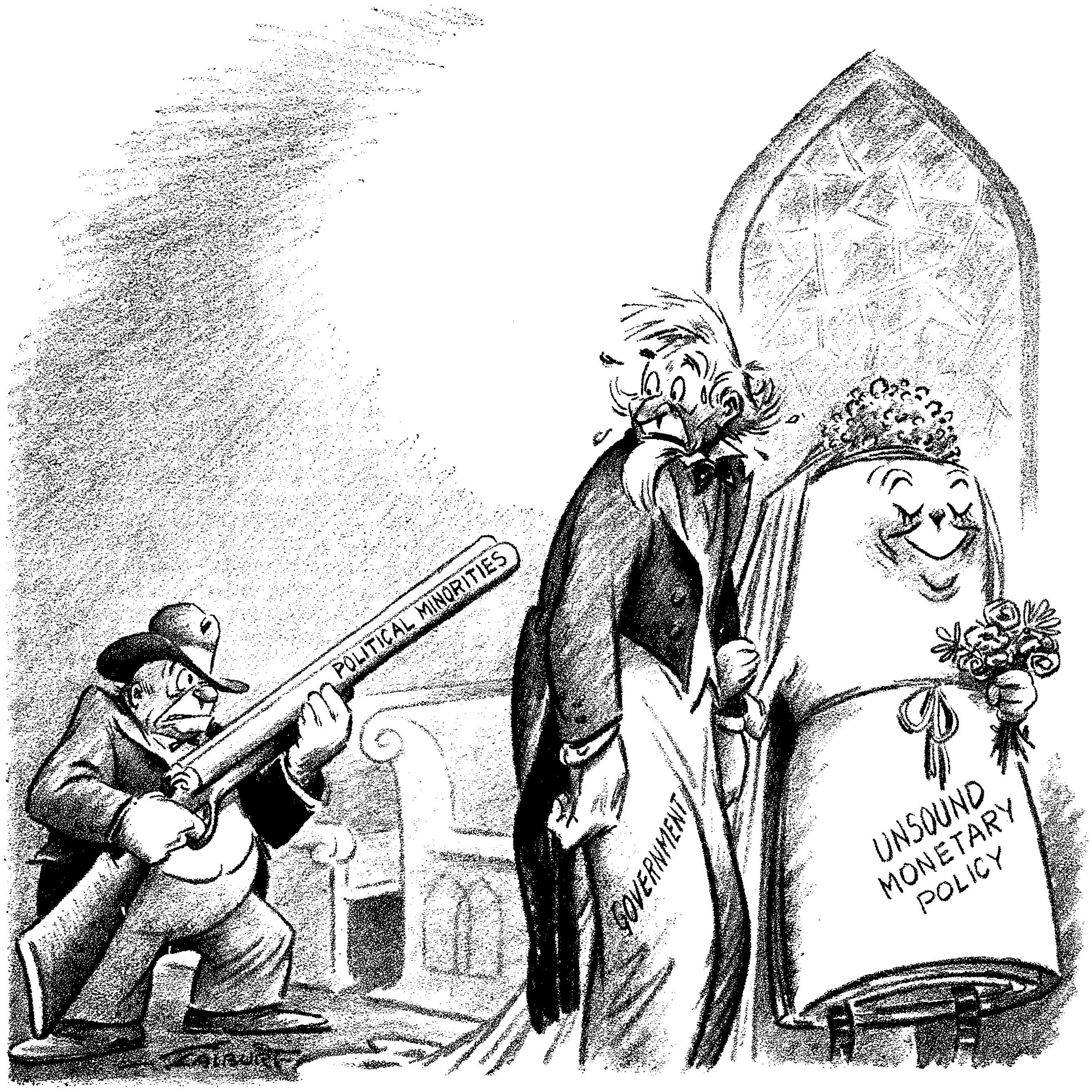
It would be difficult to find two men more unlike than the two leaders in this struggle. Glass, who stands at the head of the conservative forces and is the chief reliance of the banking fraternity for protection against the politicians, is a small-town editor who has spent his life in politics. Eccles, who has drawn his sword against the bankers, is a banker and business man and a pretty big banker and business man at that. He owned twenty-five banks controlled by the First Security Bank of Utah and with fifty millions in resources. He was the president of the Utah Construction Company, one of the largest in the country for building dams, railroads, etc.; owns a 300,000-acre ranch with 40,000 sheep and 25,000 head of cattle; was a director of the Amalgamated Sugar Company with $10,000,000 assets, one of the largest in the country. He headed a huge lumber company, a huge implement company, a milk company and various other enterprises too numerous to mention. He really doesn't calibrate as a non-dues-paying bolshevist.

Accidents Make the Man

Eccles thinks we have got to spend our way out of the depression and Glass thinks that's a little crazy, to put it mildly. Glass is a Democrat bucking the Administration, and Eccles is a former Republican representing a Democratic President.

Both of these men came into their posts as champions of one side or the other in this Reserve bank row through accidents. When Glass was elected to Congress he wanted to be on the Foreign Affairs Committee. He was sore when he was pushed into the banking committee. Then, before Woodrow Wilson came to office, seven men ranking him on that committee died in a few years and gave him the call on the chairmanship and thus he became sponsor of Wilson's plan for a Reserve banking system.

Eccles, as a banker in Utah, was attending to his own business when, one bitter night in Salt Lake City, he was called up and asked to make a little talk



Governments can be placed at the mercy of powerful united minorities to hold an audience until Stuart Chase, the lecturer billed for the evening, could arrive. Chase was on a snowbound train and would be late for the lecture. He arrived, however, in time to hear Eccles expounding his views. They seemed strange views for a rich and successful banker—extremely liberal. So Chase introduced Eccles to Rex Tugwell and Tugwell brought him to Washington to meet the President. In due time he was named financial adviser to the Treasury and then governor of the Federal Reserve Board last November.

But after all, says the Forgotten Man, why all the excitement about the Federal Reserve banks? What are the Federal Reserve banks, anyhow? I haven't got any money in them and don't expect to have. The Federal Reserve bank—that's the big building with the fluted columns and the iron bars and the policemen with rifles in the entrance hall up in New York or down in Atlanta or Chicago or Cleveland or San Francisco and various other places. Yes, but I never go in those places. What do they mean to me?

Well, for one thing, just run through that roll of bills in your wallet now. The chances are that most of them are Federal Reserve notes. If you've got your share of all the money in circulation you ought to have $42.46. About $26 of that should be Federal Reserve currency. So an institution that supplies you with 60 per cent of the money you collect is a pretty important thing to you, I should think.

Money with Wings

You have never been in that big stone building. But at this moment one of your notes may be there. In fact your notes, given in business, may be frequent visitors to that building. You are a merchant. You buy goods from the wholesaler. You give him a note payable in sixty days. He discounts it at his bank. Presently the bank needs money. It can take that note to the Federal Reserve bank in its district and rediscount it. If it couldn't, maybe the bank wouldn't hand out money on your note so quickly. That's important to you.

After all, this is a pretty big country. But in some respects it's just a big neighborhood. If you could see all the checks drawn in a small city any day you would be surprised to find they are drawn, not merely on the banks in that town, but on banks all over the country. Some years ago I was in San Francisco and I asked about this. I found that about $30,000 in checks a day are drawn in San Francisco on banks in Richmond, Virginia. I learned to my surprise that as many checks are drawn in San Francisco every day on distant New York banks as are drawn every day in Memphis, Tennessee, on its own banks.

Thus the dizzy whirl of our checks revolves—millions of checks circling around among our 16,000 banks daily—about four times as much in checks as there is money in the country. One of the things which makes this complicated mechanism tick is the Federal Reserve System. Banks do not keep their resources in cash. Sometimes more checks may arrive than there is cash. The big thing is to be sure that there is always enough cash at the spot where it is needed.

Some years ago in a town in the West a man with nothing else on his mind leaned over and whispered to another that the First National was in trouble. That was enough. No bad news travels half as fast as bad news about a bank. That evening everybody in town had heard it. Next morning when the bank opened there was a howling mob outside clamoring for its money. The bank was perfectly solvent, but there wasn't enough ready cash to pay off all the depositors at once. But just before opening hour a big plane swooped down outside the town loaded with Federal Reserve notes. It was from the Reserve bank in St. Louis, which had shipped enough money to take care of the situation, quiet the crowd and make everyone happy. Next day everybody was standing in line to put his money back in the bank.

Red-Hot Money

A New Hampshire banker told me this story some years ago: One night in a little New Hampshire town the population was aroused by the cry of fire. When the engines got to the Center they found the town's bank in flames. You know what that did to a Yankee audience. In the morning the bank building was in ruins. But the big steel vault, blackened and seared, was intact. All the money was inside.

The vault was red-hot. The banker knew that as soon as he opened it and let in the air all the money would burst into flames. An expert on a long distance phone wire told him it would take days for the vault to cool off. And all the town's money was in it. So the Federal Reserve bank at Boston sent an airplane with Reserve notes to the town until the vault and the population cooled off.

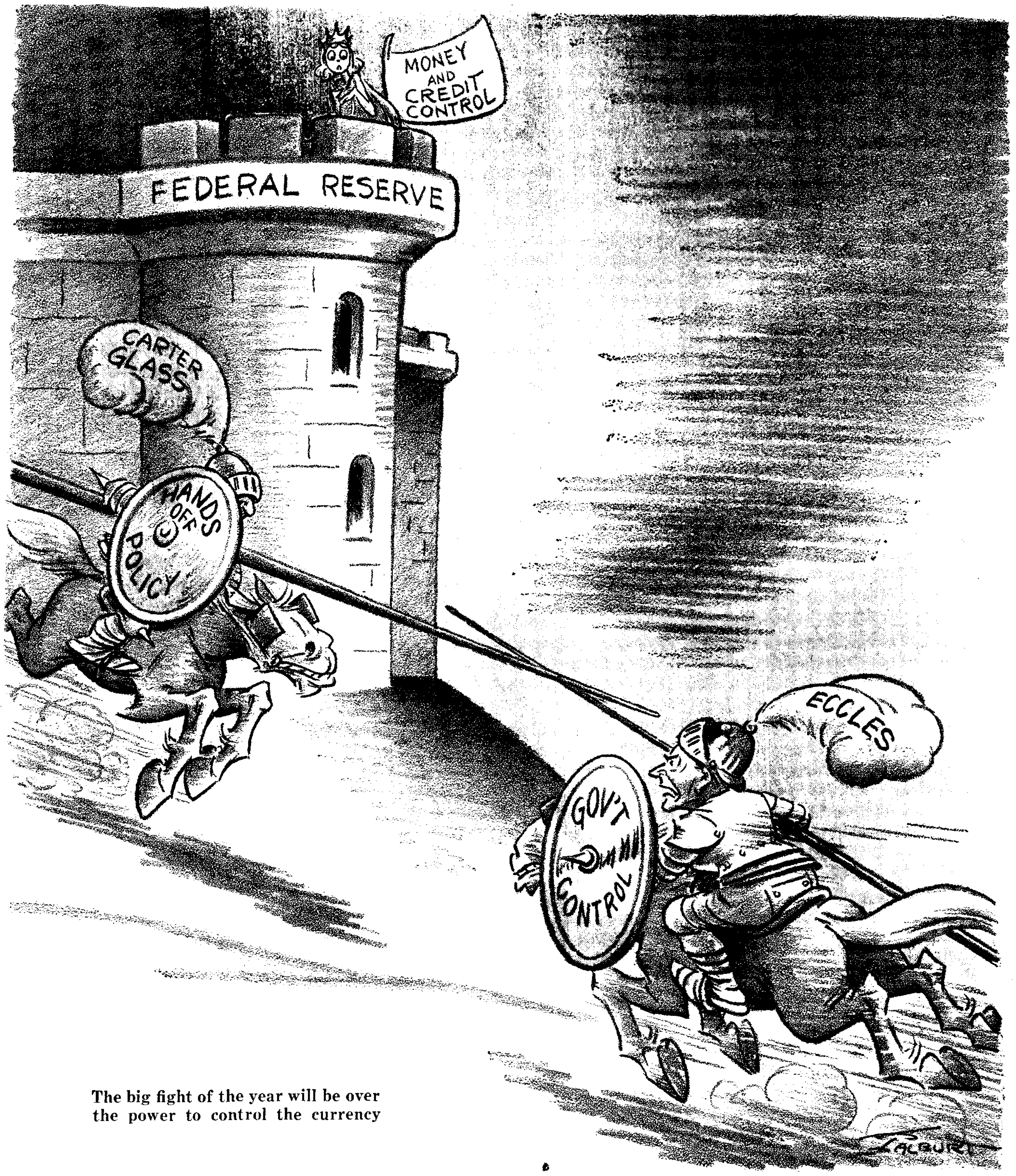
Now we come to a little function of the Reserve bank which brings us closer to this scrap in Washington. There may be some doubt about the value of rubber dollars, but none about the need for an elastic currency. For instance, every year this big country begins tuning up for Christmas. About Thanksgiving the banks begin to notice that they need more currency—more dimes and quarters and more tens and twenties. As Santa Claus draws near to us the dimes and dollars begin flying around pretty fast. By Christmas Eve the banks know that the country is actually using about 300 million more dollars than it did in October. This fresh flood of dollars is supplied by the Reserve bank.

A bank that needs more currency can bring the commercial paper of business men or United States bonds to the Reserve banks and convert them into cash. As soon as Christmas is over this money starts flowing back out of circulation into the banks and from the banks back to the Federal Reserve banks, where it may be stored or destroyed. This happens every Christmas. This means an expansion of the currency by 300 million once a year.

But a moment comes when something serious happens—more serious than Christmas—and a great expansion is needed. We have one of those serious things on our hands now. Because of the business difficulties of the last four years, the banks have actually needed more money. And the Federal Reserve banks have expanded their currency by a billion, six hundred thousand dollars. People often ask what has become of all the money we had in 1929. Nothing has become of it. We have more money now than we had then. The only trouble with it is that it is lazier, it's moving around more slowly.

The quarrel between Senator Glass and Mr. Eccles is a very old scrap. It goes back to the first quarrels about a central banking system. One day in 1893 a portly gentleman walked out on the floor of the Stock Exchange in Wall Street and rang a big bell. The busy traders stopped. The portly gentleman announced that the stock of the Reading Road was suspended from trading. That was all. Pandemonium broke loose.

(Continued on page 49)



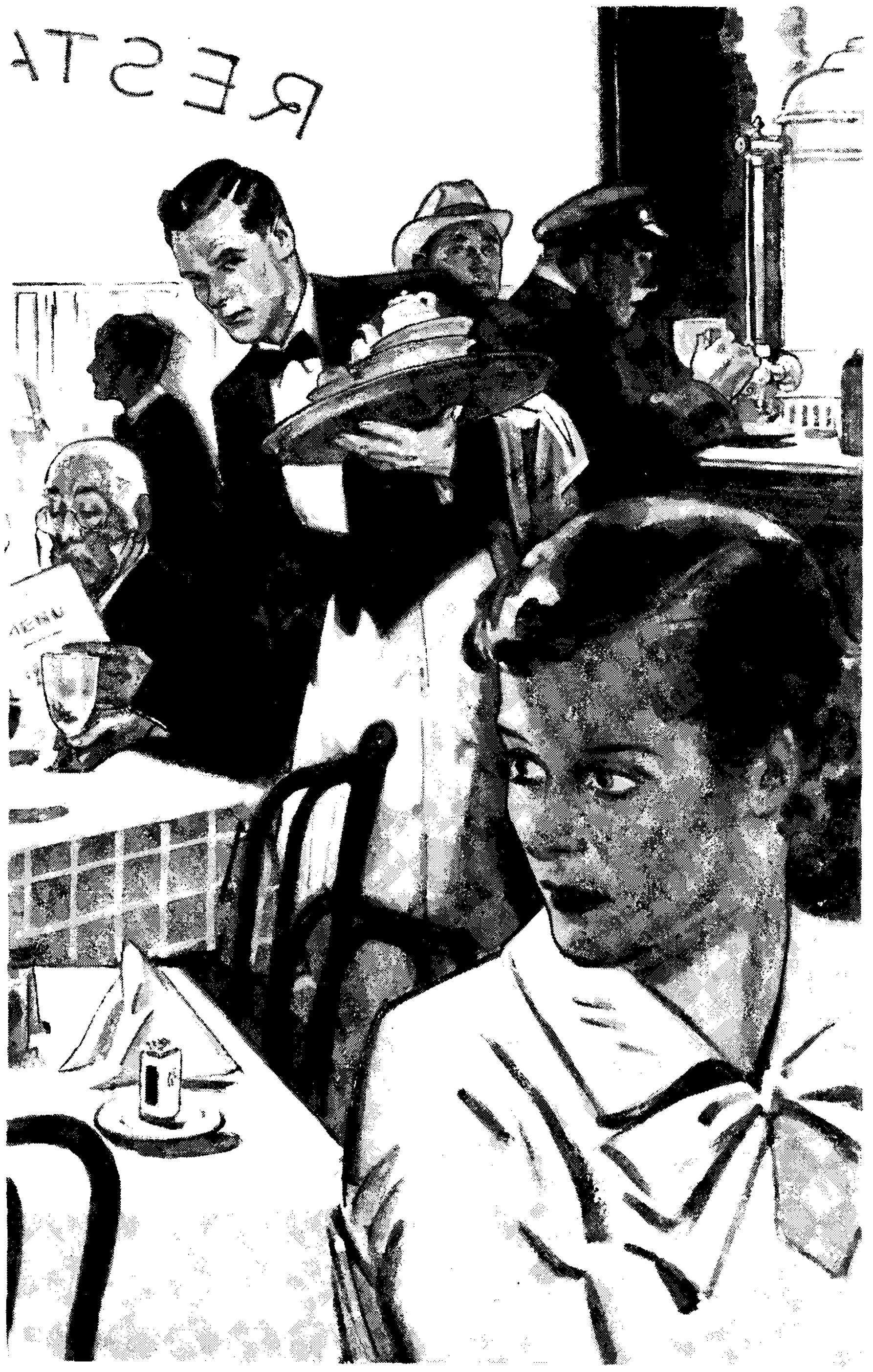
The big fight of the year will be over the power to control the currency

Man Missing

By William MacHarg

It was murder — but where was the body? Detective O'Malley didn't know, but that wouldn't stop O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



"You can watch the waiter," I said decidedly. "He's too handsome for his own good or anybody else's"

"THIS one," O'Malley said, "is murder; but we can't prove it is murder because we can't find no dead guy. Oliss, this guy's name was, and he ran a restaurant. His friends couldn't find him; so some cops went out there and they found in the basement a place where he was killed; but we got no way to prove it was him or who it was."

"It seems like a tough case," I said, "unless you find the corpus delicti."

"You always know the right words. It's either a tough case or the cops were dumb. I might find out something, or it might turn out I'm dumb myself."

"What kind of man was Oliss?"

"He was about fifty years old. He don't seem to have had no enemies. He didn't get robbed. He ran the restaurant a long while and his neighbors liked him. He married his cashier. They got a waiter there named Alvin Dunby. The chef is named Peter Bical, and the dishwasher is an old lady named Mrs. Random."

We went to the restaurant. It was a cheap place, small but neat. The waiter was a strikingly handsome youth in his early twenties and Mrs. Oliss was pretty and only a year or two older.

"How was this about your husband?" O'Malley asked her.

"It's a mystery to me," she told us. "I went home that night and left him to close up. He didn't come home and I got anxious and came back here but the place was locked. So I thought he had stopped somewhere on his way home. But he hadn't got home next morning when I opened up. I waited a day and called up the police, and they came and said he had been murdered in the basement, but I can't imagine any reason anyone would want to kill him."

"You notice them circumstances in the basement before the cops found 'em?"

"No; I wasn't looking for anything like that. I never thought he might have been killed."

SHE showed us the basement. There was some blood there, and there had been a lot more of it but it had been mopped up. Nothing had been buried there.

"There ain't nothing hidden in this place," O'Malley stated. "So many cops been over it they would have found it."

We went upstairs.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I don't see nothing to do. All the people in this neighborhood have been questioned and they don't know nothing."

"I can tell you one thing to do," I said decidedly. "You can watch the waiter. He's too handsome for his own good or anybody else's. Mrs. Oliss doesn't seem to grieve much about Oliss. She's about thirty years younger than her husband was and is pretty. She probably owns the restaurant now her husband's gone. If there isn't something doing between Dunby and Mrs. Oliss, I'm mistaken. He watches her all the time and when he speaks to her his voice is different."

"Yeah? All the customers watch her too. I didn't hear no customer speak to her but his voice got different. I'm going back downtown."

"What are you going to report?"

"Report I couldn't find out nothing."

I looked for him during the next two days, but couldn't find him. However, I ran into him on the second evening.

"Where have you been keeping yourself?" I asked.

"Everywhere. I been eating in that restaurant three times a day. I got acquainted with the chef and he cooks special for me."

"What's the idea of eating there?"

"Why, it's a place to eat. Most everybody that eats there is in business near by or they live around there. Some strangers come in sometimes. Quite a few of them men got heart trouble over Mrs. Oliss. They got it worse now her husband's gone. She likes a good many of 'em."

"They'll find they have no chance against the waiter," I asserted.

The next noon I went to see if he was eating there. He was. I ate with him.

"You notice anything?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "I notice that the waiter's scared and nervous. He put our food on the table and got away again as fast as he could. Mrs. Oliss seems nervous too."

"The guy don't like waiting on a cop. I asked a lot of the people that come in here if they think the waiter murdered Oliss, but they don't know. I asked Mrs. Oliss too. She said he didn't. How do you like your lunch?"

"It's terrible!"

"Yeah, sure it is; but I got to tell the chef we like it."

HE WENT and told the chef and came back and we sat over our coffee.

"I wish you'd tell me why you're doing this," I urged him.

"Why, not much reason. I seen murders like this before. A smart guy done it. He had his stuff all figured out, and the way we can't get nothing on the case makes it look like he didn't talk to nobody, either before he done the job or after. My idea is that nobody knows what become of Oliss except the guy that put him there, and we won't never find it out unless he tells us."

"He won't do that," I said derisively. "He'd be a fool to do it."

"That's right; he would. But he might do it anyway. Already one guy that eats in here has told me something. He keeps that hardware store across the street, and the cops questioned his partner but didn't question him; so now he come and told me."

"Told you what?" I asked.

"Something I got to ask Mrs. Oliss about."

We went and paid our checks.

"How come, Mrs. Oliss," O'Malley asked her, "that you didn't tell none of us cops that a barrel was taken out of your basement the day your husband disappeared?"

She seemed surprised.

"Was it that day?" she asked. "I didn't know. The barrel wasn't important because it was only some china I was sending to my sister."

"Who took it?"

"I suppose it was the express man down the street. I wasn't here but I expected him to take it."

"Where does your sister live?"

She gave us the address. We went to the express office. A small van was parked outside and the driver was talking with the man at the desk.

"Either of you guys know anything about a barrel that got taken out of Oliss' restaurant last Tuesday?" O'Malley asked.

"Yes, sure," the driver said. "I took

(Continued on page 48)

The New America

Readjusting the Mechanism

In the first three parts of this survey of America undertaken for Collier's, Mr. Wells has analyzed the New Deal and indicated the points of stress where trouble is to be feared. In this final article he formulates the inescapable problems of the future and points a way to their solution

By H. G. Wells

NOTHING could better illustrate the absurd contradictions between manifest possibilities and actual performance in the present human situation than the condition of education in the southern and western states of America. I think that gives a little picture, a hand specimen, so to speak, of all that is wrong with, and that is most ominous in, America and the world. For if there is one thing more indisputable than another, it is the absolute necessity of education to fit the common citizen to the complex and artificial requirements of the modern community.

First, let me give credit to Mr. Huey Long for having broached one side of this question. He has been clamoring for a great extension of college education. All over the country there are masses of unemployed youth. There is nothing for them to do until "recovery" comes—if ever it comes. They are growing up with nothing to appeal to their imaginations, with no impression that there is anything calling to be done by them. They are unhappy, and the better quality they are, the more unhappy they are. There are also many thousands of unemployed teachers. There is ample material and there are hands for building. Why, then, do we not gather these myriads of young people into colleges, building and equipping the colleges if need be, and set the teachers to work upon them?

Let us train them for this or that—make them competent technicians or agriculturalists, and anyhow make them good citizens. Let us turn their minds from present idleness to future activity. Let us make them restless and impatient to get the wheels of progress and creative adventure turning again. Everything that is needed to set up a number of vigorous colleges exists—men, material, potential learners. All that is required to change these scattered ingredients into a living system of mental activity is to assemble them.

But we cannot assemble them because there is no money to do it with.

Education in the Doldrums

Is it altogether so absurd for Senator Long to declare that if only people will support his movement, he will multiply college attendance a hundredfold?

I do not consider his project for supplying the missing factor of money by confiscating large fortunes as a very practicable one, but his contention that it is preposterous to have young people unemployed and not under instruction in a modern state is, I think, fundamentally sound.

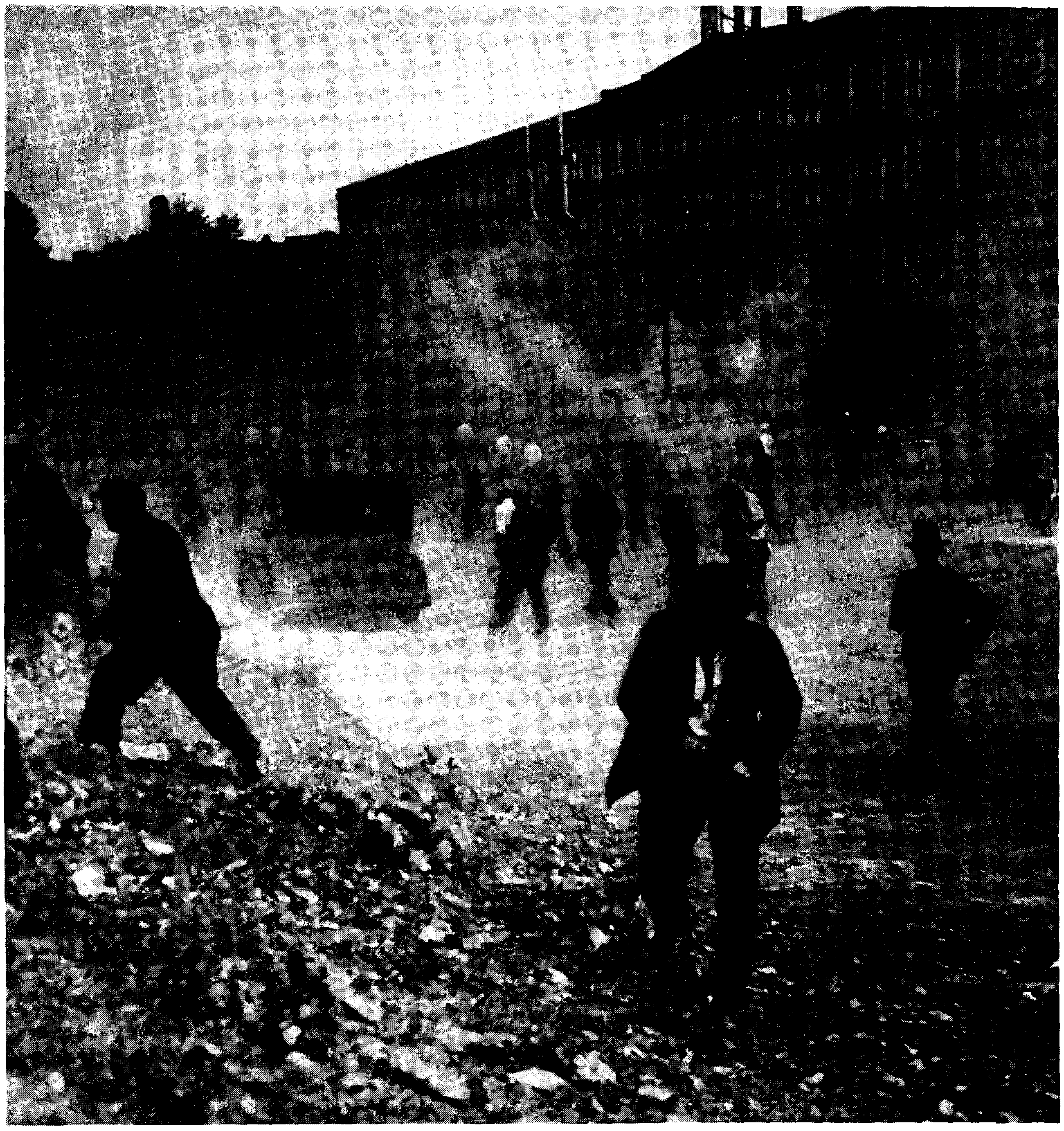
But this proposal of Huey Long's is only the inspiring aspect of the educational situation of America. While the Louisiana senator is shouting for colleges, the South is faltering even in the work of elementary education. Just as I write this, I chance upon a well-informed article by Avis D. Carlson, and I learn that last year a third of a million of American children were out of school and receiving no education at all because there was no money to pay their teachers. There were the schoolhouse, the children and the teacher. And they were at a standstill. It is not a question of assembling them, but of their dispersal; the unpaid teachers had been starved out and the schools shut down. In Georgia, 1,318 schools, with an enrollment of 170,790, were closed. In Alabama, 81 per cent of all the children in rural schools are taking an enforced vacation, and in Arkansas, over three hundred schools were open for sixty days or less during the year.

There was no money forthcoming.

This is appalling reading for one who clings to the hope that America will lead the world toward the organized world order. Education is *the* cardinal function in a modern civilized state. A modern state has no use for illiterates. They are only one step removed from defectives, and a sheer burden on the state. The same cessation and retreat is also apparent in nearly every other civilizing process. A parallel to what is recorded here of education could be given in regard to sanitary services, housing, new undertakings and public enterprise generally. Men and material stand wasting and idle, but no public funds are available. It is not a lag; it is a recession because—? There is no money.

And in different measure what is happening in America is happening all over the world.

Is it not plain that there is something profoundly wrong about the organization of money? Its business is to set things working and keep them working. Combined with private property it should be the basic mechanism of the contemporary human community. There is no reason why human society should protect anyone with possessions, or sustain the money which can purchase possessions, unless there is a corresponding social benefit. And since money is a mechanism to serve the human community, and not the human community to serve money, it is plain that if it works so as to stall the economic life it has hitherto sustained, if it is not forthcoming where property has to be liqui-



America may presently see social and civil war breaking out between region and region

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Europe and Asia stagger toward war. All are confused by the war threat

dated in order that idle hands may work, something has to be done about it. It has to be altered. Money has to work for us. We cannot tolerate that it should play about at games of its own. The raucous voices say that with emphasis, and so far they are right.

But where they go wrong is in assuming that there is some simple, understandable plot on the part of certain wicked, knowing men, "the Morgans," "the Baruchs," against the commonweal, or that some simple panacea, "more money," or some violent redistribution of money, or what not, is all that is needed to restore the economic health. There are, unhappily, no completely knowing men in this matter, wicked or not, and the mechanism of money and credit interlocks with the laws of property and political considerations, and with little-understood kinks in individual and mass psychology, in the most perplexing way. The working of the social body is at least as intricate as the working of the individual body, and it has been far less studied. This is not to say that this overstrained and inadequate mechanism of money and property cannot be restored and set going again. The situation is not hopeless. But it is very dangerous—and uncertain. The task is at best a very difficult one. The money-property mechanism which is now failing the world can be recovered and set going again only after such a strenuous coöperative mental and moral effort on the part of the human intelligence as has never been made before.

We are only beginning to realize this. We are only beginning to apprehend the extent of the social and mental adjustments necessary, and how completely and urgently the rest of the human outlook, the escape from war catastrophe and economic and social breakdown, depends upon these adjustments.

Here I may at least venture to throw out an observation or so upon this problem which has been forcing itself upon mankind, and to point out the scope and scale of the necessary effort if we are to arrive at even a provisional solution and release our civilization from its present phase of arrest and reversal.

The institution of private property, the use of money, banking and so forth, have grown up, step by step, with the growth of the social organization. The two things have unfolded and complicated themselves together. Monetary methods have sprung from a miscellany of impulses, arrangements, inspirations, misconceptions and usages. But if we attempt a rough simplification of the role of this intricate complex in the light of modern ideas, it is possible to extract certain guiding principles about which there can be little practical disagreement. Whatever we may know or may imagine about the origins of private property, we shall be in accord in saying that it is tolerated and accepted in our current world because it is, and in so far as it is, a way of getting things taken care of and made productive for the general good.

The Ultimate Test of Ownership

We are not ready to recognize any sort of private property that would be seriously inconvenient to the community—private property in the air we breathe, for example, or in the rainfall. We recognize all sorts of qualifications of ownership with regard to this or that sort of possession; hardly any ownership is absolute; and we are prepared to qualify ownership by law in all sorts of ways. We may differ widely as to the things that may be owned by private individuals and the extent to which these things may be owned by private individuals; the communist will hardly leave us more than our pants and a toothbrush and, on the other hand, some extreme individualists would have a man free to own and close at his own sweet will such a possession as a unique mine of urgently needed ore; but the ultimate test of the rightfulness of ownership as between private individuals and groups on the one hand, or the public administration on the other, is the collective welfare. To me, at any rate, it is extraordinary that upon this base there should not exist a system of knowledge and theory about property far more explicit and practicable than the vast, vague tangle of laws, usages and arbitrary assumptions upon which we are going today.

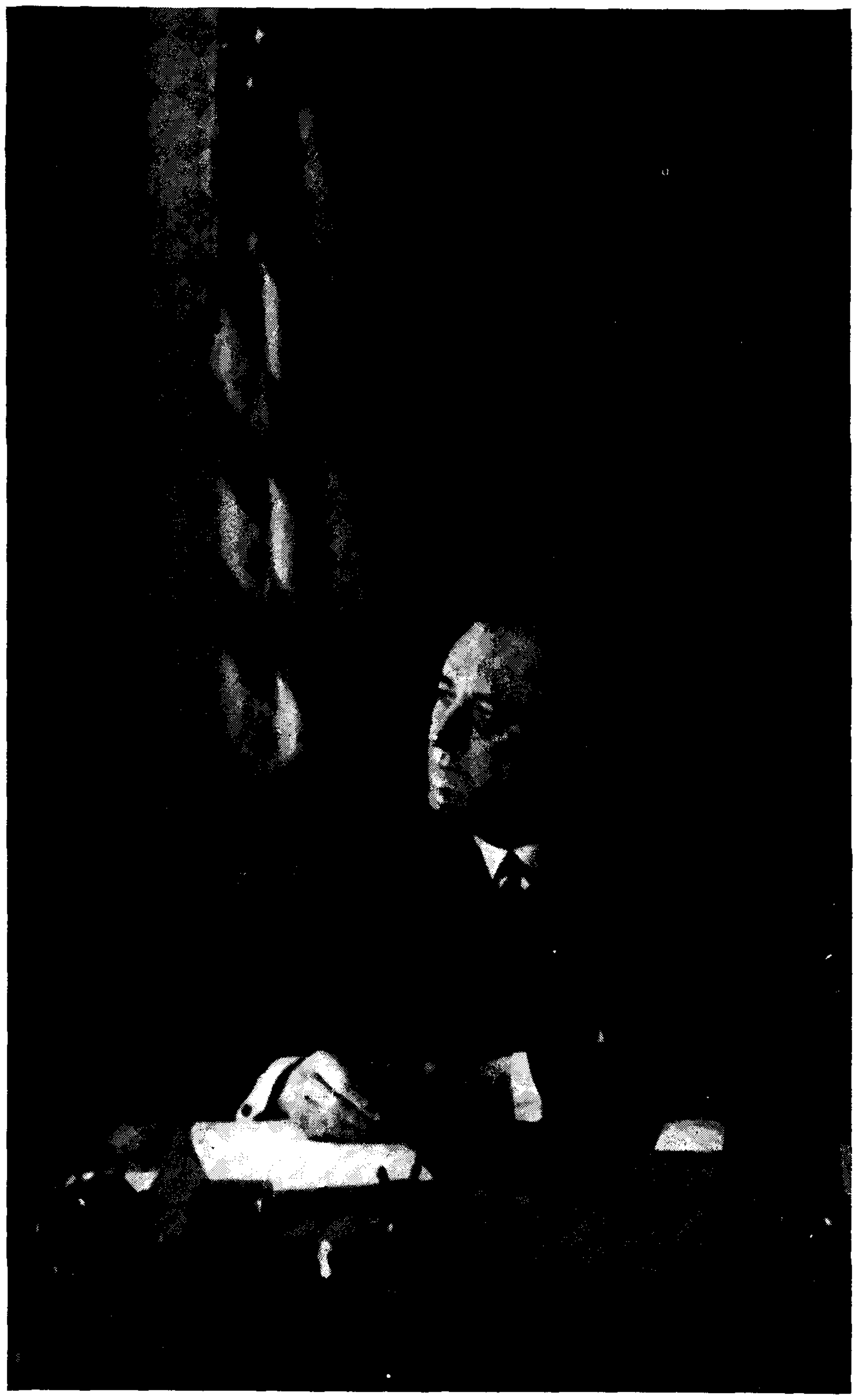
And in the same way, for the practical purposes of human welfare, money and monetary organization are to be judged primarily by the way they work. Open the question by asking, what do we want money to do? Money should be the flux of property, the oxygen of work, the assurance of reward, and there is no reason that I can see why a soundly working property-money theory and scheme of practice could not be built up upon the basis of these common-sense statements. But such a revised and modernized property-money science does not exist; it is not even attempted, and everybody who deals with these questions seems to come into them, not at the base of the matter, but higher up, accepting all sorts of usages, conventions and technicalities without examination. For instance, there is this idea of "raising prices" upon which I have animadverted. It has inspired a large part of the financial policy of the New Deal, and it has failed to produce satisfactory results, because it is essentially an attack upon the matter from the level of customary practice and experience. Which now do not work. The change of human conditions has overtaken the old conventions, and the experts who are empirical experts, with a certain scorn for scientific analysis, have, through their disregard of this, sailed on to failure.

It is natural, it is inevitable, that practical men who have hitherto found their experience adequate for every occasion should be reluctant to go deeper, to go down to fundamentals and begin again. Very often their experience in the past hampers their grasp upon the underlying forces they have never had occasion to examine. Their contempt for the elementariness of the raucous voices may not be altogether justifiable. But the change in human conditions has become so great and the situation is so imperative that readjustments based on such a fundamental restatement of the principles of human relationship is the only alternative now to progressive social disentanglement and complete confusion and disaster.

All Social Mechanisms Need Money

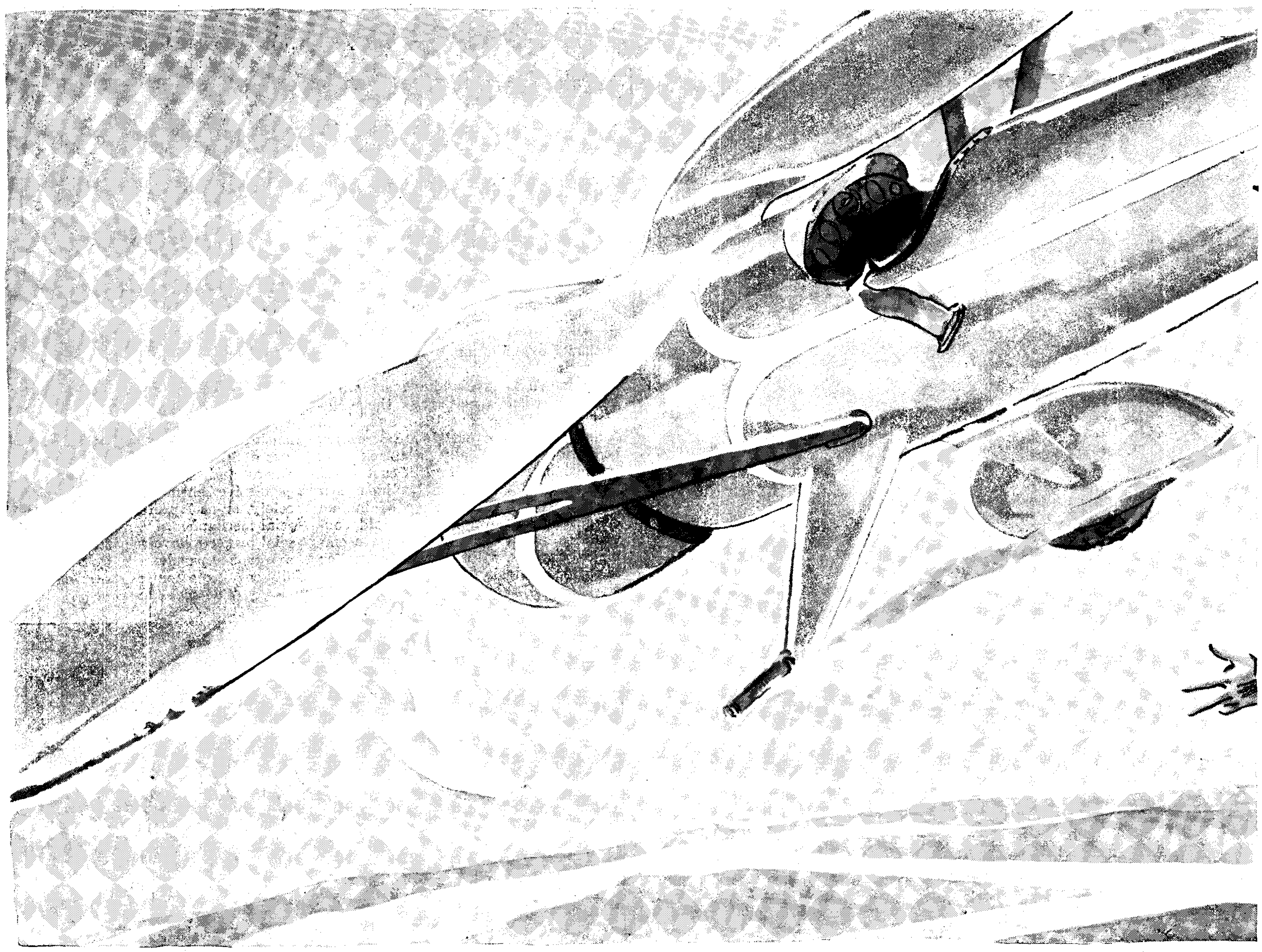
Irresponsible people have always shown a greater curiosity and enterprise in these questions of human relationship than the expert, and from the days of Plato's Republic, every age of change and unrest has produced its speculative schemes for a new order of society, or as I prefer to call it, a new social mechanism. Very many of these social projects have released themselves from money perplexities by the delightfully easy expedient of sweeping money

(Continued on page 38)



IFOR THOMAS

The President, a resonator of the most soundly progressive Anglo-Saxon thought



Graft in the Air

By Francis and Katharine Drake

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAYTON D. KNIGHT

Johnny Hoyt and Ann Carter learn the meaning of inside politics. A drama of commercial aviation with its tensest moments on the ground

DETRACTORS of Boss Regan were given to drawing parallels with rattlesnakes, insofar as ophidian etiquette prescribed a warning just before a strike. Regan, so they claimed, had this big-hearted habit, too. The prudent heeded. Only the crack-brained few like Johnny Hoyt lowered their heads and charged, berserk, toward the palisades of Shepton politics.

At that, the air was pretty new for rackets and the muscling technique hadn't filtered through to transport pilots.

Johnny liked the feel of Shepton from the first. It was an air-minded—say, an air-future—feel, from which capricious springboard Johnny took a long, deep breath and bounced. He quit the transport line, withdrew his savings, and a few months later launched Phaeton Airways Inc., President, Chief Pilot, Head Mechanic—John L. Hoyt.

It was an expert little outfit. Completed, there was little inside Johnny's pockets save the lining.

A few months clicked away before Matt Regan dropped into Johnny's office for an informal chat. In next to no time, Johnny found the subject of "protection" pushing a scaly fin across the conversation and the atmosphere grew rancid with an odor of corruption.

"Thus," Regan summed up, in his fine rostrum manner, "an association with influential interests is not unconnected with success in our fair city. It is, as one might say, almost the essence of survival. If you get me?"

A wiser man, knowing his *Reptilia*, might have marked time cautiously. Not Johnny Hoyt. He had red hair and a low boiling point. He favored Regan with a hard, blue stare.

"Sure," Johnny said, "I get you. Isn't that your hat?"

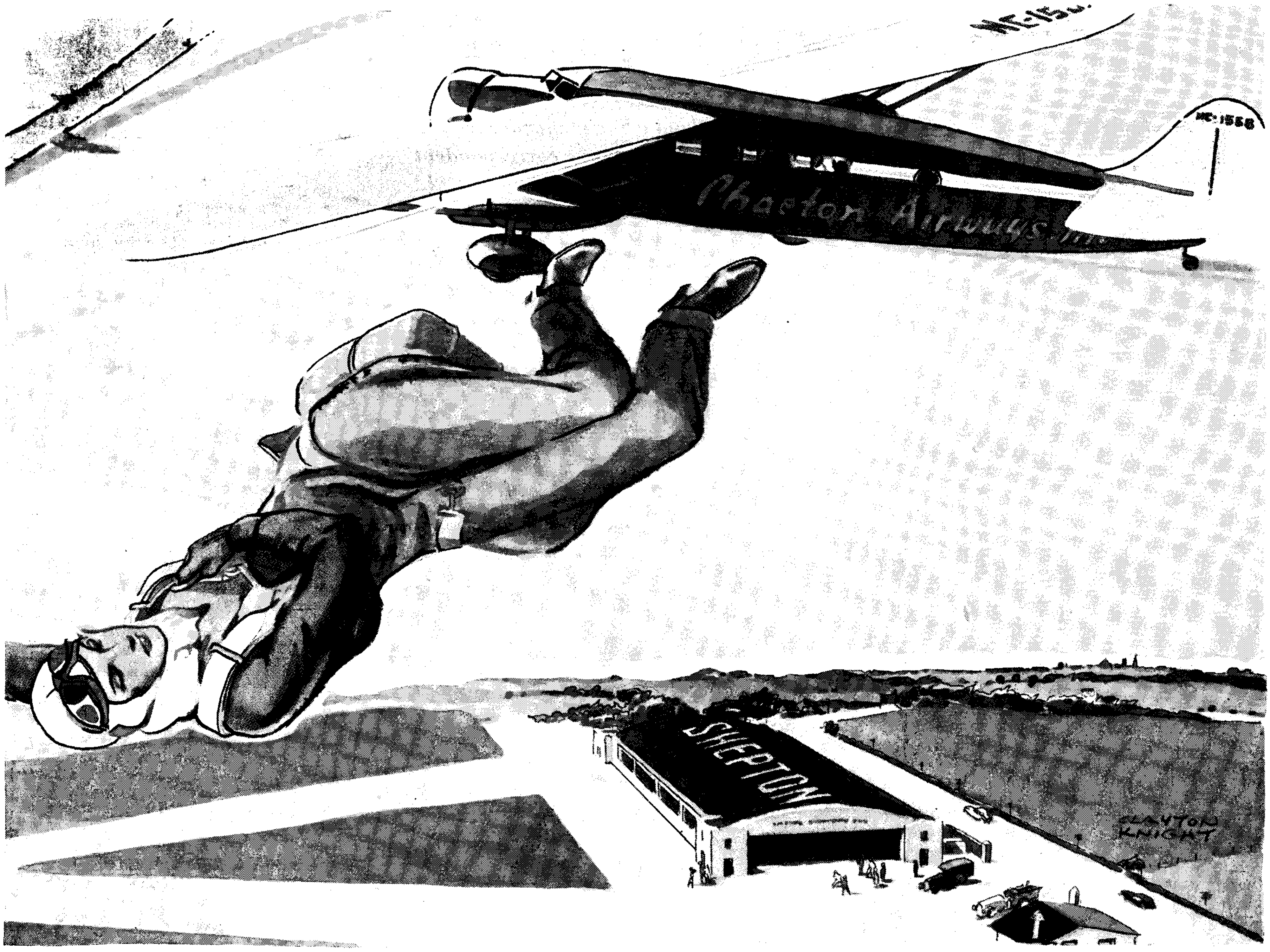
Regan cocked his head a little. The lower section of his vest began to quiver seismically and his round light eyes were varnished with amusement.

"Ho, ho!" Regan laughed. "... Excuse me ... ho, ho, ho!" And he walked out.

THE day was brisk and faintly burnished by the late November sun. Johnny's spirits, as he prepared to swing his transport over Shepton for a landing, were as unshadowed as the sky. Behind him, all the seats were sold and the compartment marked "Express Freight" brimmed to the *longérons*. Johnny cut the gun.

The next instant, he grabbed the throttle, pushed it wide again and raised the nose. Snarling resentfully, the ship responded. Johnny glared down at the gay vermilion sports job that had cut in underneath and botched his landing.

"Fool!" yelled Johnny. He eased the flippers, dropped one wing, began another circle. Even at a distance, in the ill-mannered aircraft, he recognized at once the property of Douglas Brewer, son of old Brewer who owned the Shepton Clarion. The same practiced and indignant eye informed him simultaneously that it was not Brewer's hand prevailing at the stick. Only one hand, so far as Johnny knew, a frivolous thing with ketchup-colored nails, could visit such abuse upon a ship and never even



The tail escaped her by a whisper. Over and over went her body. Then the chute opened

be aware of it. That hand was Miss Ann Carter's, and Miss Ann Carter was the other half of Phaeton Airways Inc.

Johnny looked down now and moaned.

"Jumping Judas," Johnny said, "a fishtail!"

Through his propeller ring he could see the red ship driven epileptically, first right, then left; then, like a tired horse with uncoördinating knees, it sank untidily to the ground, coasted down the runway and pulled up. Johnny breathed gustily.

The aggregate of Johnny's sentiments toward Miss Carter was divisible, like Gaul, into three parts. As secretary of Phaeton Airways, as well as treasurer and ticket agent, Ann glowed, it seemed to him, with shrewdness and resource. As a mere member of her sex, he realized that she produced eccentric action in his pulse. But as a pilot, as an exponent of the simplest flying routine, Johnny had one word for her and that was "punk." Something he couldn't fathom, some dizzy sort of reflex, unseated reason every time Miss Carter got her hand around a stick.

JOHNNY swung around a second time, then landed smugly. When he reached the office, young Brewer was slanting back at ease in Johnny's chair while, on the desk, Miss Carter sat swinging one leg like a precise and lovely pendulum. Her green suède coat was open, her helmet stuck askew over a mop of bright brown curls.

"Johnny!" said Miss Carter. "Am I glad you're here!"

"Huh!" Johnny said. He nodded to the reporter. "Better hire some baling wire and a junk truck, Brewer. That crate of yours won't stand the gaff much longer. Not with Little Lightheart chasing fleas."

Brewer grinned. Miss Carter's eyes opened. They were disturbing, smoky-looking eyes, with long, straight lashes.

"That was a fishtail, Johnny! What's the matter with my flying?"

"Nothing," Johnny said. "It's lovely. But the next time you cut in on my landing, I'll—"

"Half-time," Brewer called, "I'm in a hurry."

"You look it," Johnny said. "What's on your mind?"

"Plenty." Brewer pushed his hat back on his ears. "I was just telling Ann. Hoyt, my hot-headed birdman, it's good and sour . . . looks like you stubbed your toe."

"Swell!" Ungraciously, he added: "Spill it!"

"I just got the tip-off. Listen—the town's decided to reroute the Public Service high line. Civic improvements—three new miles of reroute. That's just the theme song, with the words by Brother Regan. Now—guess what the city fathers had to go and pick on for the spot—the ideal site, mark ye—to dump a string of high-line towers and a nest of wires?"

Johnny spun around, his mouth open.

"X," went on Brewer, pointing a dramatic finger at the road that flanked the field, "marks the spot. Eighty-foot high-line towers right across the way. Not on *your* land, Hoyt. . . . Regan wouldn't be that crude. No, sir. He'd just kill your field. Like trying to breathe with someone stepping on your windpipe. . . . That's all!"

"ALL?" yelled Johnny. "You're quite sure that's all?" He paced excitedly around the office. I might have known, he thought. Somewhere in his mind he could hear Regan's laugh. . . . "Ho, ho, ho! . . . Excuse me, Hoyt, but those steel towers will chop eight hundred feet of usefulness out of your airport. . . . Ho, ho, ho!"

"You couldn't land an autogiro," he heard Miss Carter saying. "Johnny, I just called up—"

"Where'd you get this?" Johnny barked.

"City Hall," said Brewer. "It's still in the pan but it'll break inside a week. Thought I'd just tip you off," he added spaciously, "so you could vaseline the skids and buy a cushion."

"Much obliged," said Johnny. He sat down. "What's Regan's pay-off? Or is this nice, clean winter sport?"

"Sport?" Brewer laughed. "That's good! Brother Regan likes his sport professional. Cash basis." He watched Johnny's corrugated brows. "Well, if you need a diagram—teacher must draw one. . . . It's like this. . . . Regan and his tribe buy up this land along Tenth Avenue. It's going cheap. Why? Because it hasn't had a bidder in a year, not since that Chicago packing outfit turned it down. Then Regan has the city plan a new high line on Tenth, right out here. Do I make myself quartz-like?"

Johnny nodded.

"Well, follow the bouncing ball . . . along comes good old public service and has to have the land. 'Sure,' says our wily statesman, 'help yourselves!' He quotes a rental that climbs into the stratosphere and rings a gong. How does he get it? Why, my chicks, because he tips the power company off to raise its rates. He guarantees to push the motion through City Hall. So everybody's happy. Except the taxpayers, and lesser fry like you. He just picks you off on the way. Why? Maybe he doesn't like the color of your hair. I don't myself."

Johnny could fill that last blank for himself. But he was less attentive now to cause than to effect. Bankruptcy

(Continued on page 22)

The Magic Egg

Here is a story about a Soviet murder trial—graphically told by a famous correspondent who has been stationed in Russia since 1922

By Walter Duranty

MAXWELL BLACK regarded his nephew severely. "I disapprove," he said, "of all these Russian ideas. They are . . . ah . . . subversive and fundamentally wrong. Equality, for instance, is admirable as an ideal, but in practice . . . preposterous. At your age, Jim, I know Ideals have . . . ah . . . weight, but we older men must deal with realities, with . . . ah . . . life as it is, not as it *ought* to be. I do not wish to boast, but it was attention to facts, not fancies, during the last four years that has enabled me to show you this interesting curio, Professor Dwight. There it is, exactly as I told you, almost a perfect oval, except for the slight pointing at this end; in fact, as I said, a golden egg."

"Doesn't want to boast," thought Jim Black angrily; "the old boy's as proud as a peacock. Just because he was cautious and thought things were too high six years ago and sold out and bought Liberty Bonds, does he think that makes him a successful banker? And traveling round the world and collecting 'interesting curios' . . . and people think he's a financial wizard and all, but he can't fool me. He's just a golden egg himself, a pompous golden egg."

"Weigh it in your hand, Professor," his uncle continued. "Surely it is too light to be solid, yet the most careful examination has failed to reveal any . . . ah . . . aperture."

The professor took the curio, a shining yellow oval, exactly the size and shape of a hen's egg but overlaid with tiny plates like the scales of a fish, upon which a bewildering maze of lines had been engraved, and fumbled excitedly for his glasses.

He fitted them on his nose and held the egg up to the lamp above the dinner table. "Good heavens!" he cried, turning to his host. "You said you got it in Shanghai . . . Shanghai . . . that's impossible."

Maxwell Black was ruffled. "It came into my possession," he said, "precisely as I told you. I was walking along the Bund in Shanghai when this man accosted me . . . a native . . . although not very Chinese in appearance . . . rougher-looking . . . and . . . ah . . . more hairy. He just said, "Fifty dolla," and pressed it into my hand. He seemed in a state of urgency, and . . . ah . . . nervous tension, which somehow communicated itself to me. I acted with unaccustomed precipitation, gave the man fifty dollars, and he turned and ran, yes, sir, ran as if the devil were after him. Curiously enough, I had no fear that I'd been swindled, and when tests were applied I was not surprised to find it was indeed gold. I—"

"And that's all you know," the professor interrupted. "You didn't inquire, you haven't—?"

"THAT'S virtually all," said his host. "I left Shanghai the same evening, and put the egg in my suitcase and forgot all about it. After my return to New York I showed it to one of the assistant curators of the Metropolitan Museum, who thought it might be Tibetan in origin, but had little else to impart. And it was not until Lampson here mentioned that you were visiting his place in the country to rest and compile your account of your last expedition to Tibet that I thought of it again and decided to ask you—"

"Of course it's Tibetan, man, snapped the guest, "but do you know what it *is?* Why, this is *The Missing Egg*. . . . There were two, you know, laid by the Dove in Paradise . . . the Panchen Lama is supposed to have taken this one with him when he fled to China. The other is still in Lhasa. My friend, the Dalai Lama, showed it to me . . . even opened it and told me the secret, though of course he wouldn't let me touch it . . . there are *some* limits.

"Yes, yes, it is identical . . . now, let me see. . . . I follow the line, then press this scale . . . and this . . . yes, there's the curve again . . . and here . . . and here . . . and . . . *it opens*. You see . . . the scales cover and disguise the point of juncture . . . and here inside is the pip, the miraculous pip from Eve's apple." From one of the halves of the egg with trembling hands he shook out onto the tablecloth a dark object which did in truth resemble an apple pip, magnified tenfold in size.

For nearly an hour the professor held forth about Tibet, its mysteries and customs. The pip, he said, was dark jade of great antiquity and was reputed to give the egg magical qualities. He replaced it carefully in its golden case. He did not know precisely what the magic was, the subject was too sacred. The Dalai Lama had said this and the Panchen Lama had done that, and so on in an endless monologue, which ended in stupefying Mr. Black and his nephew and the fourth guest, Black's partner, Miles Lampson.

AS THE professor paused at last to drink a glass of wine, the young man created a hurried diversion. "That's all most interesting," he said, "amazing in fact . . . and I envy you, Professor, to have spent so much time in that marvelous country. But," he continued firmly, as the professor showed signs of answering, "that does not affect what I was saying before, that the Russians are right in trying to abolish class distinctions in their new society."

For once Maxwell Black leaped eagerly to an argument about the Bolshevism he detested. "It's all so absurd," he said. "If you destroy initiative, what is left?"

"The collective farms will supply a different initiative," his nephew said. "Kulak individualism was antisocial."

"Nonsense," snapped his uncle, "you can't run a farm like a factory."

"But Russia isn't America, Uncle Max," Jim countered. "The kulaks tried to hold back the clock of progress and got what they deserved."

The banker pointed the small end of the golden egg, which he had picked up from the table, right at his nephew as though it were a gun. "I tell you," he said, "no one can ever treat American farmers like that; they wouldn't stand for it. In fact, it seems to me these kulaks were a poor, spineless lot to allow—"

"They had no choice. Besides, public opinion was against them."

"I don't believe a word of it . . . to lie down meekly under such tyranny . . . no American would stand it. I wish I were a Russian kulak—"

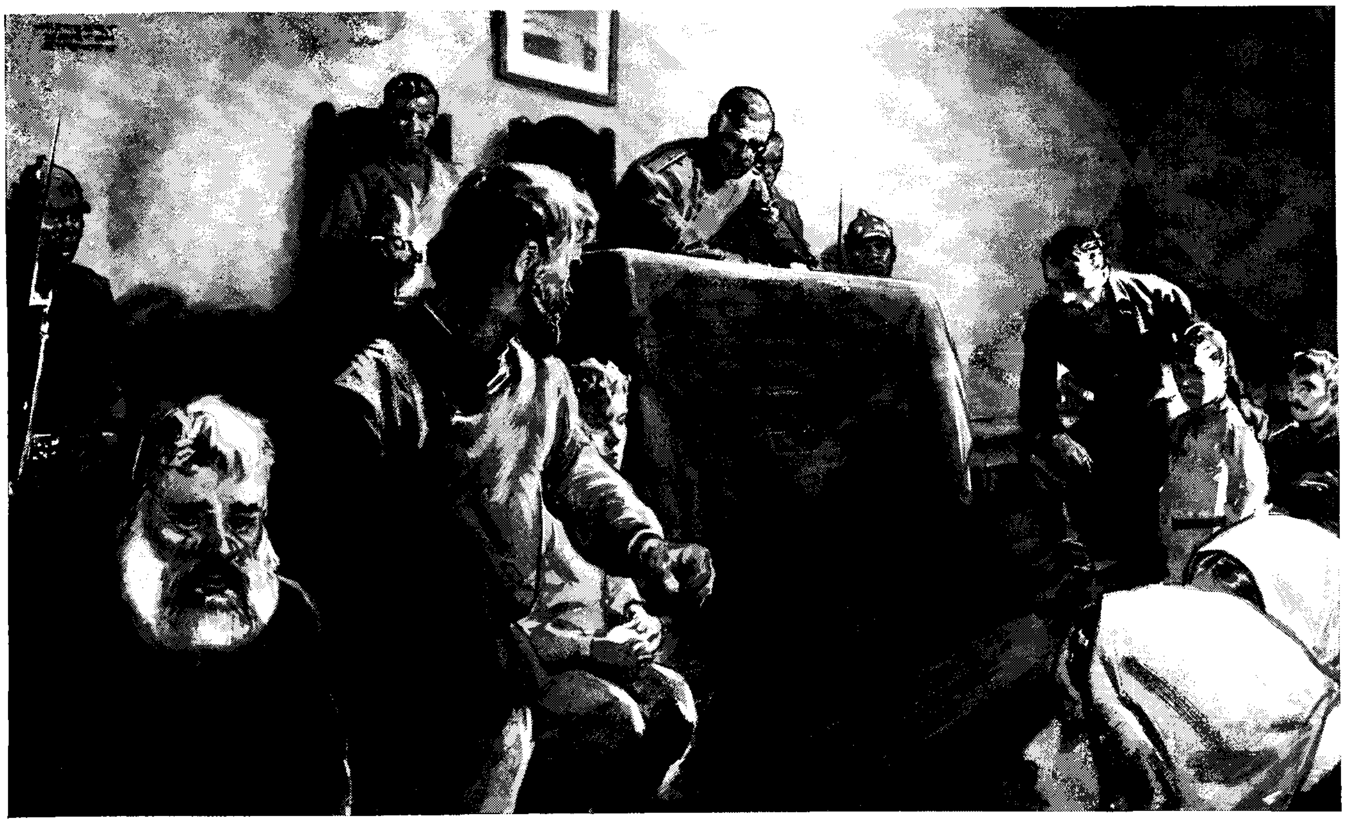
SUDDENLY he was caught in a whirl and swirl of flashes and darkness, swift as lightning, terrible as thunder. Then the butt of a rifle struck him sharply between the shoulders as a voice bellowed, "Get on there, damn you."

He lurched against a telegraph pole and fell headlong into the dry ditch beyond. A hard hand jerked him to his feet, and he stood there aghast. Instead of his New York dining-room with its shaded lights he found himself on a rutted track winding through weed-choked grain fields. Beside him were two men, shoulders hunched forward as they slouched along. One had long, matted gray hair hanging below the collar of his black cassock. He wore a round black hat on his head and his face was bearded and damp with sweat. The other was a tall youth dressed in dirty patched calico. His blue eyes above beardless cheeks had the dumb misery of a steer that is being led to the slaughter.

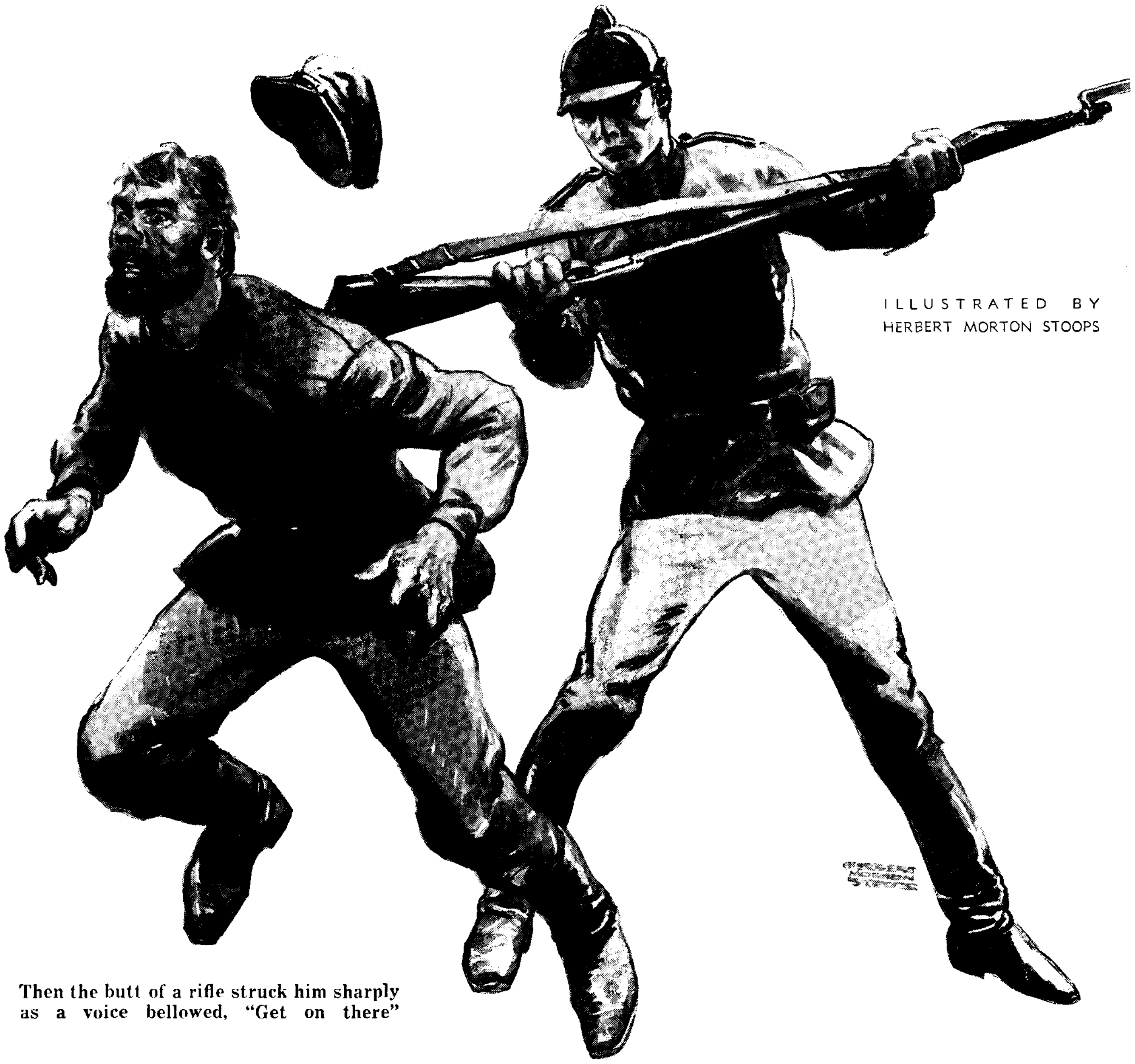
A tall soldier in khaki, with rifle and long thin bayonet under his left arm, shook Black savagely, then thrust him forward. "Get on, you damned kulak," he shouted as he lowered the point of his bayonet, "unless you want a taste of this between the ribs."

In an instant of horror Black knew what had happened. The golden egg was magical indeed, and the wish he had lightly uttered had been fulfilled. He had become a Russian kulak. The very language of the soldier was familiar . . . and worst of all, the egg itself had fallen from his hand when he lay sprawling in the ditch.

From the first he knew he was not dreaming. The pain in his back was real where the rifle butt had struck him, and the harsh rub of the canvas breeches on his naked flesh and the thick dark beard beneath a chin that had always been clean-shaven, and pungent dust that rose like smoke and made him sneeze. Yet there was no doubt of his own identity; his mind and memory were those of Maxwell Black. But his body had changed; the hard, lean form and swelling muscles of a Russian farmer had replaced the round paunch and heavy figure of an American banker of fifty. "I must see about that when I get back," he thought . . . "always meant to take more exercise. I'm hungry, damn it, and a highball would taste



Black interrupted him without a qualm. "Did you give me the right or not?" he asked the judge



ILLUSTRATED BY
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Then the butt of a rifle struck him sharply as a voice bellowed, "Get on there"

good in this infernal dust, but Max, my boy, you haven't felt so well since that last football. . . ."

When he got back! Good God, would he ever get back! He half turned with the wild thought of running off to find the egg . . . and saw the soldier close behind him with his long sharp bayonet sloped and ready. Escape was hopeless now; he must locate the spot. Right here was a milestone . . . one . . . two . . . three . . . yes, the third telegraph post beyond the milestone marked 9—that was his goal. Again he looked back and caught the soldier's eye. What a malevolent brute the man was!

"BE CAREFUL, Maxim Maximovich," came a whisper from the young peasant beside him. "He's watching you. He'd stick you like a bird on a spit if you'd give him a chance."

His voice rose on the last words and the soldier heard him. "Shut up there—no talking!" he yelled.

The youngster cringed as if a whip had struck him and shuffled on in silence. "Spineless," repeated Black to himself, but his own spine shivered from the near and ready steel.

The worst of it was that he hadn't the remotest idea of the reasons for his present plight—why he was under guard, what had happened and what would follow. His wish, it seemed, had been fulfilled literally . . . he had become a Russian kulak and therefore knew the Russian language . . . beyond that his mind was a blank. But he knew also that there was no chance of escape for the moment.

After marching a mile they passed through a wood and came out into a narrow lane on the outskirts of a small country town. No one took any notice of them as they turned a corner into what seemed the main street.

"Turn right," ordered the soldier, and they entered what was evidently the central square of the town, some fifty yards across. On the far side they came to a building in the style of a Greek temple with four massive columns, somewhat chipped and weather-beaten. The guard beat on the heavy oak door with the butt of his rifle. It was opened by a young man in black leather jacket and breeches, with a revolver strapped to his hip.

"I have brought the prisoners, Comrade," said the soldier, saluting him—"the priest Grusof, Timofei Timofeich; his nephew Konin, Ivan Petrovitch, and the kulak Chorny, Maxim Maximovich, all charged with murder."

The other gave the prisoners a cold, menacing stare.

"Quick, now," he said, "the court's waiting."

BLACK'S first thought was that the place was more like the Baptist meeting house in the New England village where he was born than a court of justice. The guards, one in front and one behind, with fixed bayonets, led the prisoners to a pew-like bench on the right of a dais, where they were told to sit. Facing them in the body of the court were two or three hundred roughly dressed men and women. Most of the women wore red kerchiefs and many of the men had a red rosette or arm band.

Immediately to their left was a red-draped table with three high empty chairs behind it and, beyond, another table also covered with red, where a short, stocky man in black leather coat and breeches was standing. He eyed them keenly as they sat down and made some notes on the pad in front of him. Black guessed that this was the prosecutor.

The soldier behind him barked an order so sharply that Black jumped, and all present rose to their feet as the judges entered the room. The leader was a squarely-built man of middle age with head and face clean-shaven. He wore military uniform devoid of insignia save for magenta lapels on his collar and the red badge of a decoration pinned over his heart. His eyes were cold and hard and his jaw long and cruel, but there was intelligence in the broad forehead, the height of which was accentuated by his shaven head. His two assistants were less notable. One, in rusty black broadcloth, looked like a workman in his Sunday suit. The other had the air of a young farmer dressed up for a county fair in clean white suit and trousers.

"I declare the session of the People's Court open," said the senior judge briefly, and everyone, including the prisoners, sat down.

The president whispered for a moment to the workman on his right, then rang a bell for silence. "We are awaiting witnesses," he said, "from the village of Masupovo, where the crime was committed. In the meantime I shall request the prosecutor to read the indictment."

He turned towards the prisoners. "Grusof, Timofei Timofeich, priest, aged forty-seven." The priest stood up.

"Konin, Ivan Petrovitch, farm worker, aged nineteen." The young man stood up. His face was white and his limbs trembled.

"Chorny, Maxim Maximovich, individual farmer and employer of labor, aged fifty." Black rose and looked firmly at the judge.

"I protest," he cried. "I am innocent."

There was a murmur of surprise among the spectators. The judge's bell shrilled loudly. "Silence," he cried. Then curtly to Black, "You will be heard later. Prisoners, sit down." He waved his hand to the prosecutor. "Read the indictment."

The prosecutor rose to his feet and, stepping out from behind the table, began to read from a long sheet of foolscap. The indictment, which evidently formed the whole case of the prosecution rather than a simple statement of the charge, declared that the two elder accused, Grusof and Chorny, had conspired to bring about the death of a school-teacher, Nadya Lvovna Lapteva, aged twenty-two, member of the Communist Youth organization since the age of seventeen, who had taken an active part in organizing the poor and middle peasants of the village of Masupovo in a Collective Farm. The crime had been committed at their instigation by Konin, the nephew of Grusof, an employee of Chorny. The victim's body had been found late at night three days before in a field formerly belonging to the accused, Chorny, which was now a part of the Collective Farm. Her skull had been smashed with inhuman ferocity and there were other bruises on her body.

EARLIER that evening the younger accused, Konin, had been seen lurking by a clump of trees near the entrance to the field with a heavy sledge hammer which was the property of the accused Chorny. The said hammer was later found in Chorny's woodshed in a suspiciously clean condition as if it had recently been wiped.

The priest, Grusof, and the kulak, Chorny, had both contrived to be absent from the village the night the murder was committed, the former on the pretext of holding church services in a village twenty miles away, where he spent the night. The latter had chosen this occasion to come here to the county town, where he too had spent the night, for the purpose, as he declared, of protesting against a judgment of indemnity for injury to one of his employees. Nothing could be more significant than this coincidence of alibis. Furthermore, both the older prisoners had repeatedly, in front of witnesses, declared that Lapteva would come to a bad end if she continued to incite the peasants.

Other similar threats would be brought into evidence, the indictment continued. The motive of the crime was clearly established. The peasant, Chorny, had been the richest man in the village, a typical kulak who lived by the exploitation of his poorer fellows. The priest was the son of a kulak in a neighboring village and had acted according to kulak instincts aggravated by religious superstition. Finally, the prosecutor concluded, there was no one else in the village who would have dreamed of such a monstrous crime. Their murdered comrade, who had occupied the post of teacher for six months, was universally beloved. Her life was an example of Communist duty and devotion.

"The case," the prosecutor concluded, "is clear." He sat down amidst a hum of applause, which the judge allowed to continue unchecked. Then he turned to the prisoners. "Grusof," he said sharply. The priest stood up. "Tell the Court about your life and social origin."

In a quavering voice he related his life's history.

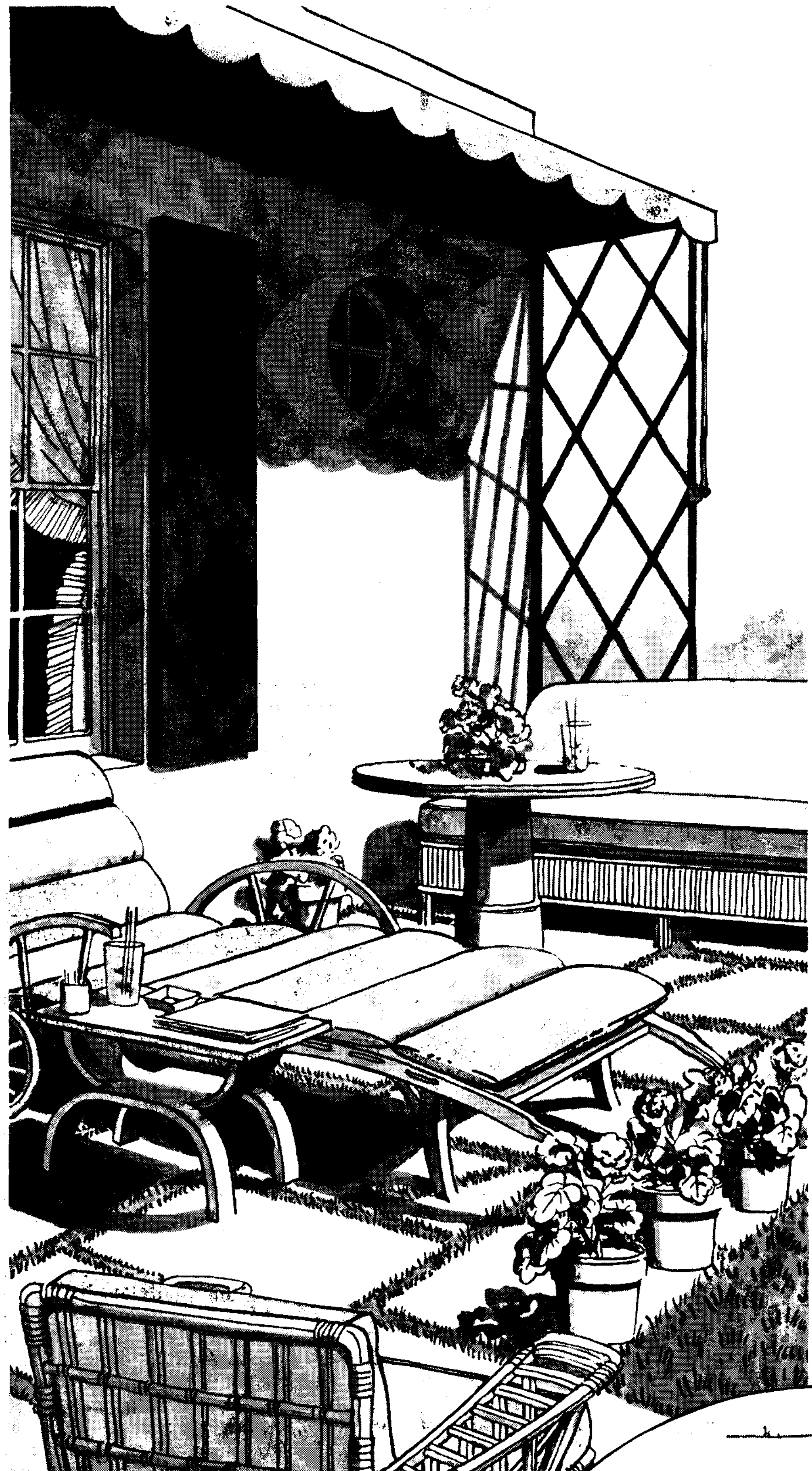
"Did you ever oppose the Revolution?" the judge interrupted.

(Continued on page 26)

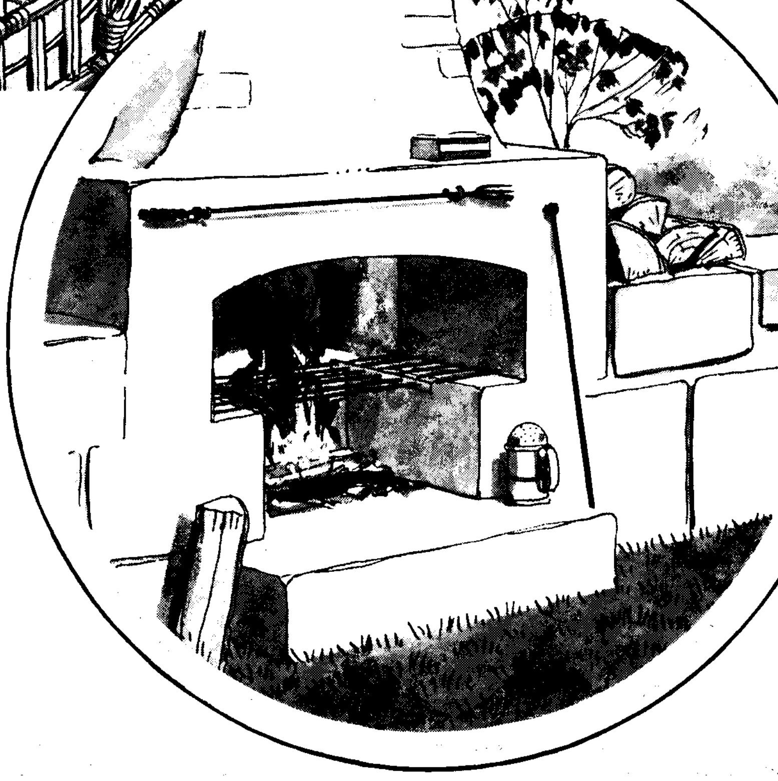
Out for the Summer

By Helen Sprackling

You can be lazy in the good old summertime and still enjoy outdoor life. Just take to your terrace or garden, with a long cold drink in one hand and a breeze on the other. Here are the latest props for doing it comfortably



Invitation to ease—a simple terrace arrangement that takes its color note from pink geraniums in white pots



An outdoor fireplace needs a chimney for drafts, a grill for steaks and sufficient height to save backaches

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY RICHARDSON

AMERICANS love comfort. A man works hard all week. He wants to enjoy the country over the week-end; probably goes out and plays golf all day. When he comes in he wants a place to throw himself down, put his feet up and have a long, cold drink. In other words, he wants comfort and relaxation. His wife goes out to the garden to weed. She works hard all morning. Or perhaps she plays some stiff tennis. Or maybe she just sits in the sun. But she, too, wants a comfortable place to relax, a long, cool drink—and a place to put *her* feet up. So try moving out for the summer. Take the breeze from your terrace or garden or roof. Make it a place for day-round comfort. It can be a cooling, relaxing spot—if you've made it that way.

Ask Mrs. Averell Meigs of the Arden Studios how to do it. She has made it her successful mission in life to show people how to live beautifully, rustically, what you will, but above all comfortably out of doors.

Requirements for a good outdoor living-room, she says, are a place flat enough so that chairs and tables won't tip over. It must have shade, real or man-made. The latter might be just a big umbrella, a luxurious canopy on wheels big enough to cover a whole room and with a top that tilts in any direction, or an arbor.

Here is what Mrs. Meigs says about the furniture: "It must be the sort that can survive the weather. There are two kinds: The heavy type intended to be a permanent fixture, a part of the architectural treatment—such as a heavy stone or iron bench placed at the end of a vista; this stays on the ground summer and winter. Then there is the light, easily moved kind placed in the garden for the season only; this is usually iron or wire.

"Better save rattan for the covered terrace or the porch. A piece or two can easily be rolled out for the occasions, but it simply won't weather the weather. There are water-resisting and sun-resisting fabrics and materials, but they can't take it day after day without showing the effect at the end of the season. Wood stands up well; just give it two good coats of house paint. Natural wood should have a rubdown with oil two or three times during the summer. Apply a mixture of boiled linseed oil and turpentine, half and half, to a cedar chair, and it will shed raindrops like the proverbial duck's back. Crude oil is good, too; just give it twenty-four hours to sink in. It darkens wood and gives it a nice patina."

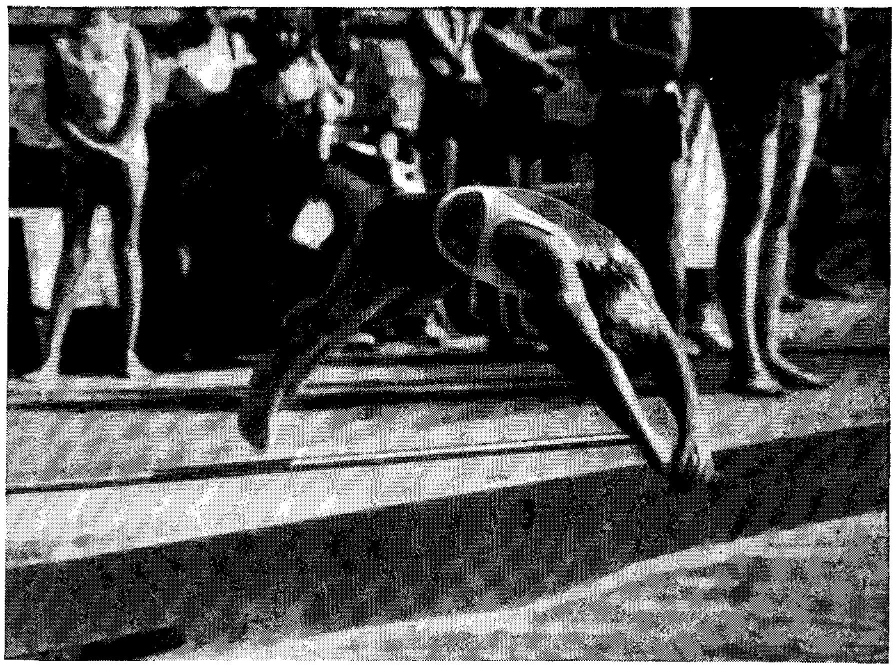
Brilliant colors are effective against gray or white houses, the sandy shore or green foliage. But never, Mrs. Meigs insists, where there is a flower garden in sight.

White, dark green, dark blue, neutral brown and black, in iron, wood or reed, are the best and most appropriate colors for the garden; a soft chalklike white is particularly good. Of course, there is color, lovely pastel color, the perennial-border kind of color. Sometimes it is found in the upholstery of the smartest furniture, in great squashy cushions of pea green or pale yellow. Or in the transparent blue glass top of a big white iron table; and in several little tables to match, if you like.

Here is a color recipe which is guaranteed to raise the morale of any terrace: Paint the furniture white, cover all the cushions with duck or canvas and paint them geranium pink and white. Canvas takes paint perfectly if you know the secret, and that is to wet it thoroughly with water before painting. This will keep it pliable and it will be very nearly waterproof. Old coverings if of stout stuff may be painted. Use the one color—geranium pink—with your white furniture and then use rows of pink geraniums planted in white pots.

A furniture list might read something like this: A settee or two or a settee and a glider. Or in place of either, you might fancy one of the big circular unit settees which *in toto* practically surrounds a center table. It's like a worm, when you cut it in two—each piece is sufficient unto itself. Put down as many chairs as you think you will need and be sure there is something around to put your feet up on. Add a low coffee table for the settee and at least one small table for each chair. A reserve supply of small tables is a great convenience, so you might include a nest of those iron tables with glass or plastic tops.

(Continued on page 36)



COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPHS

Willis Cooling, who trained Katherine Rawls, with six-year-old Peggy Rawls, who shows promise of out-performing her famous sister

They Come Up Swimming

By Quentin Reynolds

The Hoerger children are the sensations of the juvenile swimming world. Below, they are Ruth, 12, Mary, 11 and six-year-old Helen

As soon as you're through with the serious business of giving your child a name, it's time to think about teaching him to swim. That's very easy—especially for the parent. Fortified by the advice of experts, you can start at once without so much as getting splashed. And as for diving, you don't even need water for that. The kitchen is a good place to start

WILLIS COOLING said to little Peggy Rawls: "Peggy, look at those pretty pebbles down there on the bottom of the pool. Let me see you go down there and get them."

"But it's over my head," Peggy wailed. She was four then.

"What do you care?" Cooling laughed. "See, I'll hold you in the water and then drop you right down to the bottom. You open your eyes and find the pebbles and bring them up to me."

"But how will I come up again?" Peggy asked.

"Peggy, I'm surprised," Cooling laughed. "A smart girl like you—and you don't know that when you sink in the water you come right up, you bounce right up."

"Will I?" she asked doubtfully.

"You know I wouldn't lie to you, Peggy," Cooling said reproachfully.

Peggy had a lot of confidence in this big, smiling man. She knew that he had made a great diver and swimmer out of her sister Katherine and she knew that he had taught sisters Evelyn and Dorothy as well as brother Sonny to swim and dive. She lifted up her arms.

Cooling took her and dangled her in the water.

"There you go, honey," he laughed and dropped her. Down to the bottom she went and then up she came right away, spluttering and laughing. He was there to catch her.

"That's fun," she gurgled. "I want to do it again."

"Did you see the pebbles?" Cooling asked.

"I forgot to open my eyes," Peggy admitted.

"All right, we'll do it again," Cooling said. "This time let me see you bring up a pebble."

He dropped her in the water once more and this time she emerged triumphantly holding up a pebble. Cooling breathed a sigh of relief. Peggy didn't know it, but she had just learned to swim.

Peggy had learned two things which a child must learn before it can swim. She had discovered that if you sank to the bottom of the pool your natural buoyancy would bring you right up again. So there was, after all, nothing to be afraid of. The water wasn't some treacherous enemy. It was a fellow playmate. She had learned, too, that she could keep her eyes open under water and that she could see. Thus darkness, intuitive enemy of childhood, was banished. She had also learned that when Cooling said a thing it was true. It was easy from then on for Cooling to make a swimmer and diver out of young Peggy. Today Peggy is six and she can dive from the ten-foot board and she can swim up and down the pool with the greatest of ease.

The Wrong Way to Learn

It is as necessary in these days when childhood and sport are synonymous to teach a child to swim and dive as it is to teach her to walk. Even city bred children, whose only chance to swim may come when parents go to the seashore or country for an annual two weeks' holiday, should be able to swim and should learn as early as possible.

There was a time when parents boasted: "I learned to swim when I was only that high. Sure, my father tossed me into the lake and I just had to swim."

That Spartan method is one way of teaching a child to swim, but the mortality rate must be fairly high; and even if the child survives he must ever afterwards have a subconscious dread of the water. The system used by Willis Cooling and Mrs. Fred Hoerger, two of the best-known teachers of swimming and diving, seems to be a bit more humane and considerably more efficacious. It was Cooling who developed the Rawls family of swimmers. These youngsters comprise the best-known swimming family in the world. The oldest, Katherine, is undoubtedly the world's greatest all-around swimming and diving competitor, while Peggy, the youngest, is on her way to fame. She is only six. It is true that not many parents wish their children to become national champions, but the method of teaching beginners is the same, whether you are pointing the child toward competition or toward ordinary swimming ability. Listen to Willis Cooling:

"The first thing you have to teach a child is that the water can be a friend and not an enemy. Every time I dropped Peggy to the bottom she came right up. When she had found that she could keep

(Continued on page 37)

The Bat Flies Low

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

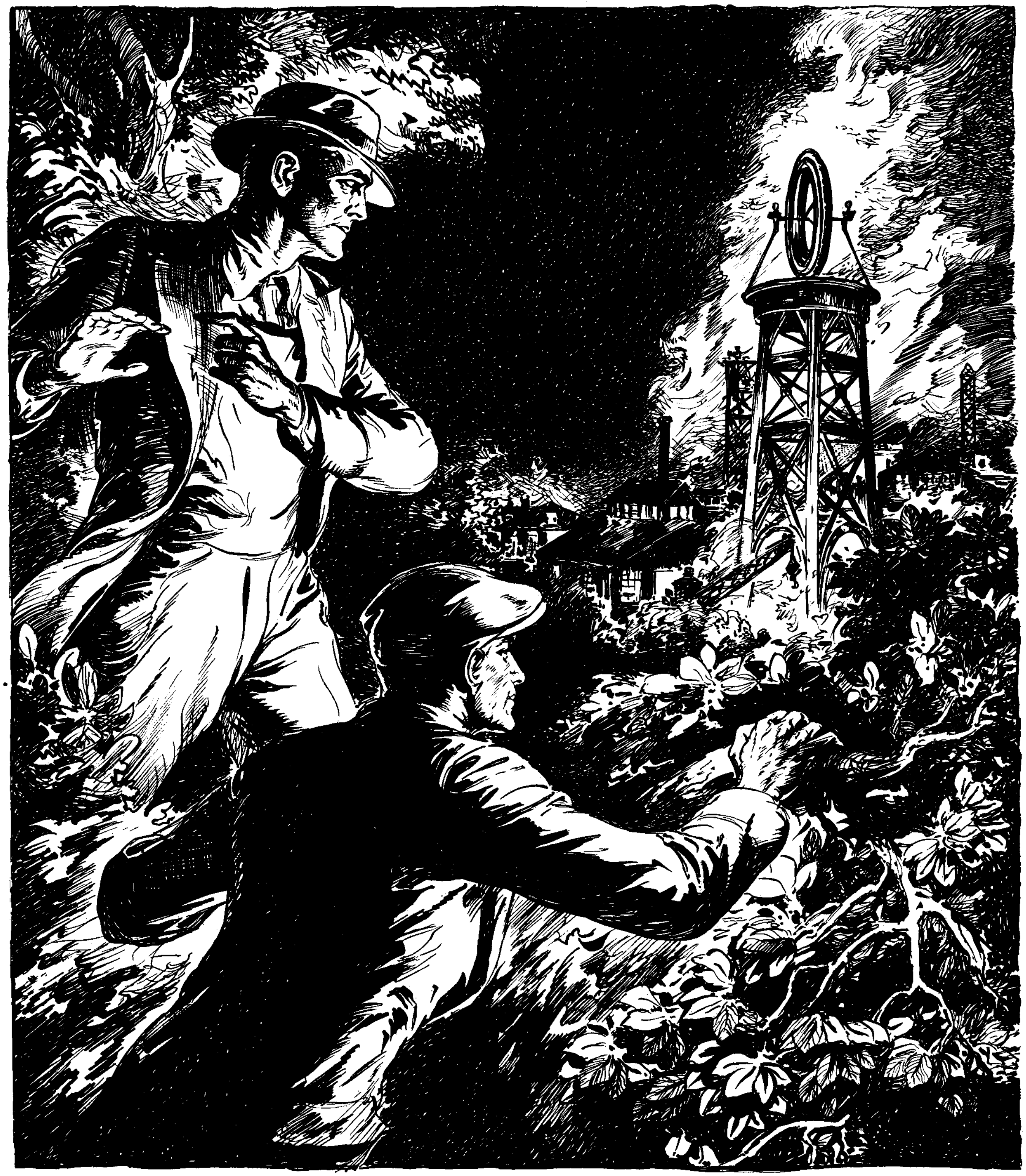
HOPING to find "The Place of the Light"—a repository of ancient knowledge containing secrets of vast import to the entire modern world—Lincoln Hayes, wealthy American antiquarian and head of a great electrical corporation, goes to Egypt. Before he leaves America, a fragment of papyrus (revealing some of The Place's wonders) is stolen from him. He believes that Mohammed Ahmes Bey, a distinguished Egyptian, is the thief. And before he reaches Egypt, he has met and fallen in love with the man's niece: the beautiful "Hatasu"!

In Hayes' party are: Ann Wayland, his secretary, and Captain Paddy Rorke, who are in love; Eric Stefanson, a young scientist; and Slim, Hayes' chauffeur and handyman. Reaching Cairo, they have a series of weird adventures, and presently are convinced that someone, directing a band of conspirators, is striving to intimidate them—to force them to abandon their quest.

That mysterious "someone" is—Mohammed Ahmes Bey. . . . Accompanied by Hassan ès-Sugra, a guide, Hayes finds "The Place of the Light." An ancient temple, it lies deep in a remote desert. The priests who preside over it welcome the two men. And presently Hayes, alone in a quiet room, has a visitor: *Hatasu!* The woman tells *him* she loves him. And she *tells* him the history of The Place. It is, she says, the headquarters of a vast secret order whose duty it is to safeguard its treasures. Then, preparing to leave— "Lincoln," she says, "I want you to cast in your lot with us. If you do, you shall have me."

When she has gone, another caller comes in. *Ahmes Bey!* He, too, wishes Hayes to join the order. Then, sworn to secrecy, Hayes is shown some of the wonders of The Place: a tiny lamp *of three million candle power;* "The Book of Thoth," a digest of all mankind's knowledge since the dawn of time; a device which makes it possible to view any spot on earth; and other things which amaze the American. . . . Left alone by Ahmes Bey, Hayes is again visited by Hatasu, who slips a ring on his finger, kisses him—and leaves him. . . . A few days later, having rejoined his party, Hayes cannot remember all that has occurred at The Place. In a daze, he bids goodby to an American—Mr. Mick, who, ill in the desert, had been welcomed by Ahmes Bey. Mr. Mick departs—by airplane. And a few moments later, Ahmes Bey arrives. "Hayes," he exclaims. "*One of the temple Lamps is missing!*"

XI



JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

An odd structure rose strangely amid a nest of scaffolding

SUBDUED lights twinkled on figures of Nile gods half hidden in the shadows above lofty bookcases, gleamed on the gilt of rich bindings, picked out here a patch of vellum, there a spot of rich, red morocco, glittered upon the appointments of the table. No log fire blazed in the hearth tonight, for a perfect spring had blessed New York and the weather was warm.

In the chair behind the table, wearing a somewhat dilapidated red silk dressing-gown over dinner kit, Lincoln Hayes sat, cigar in mouth. He was more than usually tanned, and more than usually drawn. He was reading—had read a score of times—a cablegram which lay upon the blotting pad before him. It had reached him the day after he had landed.

TO LINCOLN HAYES NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., U. S. A. I COUNT YOU NOW A FRIEND AND SO ASK YOU TO AVERT WHAT MAY BE A GREAT CATASTROPHE. USE ALL YOUR RESOURCES. HELP ON THE WAY. MOHAMMED AHMES.

All facts pointed in the same direction. Mohammed Ahmes Bey, as he had frankly admitted, was neither omniscient nor omnipotent. The second theft, this time of a perfect lamp, established that fact. It also formed a link in a chain of evidence the strength of which could not be doubted. An expert in all the subtle arts of burglary had taken the lamp from its secret hiding place. Lincoln Hayes' mind was a blank respecting this place—for his brain had failed to bridge the hiatus. But coincidence has its limitations. . . .

The map and Rorke's notes had disappeared from the Bramahpoona almost as mysteriously. The same man had been present on both occasions.

That man was—Mr. Mick!

His nationality suggested, although evidence remained inconclusive, that he was acting for an American organization. It was not too much to assume that he was acting for Donoghue's, instructed by Simon Lobb!

But reviewed in retrospect, his tactics excited Lincoln Hayes' unwilling admiration. It was an astounding imposture—that of a brilliantly clever man.

From the moment that Mr. Mick had left Imperial Airways' flying ground outside Cairo, no trace could be discovered of him. There was a strong assumption that he had a second passport and a second personality, since he had successfully vanished from Egypt.

Hayes pushed the cablegram aside and, unlocking a drawer of the big table, took out a letter which he had received the morning before. It was on thick, amber-colored paper, merely the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic, the *Akhut*, on the top left-hand corner of the paper. It was in handwriting small, firm, and curiously characteristic.

"I SHALL wait, Lincoln dear, however hard it may be for you, however long for me, because I know that one day you will come."

There was no signature—no signature was necessary.

Those few lines in a woman's hand had determined his course. In nearly all that he had ever sought to achieve, he had succeeded. It seemed to him, as his eyes devoured every curve and line of that firm and delicate writing, that by this success, the winning of Hatasu, of a woman unobtainable by common humanity, he had crowned any previous effort. He, who had gone through life heart-free, knew that now the world held nothing else but Hatasu. . . .

Came a rap on the door. Hayes returned the letter to the table drawer.

"Come in."

Slim entered, very brown, but otherwise unchanged. No butler having been appointed to take the place of the lamented Lurgan, he continued to act as general factotum.

"Mr. Maguire, sir."

"In."

District Attorney Maguire came in, big, black-browed and white-headed. He wore a dinner suit, but there was something about his vivid personality which seemed to suggest that it should have

(*Continued on page 40*)

Promotion of Private Sheehan

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

PRIVATE MICHAEL SHEEHAN, C Company, sat on the edge of his cot in a deserted squad room and stared at this letter:

"You are the sentry on No. 4 Post who has been allowing someone to pass your post unchallenged every Saturday night about one thirty o'clock. This party crosses from the bend in the hard road midway between the power plant and non-com row. A word to the wise should be sufficient. A Friend."

The letter was entirely typewritten and had been mailed in a cheap envelope from the near-by city.

"Crossin' me at one thirty, eh?" Private Sheehan ruminated. "And me a quarter mile off makin' my turn at South Gate. He could do it easy enough. The rascal's got me timed. But a letter—a *anominous* letter. Luvva Pete!"

Private Sheehan breathed stertorously through his shrapnel-flattened nose. His face, a stolid mask of weather-beaten skin like old oil-rubbed leather, crinkled in perplexity. He had walked many a mile of sentry-go but never before had his checkered career in the United States Army involved an *anominous* letter. Should he report it to Sergeant Weber? Should he confide in Corporal Thuney?

"Naw, not me," he decided, half aloud. "It might be one of these soldier traps. Maybe the cap'n has been suspicionin' I dog it in the power house to warm myself."

Nevertheless, Private Sheehan was not sure he was doing right, as he hid the letter in his locker. A soldier never can be sure. Had not Private Sheehan once been a top sergeant and acting lieutenant in the Argonne? A soldier can't ever be sure; and, now, with promotion time approaching and Private Sheehan hoping to begin the long beat back via a corporal's stripe, here was an *anominous* letter to mix a man up.

He clumped morosely down the barrack stairs and proceeded to the porch. A small, open roadster was passing on the road that skirted the frosty parade ground. A girl in a fur coat at the wheel saw Private Sheehan and waved.

He saluted, grinning with profound delight. Miss Vivian Foster, the colonel's kid. He used to spin her a yarn or two before she grew up all of a sudden.

"No sense. Waving at a soldier," a voice said.

Private Sheehan turned. It was Poodle-Snoot Weick, Major Dennison's orderly.

"I might clout you, just for that much," Private Sheehan said.

"And for a court, too, hunh?" Orderly Weick retorted. "I happen to know that kid's gonna get in plenty of trouble. Mrs. Dennison says the civilian ain't no good."

"What civilian?"

"Julius Caesar, soldier, Julius Caesar."

Snuffling in superior fashion, Poodle-Snoot passed on. Private Sheehan stared after him and shrugged. The entire post knew that Major Dennison's wife and the colonel's wife didn't get along. But when a private has an *anominous* letter on his mind, he has little time to be speculating about the feuds of rank. "Has been crossing your post about one-thirty o'clock." . . . "A Friend." . . . "Private Sheehan, why didn't you challenge the prisoner?" . . .

PRIVATE SHEEHAN looked at his wrist watch. It was exactly twenty minutes past one. He moved out of the shadows of the power house, having changed his timing adroitly. The post was quiet and few lights showed; except in the Red Cross hut where the officers were holding their weekly Saturday night bridge party and dance. The bridge-playing contingent always stayed very late—Colonel and Mrs. Foster liking the game. . . .

"I'm makin' the spot with time each way," Private Sheehan told himself, "and I'm taking the woods path." . . .

Reaching the designated area—a patch of woodland on the eastern border of the reservation—Private Sheehan took rifle in hand and proceeded to stalk cautiously among the trees. Suddenly, he saw two figures approaching—

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The figures stopped; Private Sheehan, rifle at ready, walked toward them.

"Go on back—quick!" a woman's voice said, tense and low-pitched.

The man turned as if to obey.

"Halt!" said Private Sheehan.

The man obeyed.

Private Sheehan walked up to the woman. She stood like a soldier, her face muffled in the collar of a heavy tweed coat. A saucy hat tipped over her eyes. She said nothing. The shadows were dark and Private Sheehan did not recognize her.

"You're both under arrest," he said.

She was silent. Behind her, the man spoke:

"Be a good sport, soldier," he said. "We've done nothing wrong. How much will it be—to fix this?"

Private Sheehan stepped past the woman. Her companion was fumbling for money.

"Not a chance, buddy," Private Sheehan said. "You're coming to the guardhouse. Both of you!"

His gleaming bayonet gestured; terse, final, incorruptible.

"Listen, soldier," the man said, "this is an officer's daughter. You can't—"

"You're a liar!" said Private Sheehan.

"Will twenty dollars fix it?"

"Come on, let's get going, buddy."

THE man lost his nerve. "Tell him who you are!" he said to the woman. "You've got to get us out of this. My God—if it all—" Then, to Private Sheehan, he whispered: "This is Colonel Foster's daughter!"

Private Sheehan heard the woman give a little gasp. He slowly and carefully put down his rifle.

"Put up your hands, buddy."

The man backed away. Private Sheehan followed him and drove both fists into his face. The fellow went to his knees, whimpering. Private Sheehan jerked him to his feet, shaking with one hand, the other pounding. Then, he turned him sharply and said: "March. To your car." Cursing, the man marched, prodded by Private Sheehan's bayonet. . . .

Slowly, Private Sheehan walked back. The girl was still there.

"All right," she said, "let's go to the guardhouse."

Private Sheehan did not look at her. "That guy won't even punch back," he said gruffly.

The girl nodded. "I saw it," she said. "Let's get this over with."

A pleased grin twisted Private Sheehan's lips.

"It's over with now," he said.

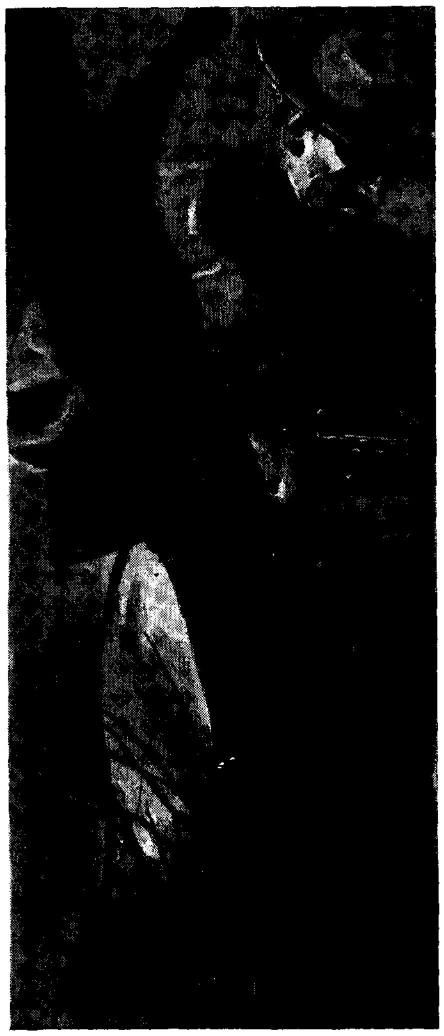
Shouldering his rifle, he marched away toward the south gate. There, Corporal Thuney, on a tour of inspection with Sergeant Weber, placed him under arrest for performing guard duty with a dirty rifle and bayonet, bloody fists, two buttons missing from overcoat and "conducting himself in an unsoldierly manner."

A soldier can never be sure. The new promotions list did not contain the name of Private Michael Sheehan. In the guardhouse, Private Sheehan read another *anominous* letter:

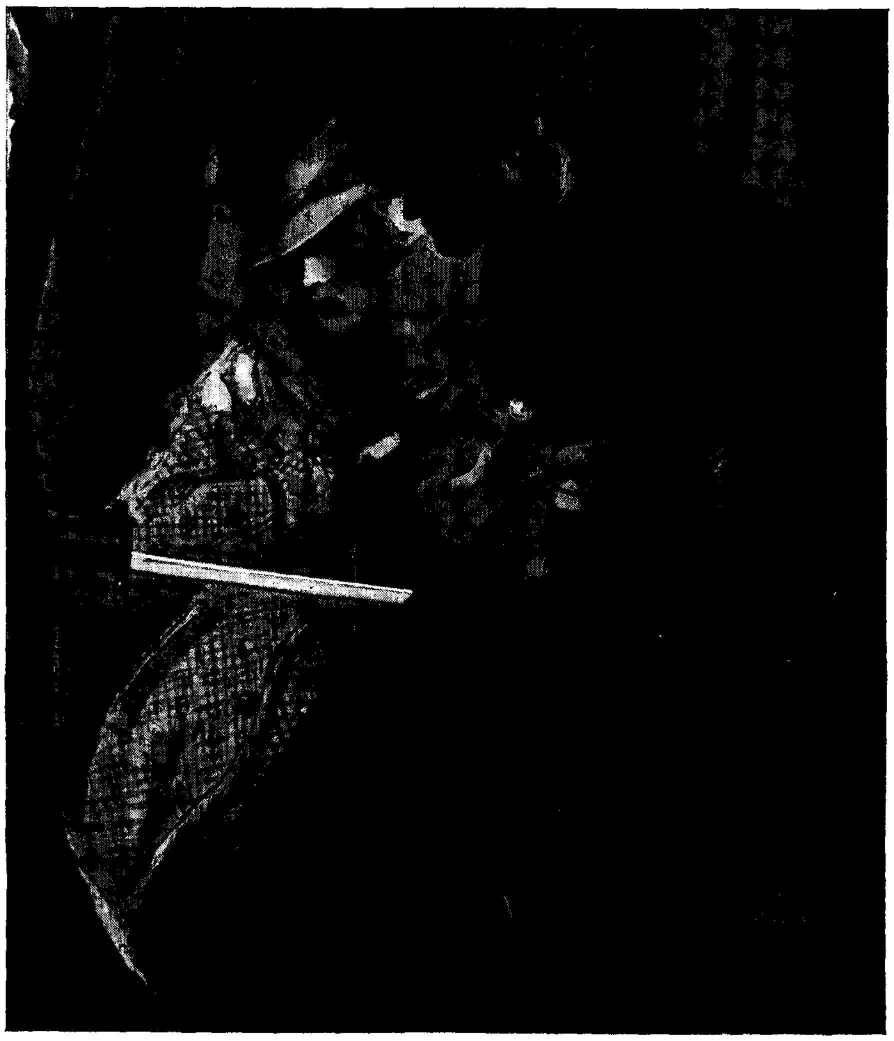
"I sent you that first letter because I wanted to see if he would face the world with me as he said. I didn't mean to get you in trouble. I thought he would face the music and bring everything into the open. But I was wrong. Thank you and please accept the enclosed. "A Friend."

The enclosed was a gold-mounted swagger stick, engraved, "To First Sergeant Michael Sheehan, in gratitude. V. F."

"Luvva Pete!" said Private Sheehan, happily.



Private Sheehan walked forward. "Go on back—quick," a woman's voice said, tense and low-pitched



Graft in the Air

Continued from page 15

was an unnerving prospect and Johnny knew that with a pared-down landing field he had as much chance of survival as a chicken with a broken neck. His mind began to slide around with eel-like swiftness.

"I got an idea," he said. "We'll expand. If Regan blankets my field one end, I'll push out in the other. That land of Pratt's—"

"Regan bought Pratt's tract," Brewer said, "two weeks ago."

"I was trying to tell you," said Miss Carter. "I called him up before you got here. But I'll help." She added with a giggle: "You know my methods, Watson."

Johnny gave her a look.

"In that streamlined head of yours," he asked sternly, "does anything ever take place? Good grief, girl." He brought his hand down with a smack and shouted: "Get this—if those high-line towers go up we're *through!* Funny, isn't it? Go right ahead and laugh!"

"Well, you don't have to yell like that!"

Miss Carter swept up her bag and gloves, and disappeared. Brewer followed.

Johnny heard the car pull out and kicked the wastebasket across the room.

JOHNNY strode from the spacious offices of the power company. It had taken a suave vice president less than seven minutes to make it plain to Johnny that public service and the future of Phaeton Airways Inc. were not in any sense related. The route would not be changed, nor would the wires be buried underground in conduits. Johnny ground a cigarette into the shining marble and passed on.

He found Matt Regan in his office.

"Well," Regan said, raising a pair of patriarchal brows, "well, if it isn't Mr. Hoyt!"

"Surprise!" said Johnny and looked the other over coldly. "That tract of Pratt's—I hear you bought it. Pratt had it up for sale last spring . . . twenty-five hundred cash. Mr. Regan—I'll pay you thirty-five because I need it, not because it's worth it as you darn' well know."

Regan laughed. "My price," he said, "is five thousand cash, young man, and"—he held up a hand—"let me finish—*and* sixty per cent of Phaeton Airways stock."

"I'll see you in hell first," Johnny said—and strode out.

JOHNNY went back to the airport. His Parksburgh haul was scheduled to take off in less than half an hour.

The secretary and treasurer of Phaeton Airways Inc. was dusting a distracting nose before a small wall mirror.

"Well," she said, "what's the word?"

"Lousy!" Johnny said.

Miss Carter waited, but Johnny's eyes avoided her. He went on munching.

"What's the load?" he asked, after a bit.

"Full up, going. Three booked coming back. The freight bill's full each way. Johnny, the way this freight is building up," she added thoughtfully, "we ought to scrap the three-a-week and run a daily into Parksburgh."

"Lovely!" Johnny said. "What's the sense in building up freight when we haven't got an airline?"

"Well, if you'd only listen instead of being rude . . . look, Johnny, it's an idea! . . . Remember the Parker Packing Plant that nearly bought some land on Tenth a year ago? That big Chicago group? Well, when I was at Doug Brewer's last night—"

There was a buzzing inside Johnny's head. His eyes were reckless, and his temper, still writhing from Regan's expert massage, exploded at this social twittering.

"What do I care where you went? Haven't I got troubles of my own?" he shouted. "I'm off . . . you can give my love to Brewer!" The door slammed.

IT WAS six-thirty as Joe dimmed the floodlights and prepared to launder up the transport. Johnny went to the office—and found a note:

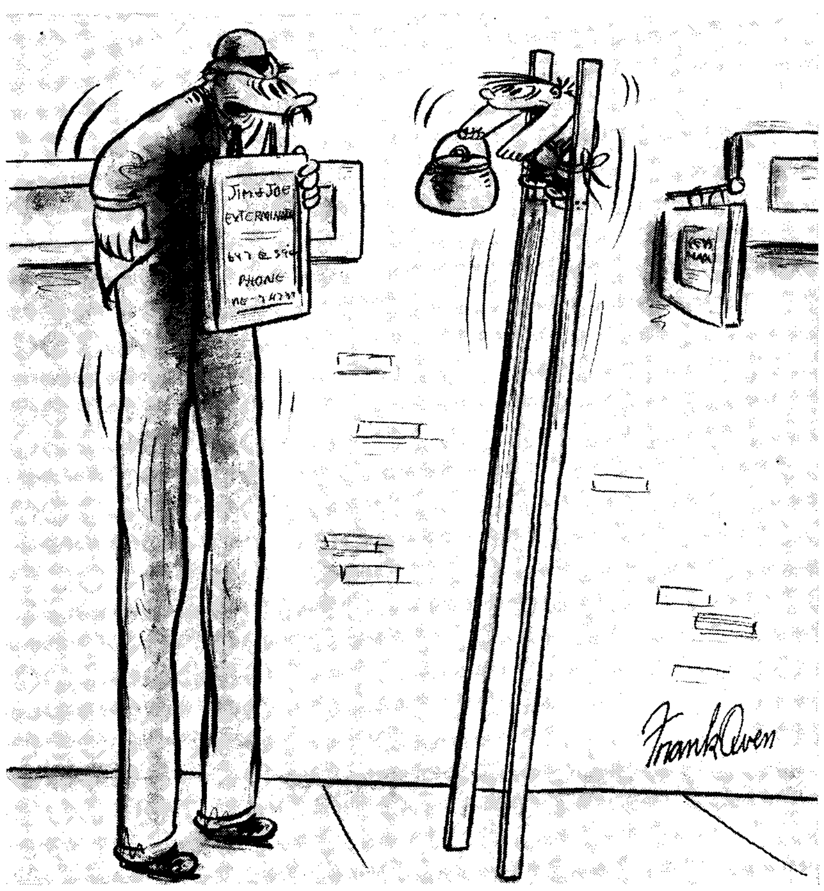
Memo: John L. Hoyt, Pres.
Dear Sir:

Have been called away for a few days and arranged for Joe's wife, Mildred, to look after the office as from tomorrow morning. Faithfully,

A. CARTER (Sec'y & Treas.)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"So you brought Papa's lunch today!"

Half a dozen strides brought Johnny to the hangar door. The red sports job was gone.

"Joe!" he bellowed. "Come here!"

Joe raced up.

"Where's the Redwing?"

"Where? Why, Miss Carter took it."

"Okay, Joe."

JOHNNY spent an hour stamping up and down the office. He called the Parksburgh airport and drew a blank. He called Clinton, Malvern and New Nexborough. He raised First National Airways on the radio and had them check along their East-West leg. He called the Clarion. Brewer was out on a story.

"I'll have her grounded," Johnny swore. He hooked the wall map off and studied it.

It was a mile to the lunch wagon. Johnny ordered a sandwich, which he didn't eat, and poured four mugs of coffee down his throat in quick succession.

Brewer got in at last. He phoned.

"Skip it," Johnny said. "Where's Ann?"

"Search me!" Brewer's voice sounded surprised. "I thought *you* knew. Just said she'd like the Redwing for a few days. It was okay by me. . . . What's wrong with a little skyride, anyway?"

"Damned fool, you!" Johnny said. "I've told you not to let Ann fly that crate of yours. She hasn't got the flying sense to brain a gnat!"

And Johnny slammed down the receiver.

JOHNNY stayed late Wednesday night. His eyes were bleared from smoke and lack of sleep.

Before him was a note from Osterer, his lawyer. A title search on Pratt's land had failed to yield the hoped-for oversight. The document was blamelessly in order. His other bet, with similar dispatch, had just gone up in smoke. Knox, his old First National Airways boss, had called him back (collect) from Denver.

"I'm sorry, Hoyt, but I can't do a thing about that feeder into Shepton. Head office says that maybe in a coupla years . . . too bad. Maybe we *could* have saved your field, 'count of big business, but there you are—"

Johnny groaned. And almost at once the dice, relenting, rolled him a natural.

"Lafayette," whooped Johnny, "we are here!"

A minute later and his words ripped through the mouthpiece of the telephone into the sleep-befuddled ear of Colonel Ambrose Hoskins, grand panjandrum of the Parksburgh National Guard. The colonel listened patiently. Johnny put all he had behind it.

"Well," the colonel got a word in finally, "what it boils down to, then, is this—you want the National Guard to list your field as an approved landing ground?"

"Right!"

"H'm . . . It's complete, you say?"

"Complete? Say, sir, it's a lulu!"

"I'll look into it," the colonel promised. "See me Friday morning, when you get to Parksburgh."

THURSDAY was a week long, but it went by somehow, just as time passes in a dentist's chair. Johnny's hopes entrenched themselves behind the colonel. And that left Ann promoted to the focal point of worry. There was no word from her.

At noon, Hope spread her lustrous pinions wide and dropped a greeting—a blunt-nosed army bomber that disgorged two captains from the National Guard, with sharp, unmissing eyes and cameras. They stayed two hours and departed satisfied. Johnny felt better.

By Friday morning, the nervous system of Master Pilot Hoyt was showing signs of leaking at the seams. It had snowed overnight and the air was cold and very clear. Fridays the service left at 9 A. M. and today, inside the office, P. A. I. worked overtime on wires and phone calls. The reason was a freight train heaped across the tracks near Parksburgh. Johnny could have sold each seat twice over, but for once the jingle in the cash box failed to exercise its charm. Ann was still absent; at 5 P. M. the board of aldermen would meet at City Hall to vote the reroute project; Johnny looked grim.

There was heat on in the cabin and the passengers seemed pleased. In the smooth air, flight was as unexciting as a bus ride, but unexciting trips piled up the prestige of the line. Johnny put down his covey thankfully in Parksburgh, dotting the schedule almost to the second. . . .

Inside the waiting-room of Hoskins' office Hope was a spinning coin. Heads or tails? Tails or heads? Tails, and Regan would nail his pelt over the barn door with one good smack.

The door opened and the colonel entered. He broke it gently. It was not lack of trying that had balked him. The formalities for taking on another field, Hoskins admitted gruffly, could not by any feat of wire-pulling be overcome at such short notice. . . .

Johnny thanked him numbly. Numbly he climbed into an airport bus.

"And that's that!" Johnny said.

THE field clerk found him in the snack bar, halfway through a second pot of coffee.

"Hey, Hoyt . . . two for the 1:30 into Shepton. Passengers can come right out—Hotel Sioux bookings. Okay?"

"Okay," Johnny said.

He rechecked the fuel in the transport and brought his mind to bear upon the weather map. His watch said 1:15.

"Warm her up!" he said, and turned toward the ticket office. In the doorway, his feet took root, his large frame blocked the exit. There was Regan, scooping small change from the counter, and behind him Paddy Lorgan, his bodyguard.

"No sale!" Johnny said grimly. "Collins, give those men their money back!"

"Money back?" The clerk was surprised. "Aren't you flying?"

"I am," Johnny said, "but they're not. Get me?"

Collins hesitated.

"But the train ain't running. And Mr. Regan has a meeting—"

Johnny laughed.

"There's tears in my eyes! Make out a refund!"

Regan came up smiling with the tickets in his hand.

"You know, Hoyt," Regan said, "I

(*Continued on page* 24)

OUT AMONG THE PEOPLE WENT THAT FAMOUS DETECTIVE—GATHERING, SIFTING, PILING UP EVIDENCE ABOUT G3—HIMSELF TRAILED BY A REPORTER WHO COVERED THE STORY FOR YOU.

***Traveled over 7,000 miles—used latest scientific crime-detection methods—investigated hundreds of tires—to check up on claim of 43%* longer non-skid mileage**

(EDITORIAL NOTE: *We believe the man who pays out his good money for any product wants to read advertising based on something more than imagination and a good dictionary. Guided by this belief, we first introduced the now famous "G-3" All-Weather by presenting evidence of its performance taken straight from Goodyear test-fleet records. Now we carry our search for authentic evidence even farther by hiring a famous former operative from the New York Detective Bureau, and present Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission to find out how this tire is behaving on owners' cars. Here is the true story of what he discovered, written for you by an ace reporter who went along.)*

by JAMES CANNON
Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal

Get this picture if you can.

Three men pushing across the country—zigzagging down the east coast in a mud-spattered, dust-streaked car as far as Georgia—out through the corn belt country—heading down through New Mexico and Arizona, over the Rockies to the west coast—

—*on the greatest tire-hunt in history!*

Number One man of that trio was Joseph A. Faurot.

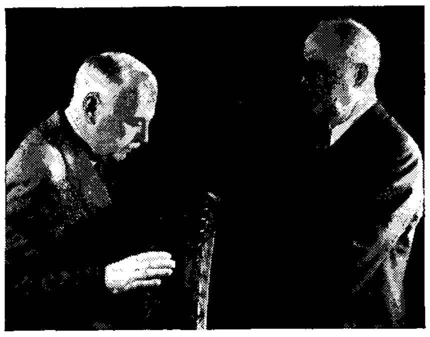
. . . evidence as an impartial detective gathered it

He's a detective—and a great one—whether he's on the trail of a mobster, a bank robber, or a tire.

"Fingerprint Faurot" they used to call him in the New York Detective Bureau. He's the man who introduced fingerprinting and the Bertillon system to America.

Goodyear had gone to Faurot with this strange assignment:

"Find out what our "G-3" tire is doing. How it is treating the public. Whether it is living up to its reputation for giving 43% longer non-skid mileage. What people think of it after a year or more of use. How it rates in safety."



President Litchfield of Goodyear giving instructions to Inspector Faurot

One mystery leads to another

That name "G-3" probably is familiar to you.

Just about a year ago it broke into print as the answer to the tread wear mystery.

All tires—even Goodyears—had been wearing too fast—and nobody knew why.

It had the tire industry stumped, till Goodyear engineers found the reason—the increased speed, quicker pick-up, more powerful brakes on modern cars.

"G-3" happened to be the laboratory symbol of the winning design among hundreds of new treads tested by grueling punishment in the search for a safer, longer-wearing non-skid tread.

So they took the "G-3" All-Weather tire out on the road—put it on test-fleet cars—and gave it the works.

"Speed up to 50—jam on the brakes. Speed up to 50—jam on the brakes. Keep it up straight around the clock!"

Those were the historic orders given to the drivers—and out of that third degree came the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather with clear title to the claim of *43% longer non-skid mileage.*

Measured by sales records, "G-3" was a whale of a success.

But, knowing how that tire stood up on the test fleets wasn't enough for Goodyear. The next question was—"how is it standing up on owners' cars, in actual use?"

So Joseph A. Faurot, a news photographer, and your humble reporter hit the "G-3" trail.

How the evidence piled up!

There's a great story in the way the evidence was gathered.

We've trailed salesmen on their routes—followed country doctors through mud and ruts—prodded around in parking lots—cross-examined tire-repairmen and gas station attendants—put the calipers on hundreds of treads and gauged them right down to a thousandth of an inch—taken bales of tread "footprints."

The full transcript of all evidence turned in would fill a book. But let's boil it down to run-of-mine examples like these:

"**Case No. 79. Tire No. 5015729K.** *Mileage on date of investigation, 11,973. Condition of tread, excellent—obviously good for thousands of miles more non-skid mileage. Owner, salesman. Drives 18,000 miles a year, mostly on city streets, frequent stopping and starting. Balance of driving, country roads, 55 miles an hour and over. Other tires on car, competitive make, re-treaded. Owner estimates "G-3" will give almost 100% longer non-skid mileage."*

"**GREENSBORO, N. C.** *Warehouse representative, travels all through south. Mileage, 29,872 on "G-3" tires all around. Tread design gone in center. Owner admits he burns up the road, says "G-3" non-skid mileage exceeds former tires by 50% or more."*

"**DETROIT, MICH.** *"G-3" mileage 33,608, tread shows wear, but former tires, of another make, were slick at 15,000 miles."*

"**TOPEKA, KAN.** *11,630 on "G-3" right front wheel. Tread getting smooth, but owner admits he is 'hardest driver in town.' Has worn out two sets of brake linings. Speedometer reading 21,929."*

• • •

That's typical evidence—as an impartial detective gathered it, and a man trained to get the news set it down for you.

But that's only half the story—the other half is the extra endurance, extra comeback of *Supertwist* cord in the body of the "G-3"—the patented Goodyear feature which makes this heavier, broader, longer-wearing non-skid tread a complete success, and puts a defense against blowouts in every ply.

Inside and out, this "G-3" All-Weather combines what you're looking for in tires—the safety of *grip in the center of the tread* where you need it for quick, sure-footed stops—the safety of *Supertwist* in every ply—and the extra toughness, extra endurance, extra rubber in the tread that means more miles of non-skid safety at no extra cost.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
INC., AKRON, OHIO

Over and over Faurot's reports
PROVED
"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

—*because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread*

—*because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs*

—*because of more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire*

AND MORE SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Graft in the Air

Continued from page 22

like the conscientious wording of this ticket. . . . '*Weather permitting, Phaeton Airways will at all times make the utmost effort. . . .*' ”

Johnny wasn't listening. He didn't have to. He had made the ticket contracts out himself, and cosseted his record like a broody hen. Bar weather, P. A. I. had never missed a trip or been off schedule.

Lorgan was advancing, his unlovely features massed in threat.

“You heard the boss! Five o'clock's our meeting. Get the idea?”

“You,” said Regan softly, “wait outside!” Lorgan faded.

“A meeting!” Johnny said. “I heard about it, Regan— If I were you, I'd sink a dozen state lines between me and any P. A. I. ship flown by Pilot Hoyt. Chew it over!”

Regan's eyes lifted. He tapped the tickets.

“Thanks! I'll play these!”

The clock hands worked around to 1:27. Johnny hadn't moved. His ear caught the engine, its gruff, familiar roar.

He snatched his gloves, jerked viciously at the zipper of his suit and wheeled on Regan.

“Get in, then!” he said and marched out to the apron.

THE big transport flew for Shepton like a homing pigeon. At two thousand Johnny got a wind and kept it on his tail. It was smooth riding. The landing field showed in the distance just as his wrist watch reached for 3:15, almost a record on the homeward haul.

“Winding up,” was Johnny's thought, “in style and bringing the receivers with me!”

He glared down at the road where soon the high-line towers would be erecting their unwelcome monument to public service. . . .

All at once his heart took a great kangaroo-like leap inside his chest. A small dark object had shown up, an isolated fly against the pale gray ceiling of the eastern sky. The Redwing!

“I'll ground her,” Johnny said. “I'll strangle her!” Elation billowed round him.

The Redwing ate up space. Ann swept by underneath and rocked her wings. Johnny grinned. He went down underneath her. . . .

What rang that swift alarm inside him precisely as the red ship lifted, Johnny couldn't make out on that instant. He simply felt his scalp crawl and ice streak around his spine. Then the picture reached his mind. *A wheel was missing from the Redwing's undercarriage!*

“Dear God!”

Johnny banked crazily. In a minute he was on her tail, sweat on his forehead, horror bulging out behind his flying goggles. Ann waved at him as he flew by and pointed to the tarmac. Johnny hung his head out and gestured at his headphones furiously. He was thinking fast. An expert, a stunt pilot, might pull a one-wheel landing in that dizzy temperamental little Redwing. But, Ann! . . . Ann, who didn't even know a wheel was light . . . those silly, little hands! . . . Johnny's mind brought him an inevitable picture. The nose would hit, the tail fly up, and out of that open cockpit, Ann would hurtle like a missile from a gun.

“Hoyt calling Carter in NC:0002!” Johnny shouted to the mouthpiece. Seconds played out into years and eons. Then he realized she wasn't on the wave length. He wrenched the machine around, drew up a scant thirty feet to one side of the Redwing. He gesticulated to his earpiece like a crazy man. Again he pressed the radio button.

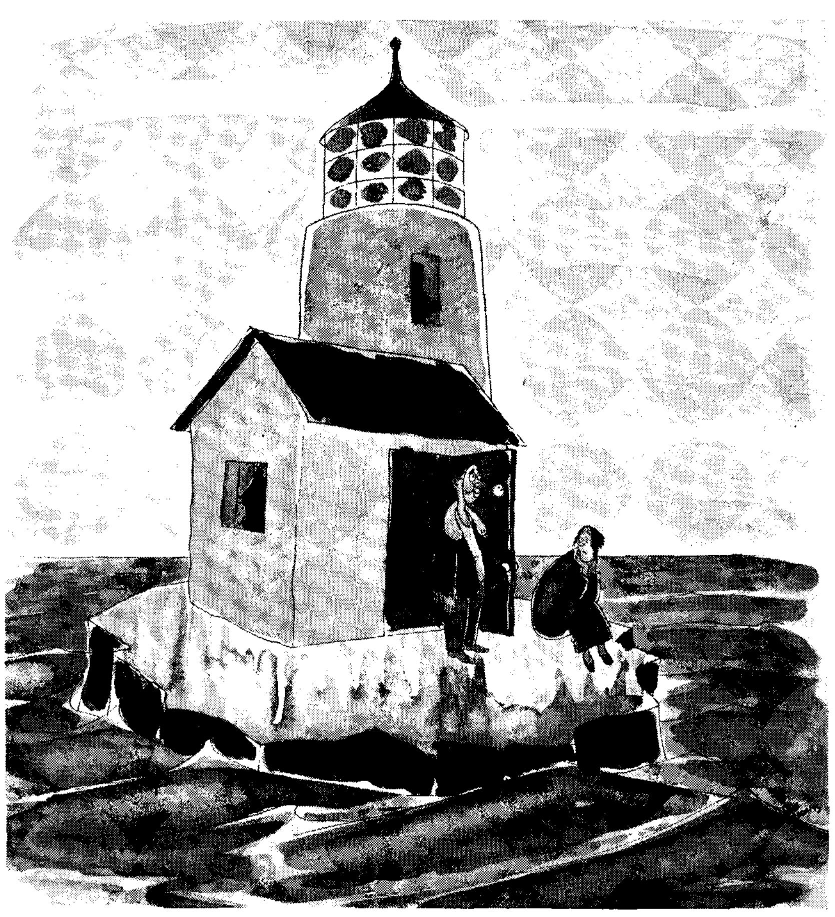
“Hello, Johnny Hoyt!” Breath rushed back into Johnny's chest with a shudder of relief. Ann's voice was cool and carefree. “Practicing for Cleveland? If I were in that ship of yours—I'd sue!”

“*Ann!* Listen—let me do the talking! Go up to three thousand and stay there till I tell you! Hold her over the field!” . . . If I scare her, Johnny groaned, she'll stall. Sweet Moses, is she going to argue? . . . But apparently she wasn't. Relieved, he watched her climb, and circle slowly round the field.

“Johnny, what *is* the matter?”

“Listen, Ann . . . do as I tell you now. Fly her level!”—give her something to do!—“I'm going to tell you something—keep her level. You're doing fine. Now, steady”—he wet his lips. “Ann, your left wheel's off!” The Redwing slewed.

A sound inside his earphones wrenched his heart, a sound as a small, frightened animal might make.



“I thought the change would be good for both of us” CHARLES ADDAMS

“Ann!” Johnny shouted. “Alley-oop, kid! There's nothing to be scared of!” Perspiration ran along his neck. Then he heard her.

“Who—s-said I was scared?” Her voice was small and tight. “Only tell me . . . h-how do I get this job down on one wheel?”

“You don't,” Johnny said, “you can't! You jump!”

“*Jump!* Oh, Johnny!”

“Steady, kid! There's nothing to it. *Nothing!* You'll be all right. Jump—when I give the signal.”

“All right. But, Johnny—if anything—no, listen, damn you—inside my leather coat you'll find some papers,” her voice was getting shrill. “We—we've got Matt Regan cold. He—he—”

“Darling,” Johnny agonized, “not now! Set your throttle at twelve hundred. Heels on the seat. Now—take those earphones off and sit tight till I rock my wings—”

There was a timeless pause. Part of Johnny's mind was gauging wind, speed, position with terrible detachment, another part writhed in a private hell.

Now! . . . Johnny gave the signal and Ann baled out like a tennis ball. . . .

The tail escaped her by a whisper. Over and over went her body. Then the chute opened. A triumphant plume fluffed up, expanded, puffed itself into a glorious mushroom. And Ann was on her way.

“WHAT was the big idea?” snarled Lorgan, climbing from the cabin. There was a bruise over his eye and his derby hat was dented like a can.

“This!” said Johnny. He hauled off with his right and Lorgan went down like a log.

“Any more remarks?” yelled Johnny.

“*Glub*,” Regan said. He reeled behind the tailskid and was sick. Johnny fetched a long, deep breath into his lungs and started for the group around the Redwing pyre. He had waited in the air until it struck.

Ann turned and came toward him, running.

“Ann . . . you juggins, you . . .” He scooped her up and held her like a strait-jacket. “You were gorgeous! . . . Straphanging like an angel—”

“Johnny!” sobbed Miss Carter. She was jittering all over, but her voice was laced with little threads of pride. “Oh, Johnny—I'm no angel—I'm a c-c-caterpillar!”

THE clock on City Hall had just struck five as Johnny entered Regan's office.

Regan frowned at him. “What now?”

“You'll see,” Johnny said. He drew some papers from his pocket. “ 'Exhibit A!' ” he announced, smiling, “dated six months ago . . . quotation to Parker Packing of Chicago for juice to be supplied by Shepton Public Service at proposed new plant on tenth. Price schedule follows. And here's 'Exhibit B!' ” He picked a second letter, “Quotation for same by Shepton Public Service to Parker Packing Co.—dated *yesterday!*” He paused significantly. “Price schedule—up fifty per cent per thousand kilowatts. Regan”—Johnny indicated the town meeting with a jerk, “taxpayers might think that this quotation was a trifle premature. 'Unauthorized' is also accurate.”

Johnny folded the papers.

“It'll look slick,” he said, “in headlines. Public Service Ups Its Rates Illegally! My, Regan, it'll be a swell investigation. Who Owns Tenth Avenue Lands? . . . Governor Orders Probe. . . . Public Service Records Impounded. . . . I've got a raft more if you'd like to lamp 'em! Land transfers. Rental Agreements. . . . Hot reading, Regan, for the voters! Which reminds me”—Johnny turned the bayonet inside the wound — “the Clarion's downstairs, waiting!”

Silence mounted in the little office till the traffic outside got enveloped by it.

“Well,” Regan said at last, “what would be your suggestion, Hoyt?”

“Suggestion, hell!” said Johnny. “It's an ultimatum!” He lit a cigarette. “And here it comes! First, you will can that reroute—and withdraw your blessing from the rates boost project. Regan—the People's Pal—is that a laugh? Second, you execute this Deed of Sale—twenty-five hundred cash—just what you paid to Pratt. . . . And, three—you undertake to keep your slimy politics away from Phaeton Airways Inc. *Or* else”—Johnny paused pointedly. He tapped the papers. “Regan, you bet commercial aviation has a future here,” Johnny finished, “but you, you scug, don't happen to figure in it!”

“BONUS,” Johnny said later, pushing Pratt's Deed of Sale across the restaurant table, “for nerve! Also for penetration—the signpost to success, they tell me.”

Ann shook her head and pushed it back across the table. Her manner was magnificent. Indeed, she had the air of one to whom a parachute escape was simply in the nature of day by day routine.

“Anybody,” she said modestly, “could have an uncle in the Parker Packing Company. All we did was write for a quotation on the Shepton rates. I found their first quotation in the Parker files.”

“Oh, sure,” Johnny said, “and anybody could have figured on Public Service answering out of turn!” His expression was completely fatuous. “Gosh, babe,” he went on speculatively, “supposing they'd stalled—supposing they'd had the sense to hold back till the town okayed it—?”

If this precise conundrum had threatened to impair her reason during that long wait in Chicago, Miss Carter wasn't letting on.

“Ah, well,” she said lightly, “they didn't!”

“Brains,” Johnny said, “that's what!”

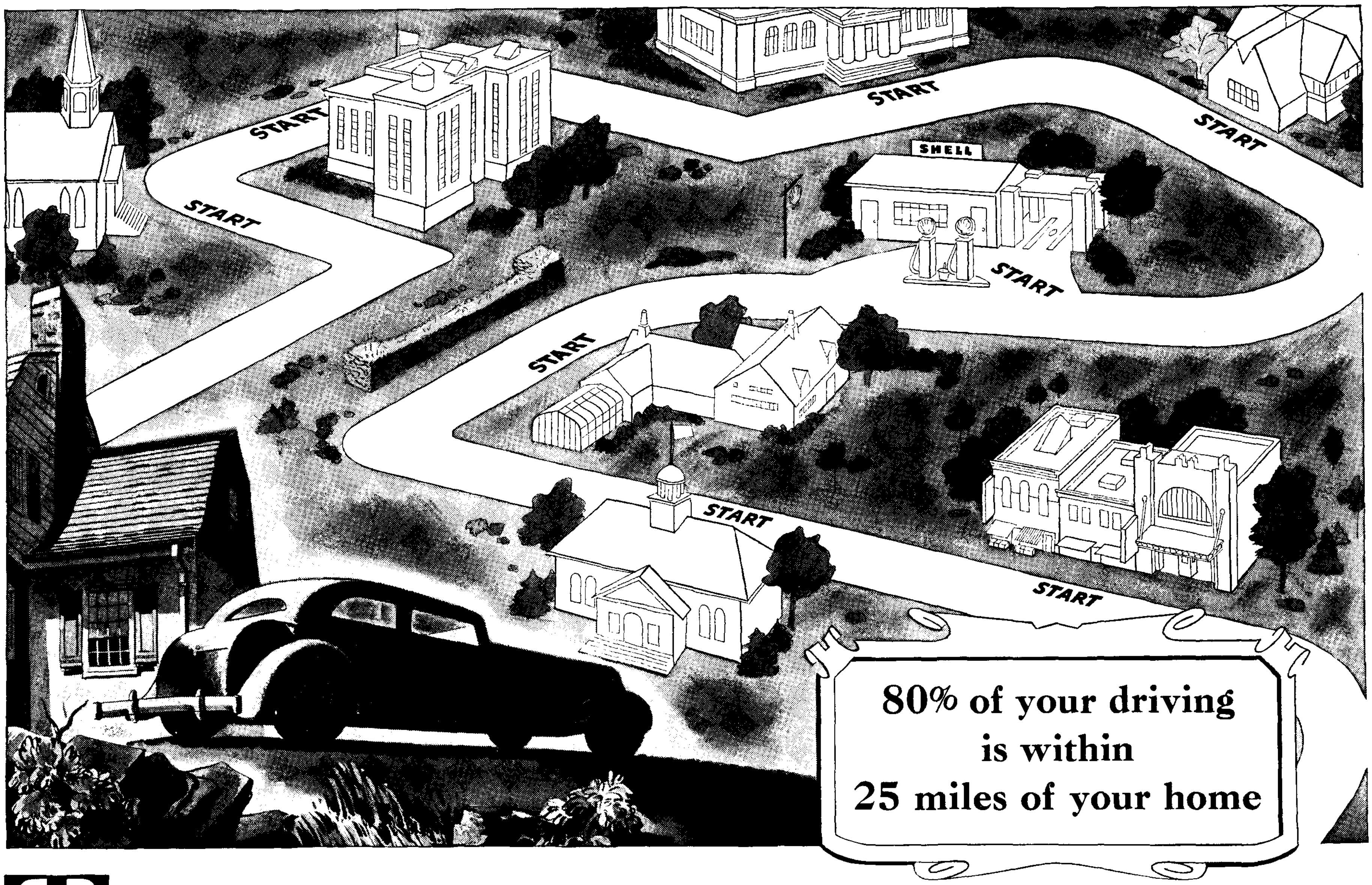
“Speaking of which,” Miss Carter said, “how does this strike you?” She opened the Clarion and her pencil ringed the four-line P. A. I. advertisement on the back page.

“ 'Beginning Monday' ”—she wrote in the margin—“ 'Daily Service into Parksburgh—Round Trip—Special Rates!' ” She chewed her pencil reflectively: “Quarter-page — no, *half*, I think. Johnny, don't argue—we owe Doug Brewer an ad, to say the very least.”

“Make it two,” said Johnny. “That'll be yours. Mine,” he added, turning the Clarion pages, “would look pretty snappy here!” His finger rested on the column marked Engagements.

“Well,” Miss Carter said, with unaccustomed meekness, “you're the boss!”

You often start your engine 15 times a day!



Today's constant starting *wastes* your money

—if your gasoline doesn't have these 3 different kinds of power

KEEP track of the number of times a day you step on your STARTER!

Then you'll realize that it's the SHORT TRIPS which run up so much of your mileage! Shopping, business and social trips . . . in fact, near-home driving accounts for 80 MILES out of every 100 you drive!

So it's mighty important to your pocketbook to have a gasoline . . .

. . . that not only starts off fast and warms up your engine quickly

. . . that not only PICKS UP swiftly without using too much gasoline

. . . and that not only is economical on STEADY RUNNING between stops . . .

But is *thrifty in all these 3 ways!*

In short, you need a gasoline that has *3 different kinds of power* . . . and has these three kinds of power IN PERFECT BALANCE!

Super-Shell is the FIRST *truly balanced gasoline!* It is another great achievement by Shell engineers—the men who pioneered in such important developments as the "weather-conditioning" of gasoline for changes in temperature and climate.

Shell engineers also led in perfecting the famous Dubbs "cracking" process for producing the present high anti-knock gasoline.

Won't you start saving money by stopping TODAY at one of the 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast?

Saves Gasoline 3 WAYS

1. **Can save up to a cupful on every "cold" start.**
2. **Can save up to a cupful in ten minutes of rapid accelerating or hill climbing.**
3. **Can save up to a cupful in every hour of steady running, many motorists report.**

SHELL

SUPER-SHELL

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving

Her Roommate Hinted...
"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"
HERE'S AN ARTICLE, PEG, THAT SAYS LOTS OF BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS LODGED BETWEEN THE TEETH!
... NOT HINTING ARE YOU?
NEXT DAY
SO MARION WAS RIGHT! BUT WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT, DOCTOR?
WELL, TRY COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM THOROUGHLY CLEANS ALL MOUTH CREVICES.

NOT LONG AFTER
ANOTHER DATE WITH PHIL, PEG? MY! MY!
YES, MARION— THANKS TO YOUR LITTLE HINT— AND COLGATE'S!

How Colgate's Makes Teeth Brighter and Corrects Bad Breath at the same time.

BEWARE bad breath! But—be sure you use the *right method* to avoid it! Dentists now throw new light on the cause of this all-too-common trouble!

They say that most bad breath—like dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay—comes from *"half-way" cleaning of the teeth!* From decaying food deposits lodged in the hidden crevices between the teeth and throughout the mouth.

Ordinary cleaning methods fail to remove them. These deposits quickly decay. All too soon, and all unknown to you, they cause unpleasant mouth odors!

Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

Colgate's Dental Cream is designed to clean teeth *thoroughly*. It makes a special penetrating foam which works into *all* the crevices of the mouth—between the teeth and along gums and tongue.

Food deposits are emulsified, washed away. Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleaned. The *cause* of bad breath is removed. The clean, fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing tells you that your breath is sweet and pure!

At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently and safely polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored. Before you have *finished using a single tube*—teeth look cleaner, brighter.

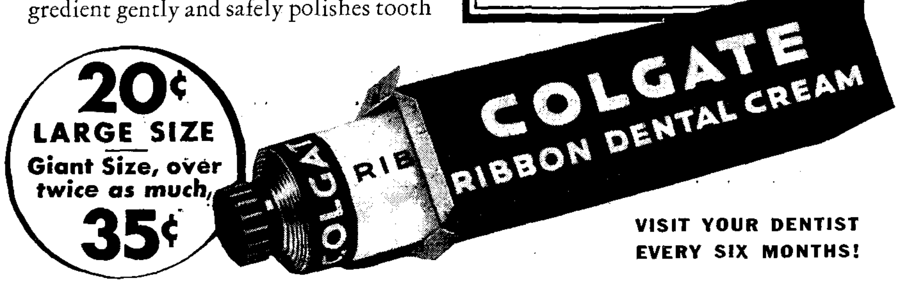
Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure, sweet breath. Every tube is guaranteed as described below. Get a tube today!

• • •

IF YOU PREFER POWDER... *Colgate's Dental Powder gives you the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices and carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Get one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Brush your teeth with it at least twice a day, two minutes each time. When the tube is empty, consult your mirror. If you do not agree that your teeth are cleaner, brighter, your breath purer, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and we'll refund TWICE what you paid!


20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

The Magic Egg

Continued from page 17

"Never."

"Were you ever imprisoned?"

"No." And he went on to tell how he had lived during the past two years, "in peace and friendship with all men."

"But you spoke against the murdered girl since you came to the village?"

The priest was silent.

"Do you plead guilty or innocent of her murder?"

"Innocent. I swear by the Holy Book."

"Your Book has no weight in this court. Sit down."

The priest's nephew seemed so terrified that he was unable to speak audibly. After several attempts to make him talk the judge said, "I shall read the facts and you can shake your head or nod it to show whether you agree or not."

He stated the facts briefly with no sign of dissent; then it was Black's turn.

"Tell the Court when and where you were born and what was your social origin."

"I do not know," said Black firmly.

There was a murmur of surprise in the crowded room. Was this defiance or the simulated folly of a cunning kulak?

The judge's face hardened. "Sit down," he snapped. "I have met men like you before and dealt with them as they deserved." His voice was grim and his eyes were hard as steel.

"I now declare the Court adjourned for half an hour," the judge continued, "to await the coming of witnesses from the village of Masupovo."

WHEN the trial was resumed it was clear that the prosecutor meant to waste no time in securing his verdict. Witness after witness testified to the threats uttered by the two elder prisoners against the dead girl, "whose noble efforts to rescue this village from the kulak grip and from outworn superstition," as the prosecutor put it, "had fanned to white heat the fires of anti-social vengeance." The motive for the murder was thus established.

Once or twice Black tried to defend himself or question details, but he was baffled by his own ignorance of the facts, and his efforts only drew upon him reproof from the judge. The priest's nephew, Konin, broke down utterly under cross-examination. Slobbering with fear, he was quite unable to explain why he had borrowed the sledge hammer.

Black intervened. "Was it to mend a fence or drive in posts?" he asked boldly.

"Silence," shouted the judge; and the prosecutor cried angrily, "How dare you put leading questions to the wretched instrument of your crime!" There was a savage growl from the audience, and the judge rang his bell repeatedly. "Prisoner Chorny, if you interrupt again, you will be gagged. Do you pretend now to remember on behalf of your accomplice, although during your own examination you played a complete loss of memory?"

"And after you had killed her, after beating her brutally to death," the prosecutor continued, "then, prisoner Konin, you wiped the hammer and took it back to the man who had given it to you and had given you your orders." The youth hid his face in his hands and stood there with shoulders heaving. "Answer me, at once," the command rang harsh and loud, "nod your head if you cannot speak."

To Black's agonized despair the tousled blond head bent twice in a definite gesture and the pent-up breath of the audience sighed forth like a distant groan.

"At last we get the truth," the prosecutor triumphed. "Prisoner Konin, sit down."

Black's brain was whirling as the last witness, a clean-cut youngster of twelve or thirteen in khaki uniform with a red tie, rose to explain how he had found the body late at night. The prosecutor let the boy tell his story without interruption. He was counting on the effect this artless recital of kulak revenge would create for his final speech. Black heard him dimly, without attention. If Konin hadn't killed the girl, who had? Wasn't there something he had read somewhere about a meteorite? . . . back home in America. The thought of his country roused him like a spur. He threw his head back, then bent forward to listen.

"And my auntie said, 'Aren't you afraid to cross the pasture next the churchyard after dark, Misha?' and I told her, 'That's a silly old story; we Red Pioneers know there is no such thing as ghosts; of course I'm not afraid.'" There was a murmur of applause and the boy continued naïvely: "I wasn't afraid of the horses either, though they were real enough, so. . . ."

"What's that?" cried Black in sudden excitement. "What horses?"

Instantly the judge and the prosecutor yelled at him in unison and the guard's hand was like iron on his shoulder. This time he would not yield, he was no longer the bewildered Russian peasant but a free-born American fighting for his life. "I have a right to speak," he shouted back, "or is justice all a lie in Soviet Russia? I demand an answer to my question." He stood with hand outstretched towards the judge and their eyes met while the audience roared its fury.

Hard and cruel that judge, and fanatically prejudiced, but a man and a soldier who knew men and courage. He raised his hand and the tumult ceased. He turned to the boy.

"You may answer the question," he said quietly.

The Pioneer's face was blank with surprise. "Who should know better than you, Maxim Maximovich? Were not your own horses among them, five mares and your black stallion, Koshchei?"

THE prosecutor sprang to his feet. "I protest; this evidence is irrelevant. I . . ."

Black interrupted him without a qualm. "Did you give me the right or not?" he asked the judge, and the judge, staring hard at him, replied, "I did; go on, boy, finish your answer."

"When we made the Collective, we put all the horses together in the pasture, as common property. Some of the less cultured peasants didn't want Koshchei; they said his hide and his heart were black as his master's name, that he was bad and vicious as a kulak."

Again Black interrupted, "Has the horse, Koshchei, ever attacked anyone?" Now there was no sound in the courtroom as the audience waited eagerly, caught by this sudden blaze of drama.

"Who should know better than you, Maxim Maximovich?" the boy repeated. "You howled like a hurt wolf last year when you had to pay compensation, a whole year's wages, for my Uncle Sergei, because that brute had knocked him down and savaged him." Once more

(Continued on page 28)

Chevrolet

CHEVROLET

FOR 1935

The Master De Luxe Sport Coupe

ITS PERFORMANCE IS QUALITY IN ACTION

"Look, there's one!" Such is the bystander's eager tribute to Master De Luxe beauty when this luxurious car appears on the avenue. But you will have to look quickly, or it will be out of sight, for in performance, too, it bears the hallmark of quality. It snaps away from the traffic light in the wink of an eye, for Chevrolet engineers have given it tremendous new powers of acceleration. It delivers this power with the smooth, quiet ease of a trained athlete, for every part is built to the finest limits of precision that skilled craftsmen can attain. And it rides all types of roads with that special Knee-Action comfort and safety which are exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range. Yes, indeed, Master De Luxe performance is quality in action. And it gives this new performance with even lower fuel consumption than did the very thrifty Chevrolets of previous years! Your Chevrolet dealer invites you to *test* its performance at the earliest opportunity, with full confidence that when you do you'll choose Chevrolet for quality at low cost.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms. A General Motors Value

TURRET-TOP BODY BY FISHER (WITH FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION) . . . IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION RIDE . . . BLUE-FLAME VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE WITH PRESSURE STREAM OILING . . . WEATHERPROOF CABLE-CONTROLLED BRAKES . . . SHOCK-PROOF STEERING

Air-cool your feet

WALK·OVER Koolies

● Punched full of style. That's only half of it. Slip on a pair and start walking. Now you feel it. Warm air rushing out, fresh air rushing in. Automatic air-conditioning every step. A bellows-action, yet the shoe *hugs your arch, ankle, and instep.* That, sir, is Walk-Over's gift to the world. First introduced four years ago. Today the accepted style along with air-cooled hats, suits, etc. Your Walk-Over dealer features KOOLIES for sport and town. Photographed, *Rancho* in two-tones of brown, soft toe, unlined. And all-white *Broadway*. Each $6.50

Prices slightly higher West.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

The Magic Egg

Continued from page 26

that strange sigh like a distant groan swept the courtroom.

Black shook his fist at the prosecutor. "At last, as you said, we get the truth." Then, turning to the judge, he asked softly, "Does Soviet justice allow that the hoofs of the vicious kulak stallion, Koshchei, be examined carefully, by *you* and by men *you* trust?"

"You insolent dog," said the prosecutor.

"Yes," said the judge, "you shall go and you," pointing to one of the guards and to a middle-aged man in black leather coat and breeches, sitting in the front row. "Take the sidecar and make haste."

"The Court is adjourned for an hour," said the judge.

THE audience was abuzz with eager talk when they filed back into court.

"Summon the witnesses," the judge ordered, and the soldier with his black-clad companion came in from behind the prosecutor and stood near his table facing the prisoners. Their faces were hot and flushed and their clothes covered with dust. The soldier was so shaken by excitement that his bayonet quivered visibly. The other man stood motionless, but with a thrill of triumph Black saw that he held a small black satchel in his right hand. Surely. . . .

"Alexei Fomich, make your report," said the judge.

The man in leather took a step forward. "We examined the hoofs of the stallion Koshchei," he said in a low deep voice, "and on both forefeet we found traces of dried blood and hair which corresponds to that of our dead comrade. We removed the horseshoes, which I bring here as evidence." He began to open the satchel.

The judge raised his hand. "Wait," he said. Then to the soldier, "Ivan Nikitch, do you confirm this testimony?"

The soldier stepped forward and saluted. "Yes, Comrade Judge, in every particular."

In silence, save for a rustle as the audience strained forward to watch more closely, the first witness produced the horseshoes and handed them to the judge, who examined them minutely. His two colleagues leaned sideways to look, and the prosecutor came forward to join them. He bent down close to the table, then straightened up, turned back and sat slumped in his seat. Black knew that he was saved.

The judge rang his bell. "No doubt is possible," he said loudly. "Both horseshoes are covered with blood, and a number of hairs adhere to them. Their unusual color and texture makes it certain that they came from the head of our girl comrade. The case of murder against the prisoners is dismissed."

There was not a sound in the crowded room save a deep sigh of relief from the priest, who crossed himself and began muttering. Black sat with arms folded and stared at the judge. Was he wrong or was there a look of respect in his hard blue eyes? The judge whispered briefly to his colleagues. "The case of murder is dismissed," he said, "but the Court has decided to pronounce its verdict immediately. There is no need for us to retire and consider it." He rose to his feet and everyone in the room stood up. "The prisoner Konin, Ivan Petrovitch, is acquitted in virtue of his youth and low cultural level. Let this be a lesson to him for the future.

"The prisoner Grusof, Timofei Timofeich, has been shown guilty of subversive and superstitious utterances and threats against our dead comrade. I sentence him to three years' exile in a prison camp.

"The prisoner Chorny, Maxim Maximovitch, has shown himself to be a kulak of the worst type. I pass over his insolence to my colleagues and his repeated defiance of the Court." Again Black fancied that there was something of respect in the judge's look. "But he too has been guilty of threats against the dead comrade. He has given proof of antisocial individualism and has attempted to hold back the clock of progress. For him and for those like him there is no place in our new society. I sentence him to two years' exile in a prison camp. The court is dismissed."

At the top of the flight of steps leading to their underground cell they were stopped by the young man who had first admitted them to the courthouse. He whispered a moment to the guard, then said to Black: "Go with him. Comrade Fromof, the presiding judge, wishes to speak to you."

The judge was sitting at a desk in a small upper room. He motioned Black to take a chair opposite him and said abruptly: "I want to thank you. You have saved me today from committing an error of justice." He turned to the guard: "You will drive the prisoner Chorny back to Masupovo in the sidecar and let him collect food and heavy clothing and say goodby to his family. An exile train will pass through here in three hours; I hold you responsible for the prisoner's delivery at the station."

The soldier talked volubly as the wheezy motorcycle rattled through the ill lit streets, but Black paid little heed. His mind was occupied with one thought only, to locate the ninth milestone, beyond which the egg had fallen. Fortunately, the moon was nearly full and their speed was not more than fifteen miles an hour as they bumped over the ruts and obstacles of the track. The soldier had brought his rifle with fixed bayonet but Black saw with satisfaction that it was slung across his back. At the eighth milestone he had a stroke of luck. They swung across to the left of the track bordering the ditch, where the going was smoother. The sidecar was on the left of the motorcycle, and when they reached the ninth stone Black braced himself for an effort. One post . . . two . . . three. . . . He threw himself bodily out and landed in the ditch, shaken but unhurt.

The soldier gave a loud cry and jammed on his brake. Fumbling frantically in the grass, Black heard the man curse as the machine bucked him from his seat. An instant's glance saw him scramble to his feet and unhitch his rifle. Another shout as the soldier charged, but that very second Black saw a gleam of gold and his fingers closed upon the egg. As he sensed his enemy poised for the blow he gasped, "Wish . . . I . . . home . . . New York . . . as before. . . ."

ONCE more he was caught in the whirl of darkness and light and . . . he was sitting at his own dinner table still pointing his hand at his nephew.

"If you were a Russian kulak, Uncle Max, perhaps you'd think differently," said the young man.

The banker started, and looked round the room as if unable to believe his eyes. Yes, it was true, he was home again. Drawing a long breath, he filled a port glass with brandy and gulped it down.

"You are right, my boy, perhaps I should."

WIN A LOVELY COMPLEXION AND A GLORIOUS VACATION IN EUROPE!

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

$1,000 CASH IN PLACE OF TOUR, IF PREFERRED!

JUST 3 CAKES OF PALMOLIVE

..the beauty soap made with soothing olive oil . . . are *sure* to bring you a lovelier, more alluring complexion

AND THE SAME THREE CAKES MAY WIN YOU ONE OF THESE THRILLING TOURS!

LAST CHANCE! CONTEST CLOSES JUNE 15th

20 lucky winners sail July 31 on world's largest ship

FRENCH LINE'S "S. S. NORMANDIE"

34 glorious days in 7 European countries... All expenses paid and $300 "pocket money" for every winner.

(AND 1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES)

THE time's so short! Don't delay . . . Don't miss this wonderful opportunity to get a free trip to Europe!

Palmolive's thrilling prize contest is so simple and easy . . . *anyone* can win. So hurry . . . Read all the rules . . . and enter right away!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just write us a short, simple letter, accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies) . . . That's all you need do to enter this contest.

Get your three cakes of Palmolive today. Try it! See how it gives *your* skin the thrilling loveliness every man adores!

Every night and morning use this simple 2-minute beauty treatment . . . Massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather into your skin. See how gently, but deeply, it cleanses your pores . . . Then rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Watch your skin grow lovelier, more radiant, day by day!

OLIVE OIL...ITS BEAUTY SECRET

Why does Palmolive do such wonders for your skin? Because, unlike other soaps, *it* is made from precious cosmetic oils . . . a blend of soothing olive and palm oils . . . used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time to keep skin exquisitely soft and smooth!

That is why Beauty Experts the world over say: "Use only Palmolive for daily complexion care." And that is why women the world over use and prefer Palmolive!

HERE ARE THE CONTEST DETAILS

A contest so simple—so easy! Just tell us in your own words *"Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap."* You don't need to be clever. Just write as you would to a friend. (Contest rules explain how easy it is for you to win.)

There are 20 first prizes . . . 20 chances to win, *entirely at our expense,* a glorious 34-day tour of seven European countries. (Or, if you prefer, $1,000 in cash . . . about *half* what such a tour would ordinarily cost you.) Hotels, meals, transportation, and scheduled entertainment . . . all paid for . . . and $300 "pocket money" for every winner. Railroad fare to and from New York will also be paid.

SAIL ON PALATIAL NEW SHIP

20 first prize winners sail on the palatial new "Normandie." Leaves New York July 31st, returns September 2nd.

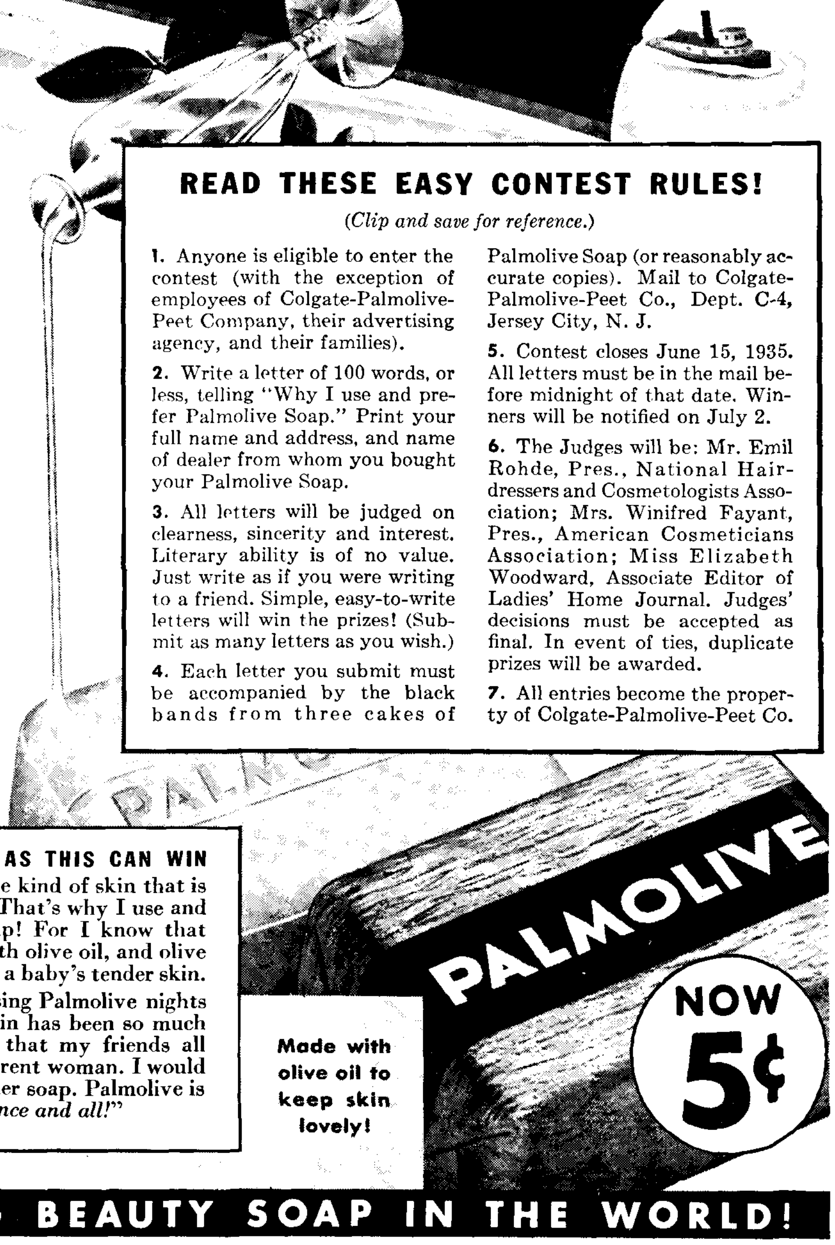
European Tour includes Paris, Rome, London . . . Venice, Geneva . . . Brussels, Amsterdam, The Hague . . . and Vienna or Berlin . . . Five wonderful weeks in the most fascinating cities of the Old World! First class accommodations throughout the tour.

A representative of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company (makers of Palmolive Soap) will accompany the tour.

What a glorious vacation! You have every chance to win . . . So write that letter today!

1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

In addition to the 20 first prizes, there are 1,000 others . . . For women, Beauty Boxes containing creams, powder, lipstick, and of course Palmolive Soap! For men, attractive Palmolive Shaving Kits.



READ THESE EASY CONTEST RULES!

(Clip and save for reference.)

1. Anyone is eligible to enter the contest (with the exception of employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, their advertising agency, and their families).
2. Write a letter of 100 words, or less, telling "Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap." Print your full name and address, and name of dealer from whom you bought your Palmolive Soap.
3. All letters will be judged on clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Just write as if you were writing to a friend. Simple, easy-to-write letters will win the prizes! (Submit as many letters as you wish.)
4. Each letter you submit must be accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies). Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. C-4, Jersey City, N. J.
5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All letters must be in the mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.
6. The Judges will be: Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Fayant, Pres., American Cosmeticians Association; Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. All entries become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

A LETTER SIMPLE AS THIS CAN WIN

"I happen to have the kind of skin that is very easily irritated! That's why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap! For I know that Palmolive is made with olive oil, and olive oil is *soothing,* even to a baby's tender skin.

"Since I've been using Palmolive nights and mornings, my skin has been so much softer and smoother that my friends all say I look like a different woman. I would not even try any other soap. Palmolive is my beauty soap *for once and all!*"

Made with olive oil to keep skin lovely!

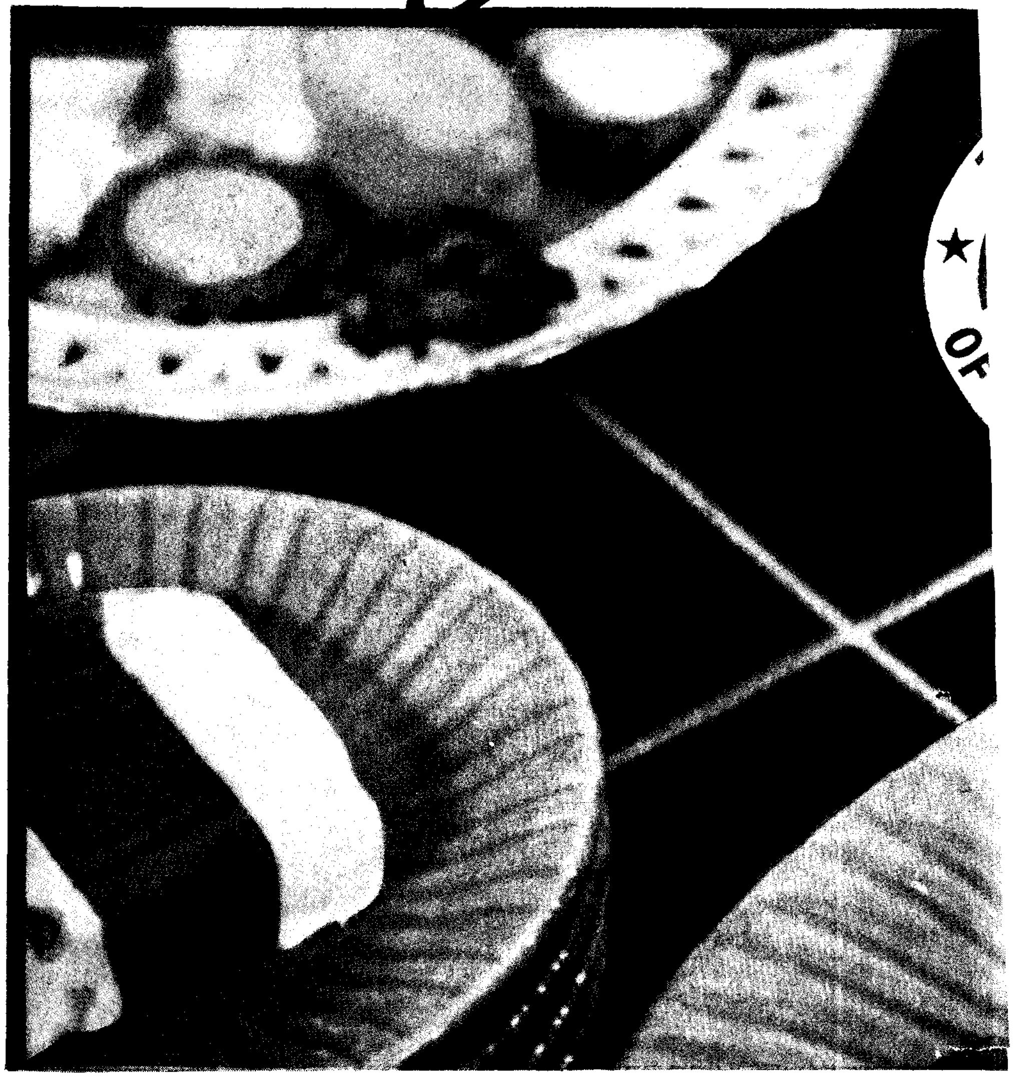
PALMOLIVE IS THE LARGEST SELLING BEAUTY SOAP IN THE WORLD!

Announcing The Sl

. . . A GREAT FORWARD-LOO

HERE is news of vital importance to every man, woman, and child in the United States. For it is news about ice cream and other dairy products—foods every one eats and loves!

The makers of the ice creams listed below, together with other dairy companies, have pooled their knowledge, methods, secrets, and laboratories in the interest of better ice creams and related dairy products. They have named this unique, forward-looking movement The Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection. These leading companies are the same ones whose ice creams have had the *Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval* for more than a year—the *first* ice creams to receive that coveted and honored award!



What is the Sealtest System?

Sealtest System Laboratories, Inc., is an organization devoted to the betterment of all dairy products through a rigid, scientific supervision of materials, plants, production-technique, personnel, inspection, and laboratory-control. More than one hundred laboratories, situated at key-points throughout the United States, are under the immediate directorship of master laboratories in Baltimore, Maryland, and in Chicago, Illinois.

Intimately supervised by nationally known experts, the Sealtest System carries on a tireless, scientific striving for better ice cream . . . a relentless testing of dairy-samples and all ice cream ingredients . . . a constant search for improvements in flavor and texture.

But, quite naturally, the Sealtest System goes deeper than pleasing your palate. Ice cream must be surrounded with safeguards. And so, the "Sealtest" scientists devote much of their time to the sanitary side of ice cream.

Covers every phase of ice cream

Each member-company of the Sealtest System—moved by a deep-rooted desire for ice cream perfection—is pledged to accept the standards set by the "Sealtest" scientists. Nothing . . . from the quantities of the ingredients of a given formula, their purity and their quality, the cleanliness of the plants, the health of the employees . . . absolutely nothing is neglected by The Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection!

Now, almost wherever you live, you and your family can enj the benefits of a "Sealtest" ice cream . . . unblemished fruit bursting with sugary goodness . . . rich, golden cream . . . choic aromatic vanilla beans from the sun-soaked tropics . . . sparklin crystals of snowy sugar . . . all combined and protected by metho determined by some of America's leading nutritionists!

• • •

Look at the list of "Sealtest" approved ice creams. You will undoubtedly find that one of these has been in your community for years, and the dealers who sell or serve it are displaying the red-and-white "Sealtest" symbol. Look for it before you buy ice cream!

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeepin
Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

HERE ARE THE ICE CREAM MEMBER-COMPANIES OF THE SEALTEST SYSTEM

ALLEN'S ICE CREAM
Rockford, Ill., and Monroe, Wis.

ARCTIC ICE CREAM
State of Michigan

BREYERS ICE CREAM
Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Metropolitan New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Southern Connecticut, and District of Columbia

CASTLES ICE CREAM
Brooklyn and Staten Island, N. Y., and Northern New Jersey

CHAPELL'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.

CLOVER FARMS ICE CREAM
Memphis and Western Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas, and Northern Mississippi

CLOVERLEAF ICE CREAM
Decatur and Northern Indiana

CREAM CREST ICE CREAM
Louisville and Lexington, Ky.

THE CREAM OF PITTSBURGH
Greater Pittsburgh, Pa.

CREME-FREEZ ICE CREAM, Boston, Mass.

DETROIT CREAMERY VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
Detroit and State of Michigan

ECOMA ICE CREAM, Erie, Pa.

FRANKLIN DUBL-EX ICE CREAM
Kansas City and Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Southeastern Nebraska

FRECHTLING'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Cincinnati and Hamilton, Ohi

FRO-JOY ICE CREAM
New England States, New York State, Northwestern Pennsylvania, and Northeastern Ohi

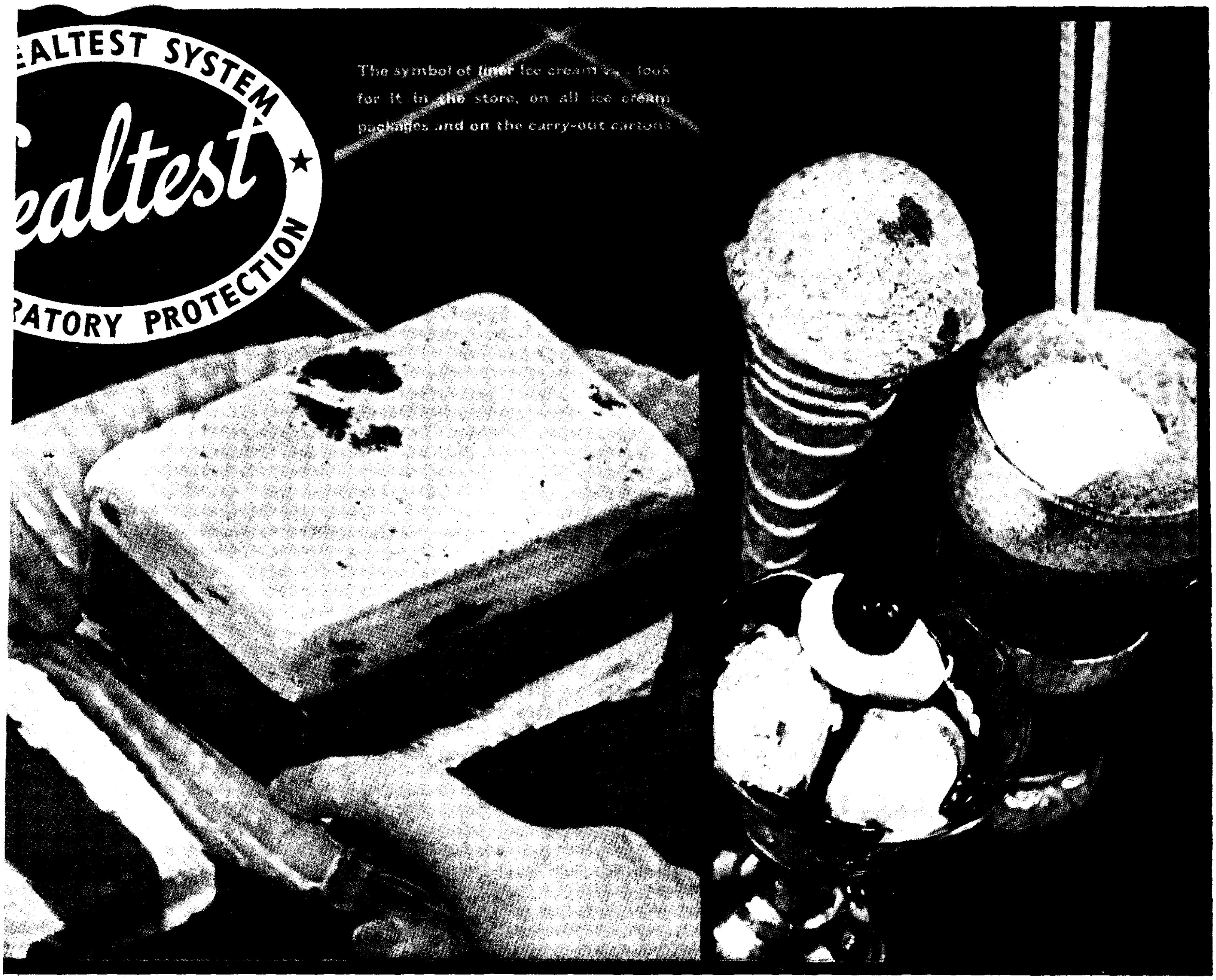
HARDING'S ICE CREAM
Eastern Nebraska and Western Iowa

HOFFMAN'S ICE CREAM
Altoona, Barnesboro, Bedford, Pa., an Cumberland, Md.

HYDROX ICE CREAM
Metropolitan New York, Metropolitan Chicago, Greater St. Louis, Southeastern Missouri, and Southern Illinois

TEST SYSTEM of LABORATORY PROTECTION

G MOVEMENT IN THE INTEREST OF BETTER ICE CREAM


ALTEST SYSTEM
ealtest
ATORY PROTECTION
The symbol of finer ice cream . . . look for it in the store, on all ice cream packages and on the carry-out cartons

The Ice Cream made under The Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection outsells all other brands . . . convincing proof of that finer flavor that comes from finer care

★

Ice cream is the real reason for a sundae, a soda, or a cone. Make sure to get the best the world can offer—"Sealtest"

JERSEY ICE CREAM
Lawrence and Eastern Massachusetts, and Schenectady, N. Y.

KENT'S ICE CREAM, State of Vermont

KIMBALL'S ICE CREAM, Malden, Mass.

LOCKWOOD'S ICE CREAM, Utica, N. Y.

LUICK ICE CREAM
Milwaukee and Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, and Upper Peninsular Michigan

MANCHESTER DAIRY ICE CREAM
South Manchester, Conn.

MILLIKIN'S ICE CREAM
Youngstown and Warren, Ohio

MOGLIA'S ICE CREAM
Northern New Jersey

MOORE'S ICE CREAM
Meadville, Oil City, and Franklin, Pa.

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE CREAM
Southeastern Massachusetts

RIECK'S ICE CREAM, Greater Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania

ROGERS' ICE CREAM, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ROSZELL'S ICE CREAM, Central Illinois

SAGAL-LOU ICE CREAM, New Haven, Conn.

ST. LOUIS DAIRY ICE CREAM
Greater St. Louis, Eastern Missouri, and Southwestern Illinois

SANITARY ICE CREAM, Canton, Ohio

SOUTHERN DAIRIES ICE CREAM
District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi

SUPPLEE ICE CREAM
Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, Southern New Jersey, and Delaware

TELLING'S ICE CREAM
Ohio and West Virginia

THOMPSON'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Illinois

UNION ICE CREAM
Middle Tennessee and North Alabama

VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
State of Michigan and Toledo, Ohio

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The Story Thus Far:

IN TOKYO, Sturgis Hammond, an American newspaperman, sees Count Ito, noted Japanese statesman, shot to death. The assassin escapes. Whereupon, on a train bound for Kobe and a China-bound steamer, Hammond has a series of exciting adventures, in several of which one "Nahta," a beautiful Russian woman, plays a leading role. The woman fascinates him. He has, quite by chance, learned that she was implicated in the plot to kill Ito. But, under the spell of her strong personality, he falls in love with her. And she gives every evidence that she loves him.

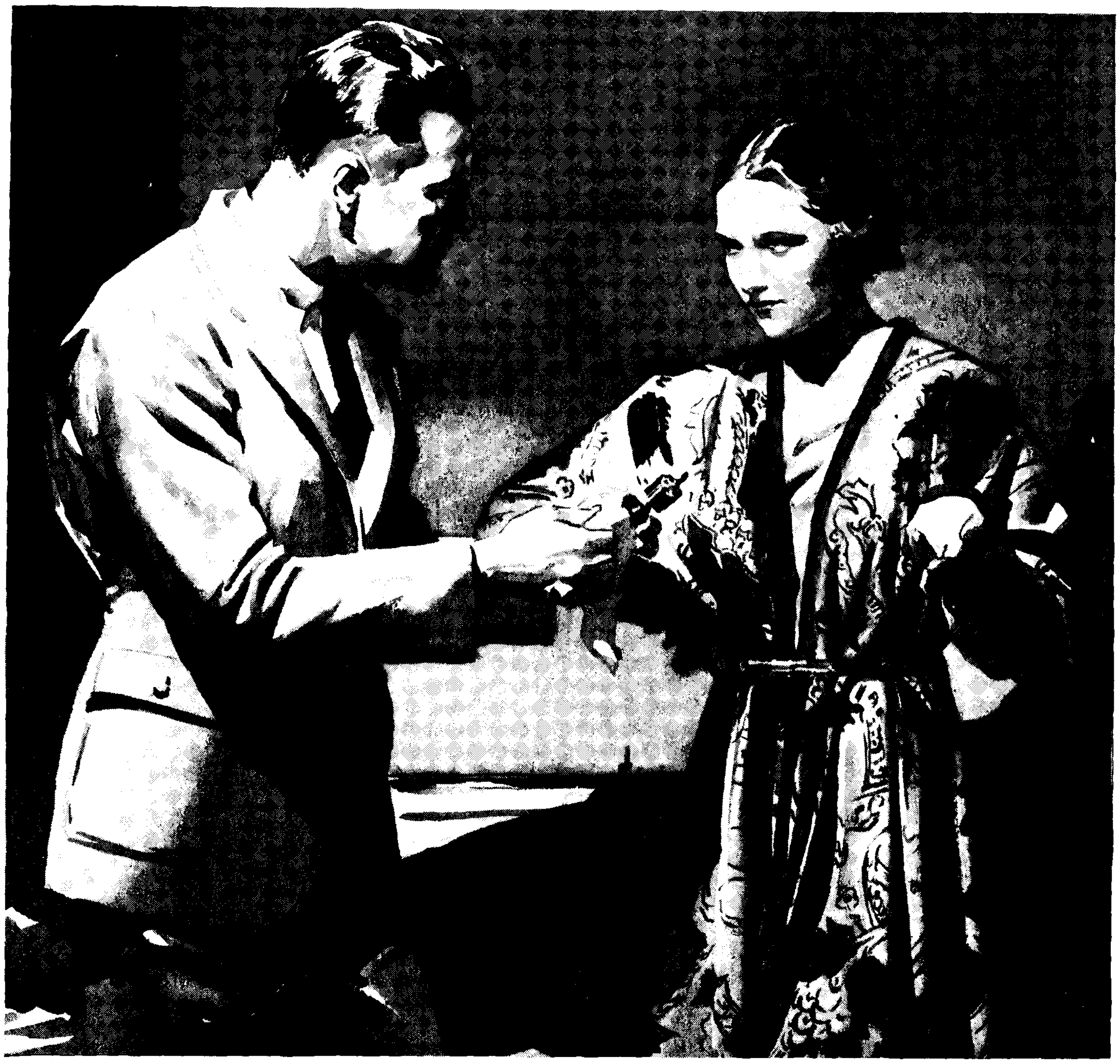
On the steamer are a number of people who have witnessed the assassination. They are, in addition to Hammond and the Russian: Vonny Cass, a noted girl flier, who, to secure a much-needed visa, is posing as Hammond's secretary; Major Pat Nugent, an engaging Irishman, whom Hammond has known for years; and Anton Krupp, a wealthy German, who, his neck broken, must be wheeled about in a rolling-chair. All are en route to Manchukuo.

Ensconced on board, Hammond receives a number of shocks. The first comes when the military commander of the ship, Colonel Watanabe, intercepts a wireless code message addressed to Vonny Cass. His suspicions aroused, the Colonel interrogates the girl closely. Whereupon, Hammond—who knows almost nothing of the girl's past, and who suspects that she may be involved in an anti-Japanese plot of some sort—intercedes in her behalf and skillfully exonerates her.

Anton Krupp administers the next shock. Encountering Hammond, the German says: "You will excuse my abruptness, Mr. Hammond, but my wife is in love with you. Very well—remember this: You may, in time, obtain certain information. You may use it for business, or personal reasons. If you do so, Madame Krupp will be delivered to the Japanese authorities—and shot."

Madame Krupp, it appears, is—Nahta! . . . But the greatest shock is still to come. Prince Tokugawa, a distinguished passenger, is shot to death. The gun is found. Near it is the heel of a woman's slipper. The heel—as Colonel Watanabe soon proves—is from Vonny Cass' slipper. She is questioned and ordered to return to her cabin. She had previously explained to Hammond, however, that she had fallen on the deck earlier in the evening, wrenching the heel loose, and had been unable to find it in the darkness.

A few hours later, while Nugent explains to Hammond the danger which exists for all of them as a result of the assassination, there is a severe shock. The ship's propeller shaft has broken, with considerable damage to the vessel, and in a very short while passengers are being ordered to dress and stand by.



"How would that have happened?" he asked her

The Brass Gong Tree

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

VII

THERE was fantasy to the moment. It was as if the Dairen had drawn in a deep breath and held it, waiting for something to happen. The sense of her being a ship was gone from Sturgis completely, and the feeling that he had walked in these dread passages before was an actual presence within him. What movement there was in them was the long, free movement of the Yellow Sea, like the writhing of slow fever in the brain, and it carried the Dairen with it as the moon carries the empty swing of the tides. Even her smells were negative now, with the thrash of her engines gone out of her and the whine of her pumps slowing. Stale cabins fogged with stale sleep. Stale rubber decking. Brass turning green in the wet, stale air of late night.

He knew vaguely that her cabin was in the other passage. He went down the after crossway quickly and came face to face with Nahta in her open door.

"What has happened, Sturgis?"

"The propeller shaft is broken."

"But it is more than that—there was such a noise."

"That is all they say it is."

"But people are dressing. The ship will sink?"

"I don't know."

"It will, Sturgis," she nodded solemnly, "I have felt that it would." She stepped back into her stateroom. "The floor is sloping already, isn't it?"

He saw that her hair was combed and that she had been dressing. There were things of hers on her bed, waiting to be put on. And there were her bags, ready to hand. The bags with the gabardine snap-on covers and the broad maroon identifying stripe. She had been dressing and she had stopped somewhere between her slippers and her hair to slip on the Chinese coat she wore.

There was a gold-and-rose leather clock on the tiny dressing table. The filigreed hands of it stood at ten minutes to two. That made it just twenty minutes since the Dairen was stricken.

How lovely she is—even now when the whole illusion should fall apart in wisps of hair stuck in her comb, in the powder smells of yesterday's clothing, in a twisted stocking seam or the too vibrant breath of prophylactic perfume. But it does not. It is there with all the cleanliness of a brook in April—and the dish is lovely. Within him for a moment there was a brief gratefulness of soul, but it was gone almost as it came to him and the going of it brought reason like a deep breath of smoke-laced air and there was a faint guilt upon him because he had almost forgotten why he had come to find her.

"Just before the shaft broke," he said, "the Prince Tokugawa was killed. He was shot somehow while he was in his cabin at the head of this passage—shot with a muffled revolver just as Ito was shot."

SHE clasped her hands tightly together.

"But no," she said, "that cannot be—not this way—on a boat. That is madness."

"And is it madness, too, that makes you carry those pictures of him?"

She looked at him.

"Perhaps it is," she said.

There was the knowledge, like the tension of muscles in the presence of fear, that he must play for this thing that she knew, with all the subtlety that the years of his work had given to him.

"Then why do you carry them?"

"Do you think you would understand me if I told you, Sturgis?"

"Will you try me?"

"Pride," she said, "except for that one moment in Tokyo Station when I saw you and the seeing of you made me want so desperately to live that I put them into your pocket—in the fear that the authorities might search me." Her shoulders moved slightly in a gesture of indifference. "Do you understand pride, Sturgis? The pride that asks no questions. Do you, Sturgis? Those pictures were given to me to carry for the same reason that a revolver was given me to carry."

"The revolver you had on the train?"

She nodded. "That night on the train it had one empty shell in it. It was fired and given to me to carry not twenty minutes before the Count Ito was killed."

"Then you knew he was to be killed?"

"No," she said. "Not until he was killed. I only knew that I carried his pictures."

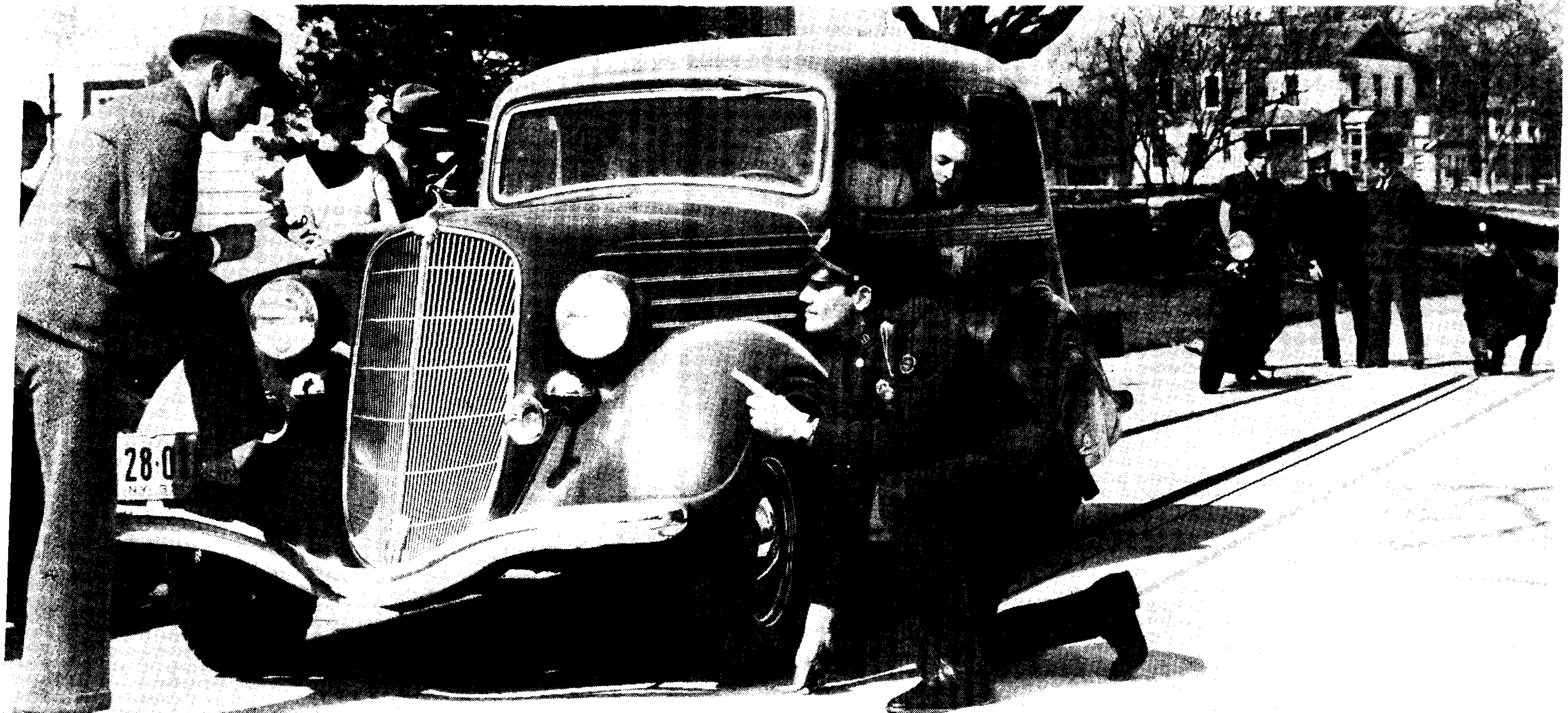
He drew in a long breath.

"But no one will believe this."

Again her shoulders moved slightly.

(Continued on page 52)

The textbooks said "NO"
These brakes said "YES"



"Stopped in 40 feet—from 40 miles an hour!"
"And the standard for PERFECT stopping is 71 feet!"

Again and again HUDSON BRAKES stopped in distances 50% shorter than "perfect"

These brakes are amazing America with seemingly "impossible" records of quick, smooth stopping. They have beaten textbook standards—astonished the safety experts of many cities—in the greatest series of public brake demonstrations ever held.

In city after city, from coast to coast, these demonstrations of quicker, safer, *straight-line* stopping were repeated—beating the best that police ask of any brakes, by margins as high as 50%—at 20, 40 and 50 miles an hour. Every test under the supervision of police heads or safety officials—all results certified by them!

5 Years of Progress in 1

How could it be done? Professors and students in leading engineering schools wrote to ask. They quoted "friction formulas" to show that these brakes were making stops in much shorter distances than "technically" possible.

While the textbooks are right as far as they go, many consider only "frictional contact." These big Hudson Rotary-Equalized brakes go beyond "friction." Their greater power takes full advantage of the positive "mesh" of the modern tire with the modern road. *Five years of brake advancement in a single year!*

Proof Instead of Claims

They give you the greatest driving safety you ever enjoyed—not just in laboratory tests, but on crowded streets and highways, in everyday driving. They have proved their smooth, unfailing action—trouble-free operation and freedom from adjustment for long periods.

In many other ways, too, these cars accomplish the *"impossible."* With the strongest, safest construction known—America's *only* bodies *all* of steel. With America's greatest stock car performance—ability not only to *go*, but to *keep on* going. With amazing gasoline economy—proved in nationwide tests.

We Invite You to Drive

Enjoy the unmatched smoothness of powerful Hudson-built motors—their record-breaking performance. And enjoy the SAFETY that's yours only in a Hudson or Terraplane. The nearest dealer has a car that he'll be glad to have you try. Come and drive it—today.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Hudson Motors of Canada, Limited, Tilbury, Ont.

What "BUILT *by* HUDSON" *Means*

America's *only* bodies *all* of steel . . . sides, floor, roof . . . over an inner structure also all of steel. Greatest strength, yet eliminating hundreds of pounds of excess weight.

Motors noted for their smoothness, balance and ability to develop more power than others of comparable size.

America's greatest stock car performance . . . proved by 77 official A.A.A. records now held by Hudson and Terraplane.

The Electric Hand for easier, safer driving. (Standard only on Hudson Custom models. Other 1935 Hudsons and Terraplanes are regularly equipped with conventional gear shift; with Electric Hand optional at small extra cost.)

AND LOOK AT THE PRICES!

$585

and up for Terraplane . . . Hudson Six $695 and up . . . Hudson Eight $760 and up. All prices f. o. b. Detroit for closed models.

HUDSON *and* TERRAPLANE

IT'S A REVOLUTIONARY NEW KIND OF SUMMER OIL

Lasts far longer than any oil you ever used before

FOUR OR FIVE YEARS AGO . . . remember the day you drove your first modern, "high-compression" car?

It was different. You knew that something had happened to the automobile.

Today you can again experience a new driving thrill . . . *with a new motor oil!*

Try this . . . Have your crankcase filled with this new kind of Mobiloil. Watch. You'll notice a new responsiveness in your engine. Listen. It hums a new, sweeter tune.

Imagine results like these! Until this Summer, you never expected anything to *happen* when you changed oil.

But this is *different* from any other oil you've ever used.

Drive with this new Summer Mobiloil 1000 miles, and you'll say, "I can't afford to use anything else." You go farther, drive faster . . . and yet consume less oil!

Stick to this new Mobiloil all Summer . . . and next Fall you'll find your engine more like new than you'd believe possible!

Why take less than this for your oil money? Change to Summer Mobiloil now.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

It's made by the Clearosol Process

READ WHAT TESTS PROVE

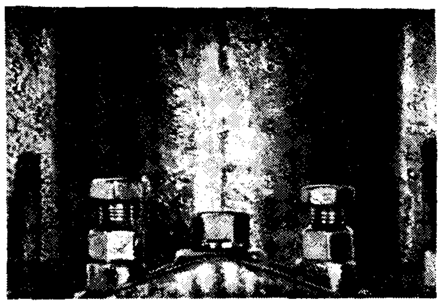
Never before has a Summer oil been made by Socony-Vacuum's famous Clearosol Process. This is the first lubricant for high-speed, hot-weather driving that has been *thoroughly cleansed* of impurities that resisted all previous refining methods. Test results tell exactly how much this means.

This new Mobiloil has 98% resistance to consumption . . . compared with 88% for the second, largest-selling oil tested. Think what this 10% difference means in money saved.

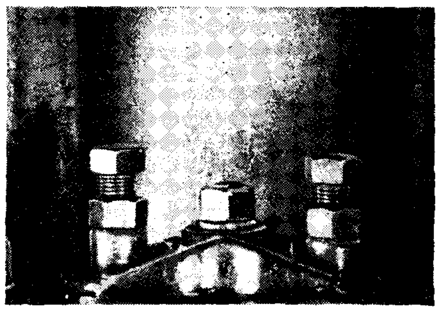
This new Mobiloil has 100% resistance to gumming . . . compared with 68% for oil Number Two. In other words, no clogged rings or stuck valves from Mobiloil.

Tested for resistance to thinning—especially important in this season—this new Mobiloil actually scored 100 *plus* . . . the other oil 38!

"WOMEN DON'T CARE what oil you give them." This has been true since the beginning of the automobile. But times are changing. Dealers all over the country tell us that even women are now taking the trouble to ask by name for "that new Summer Mobiloil." That's because they can count the money it saves them! . . . Try this new Mobiloil yourself. Grades A, AF, B, BB . . . for all cars . . . are sold at the Sign of the Red Gargoyle or the Flying Red Horse.



100 HOURS of operation on ordinary oil did this! Engine valve-chamber was coated with gum formed by impurities in the oil.

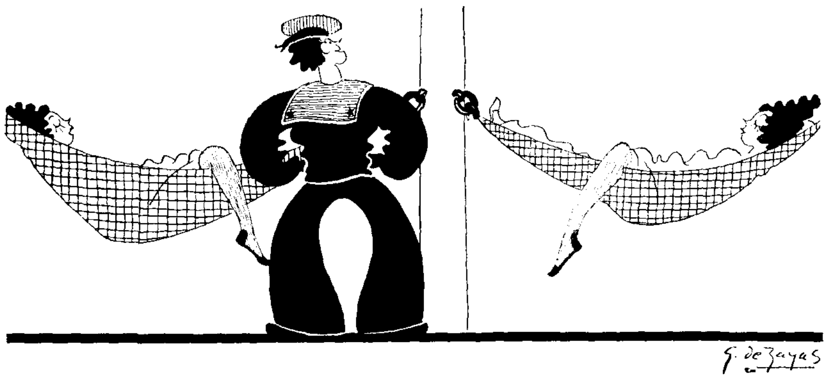


AFTER 100 hours on New Mobiloil, engine is still clean. This new oil is practically 100% pure . . . free of elements that form gum.

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM

SOLD WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

"Show a leg!" the command which is still given with reveille on American battleships, originated during the days when—up to about 1800—women were carried on many British men-of-war. These ladies were allowed an extra hour of sleep and so they identified themselves each morning, at this command, by hanging a stocking-clad leg over the side of their hammock.—*By D. J. Godsoe, U.S.S. Indianapolis.*

On a new type of metal punch press now in use in this country, the wrists of the operator are incased in manacles that are attached to cords which pull them backward as the punch descends, thus preventing the mashing of the hands.

Nature does not produce an equal number of males and females among many kinds of living creatures. For example, there are only 33 males for every 100 female octopi or eight-armed cuttlefishes, while there are 819 males for every 100 females of *Latrodectus*, a genus of poisonous spiders.

A new species of apes recently discovered in the wilds of Sumatra so closely resembles some of the less civilized natives that the government has decreed that anyone caught killing one of these monkey "men" will be guilty of murder and punished accordingly.—*By Maurice M. Feuerlicht, Chicago, Illinois.*

The majority of murders are not committed by common criminals, a fact that is confirmed by a recent study which shows two out of every three murders in America are committed by persons who have never before been arrested.—*By John Piquet, Knoxville, Tennessee.*

Although there are tens of thousands of stars in the night sky, not more than 35 have ever been used by mariners in computing their position at sea.

The Oxford University Press in Oxford, England, now 265 years old, sets and prints all kinds of literature in 568 languages, yet many of its compositors know little or nothing about the foreign tongues with which they work each day, including the man who so admirably sets Chinese—from 48 cases containing 12,123 characters.

The most profitable motion picture—up to the present time—is "The Birth of a Nation," which has grossed more than $18,000,000 since its premiere in New York in 1915. In other words, this picture, allowing for its production cost of $500,000, has earned an average net profit of about $17,000 a week for the past 20 years.—*By Richard Bare, Modesto, California.*

Of all the people in the world today, not more than one-third eat with a knife and fork. Another third use chopsticks. And the final third still eat with their fingers.

One of the world's oddest sights is seen at the summer festival in Puri, India, when the god Vishnu takes his annual one-mile ride along Paradise Road. In order to solicit pity and alms, hundreds of holy men—each equipped with a secret breathing tube—bury themselves along both sides of this highway, no part of them showing above the ground except their upraised arms.

This modern world still possesses Christian men who wear a crucifix tattooed on their face, such as the Chukchi of northeastern Siberia, and others who daily use the old Biblical salutation of kissing each other on both cheeks, such as the Bedouins of Syria and Arabia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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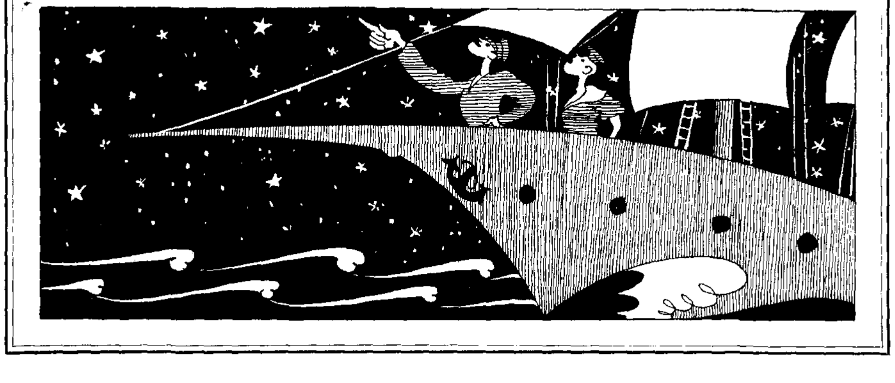
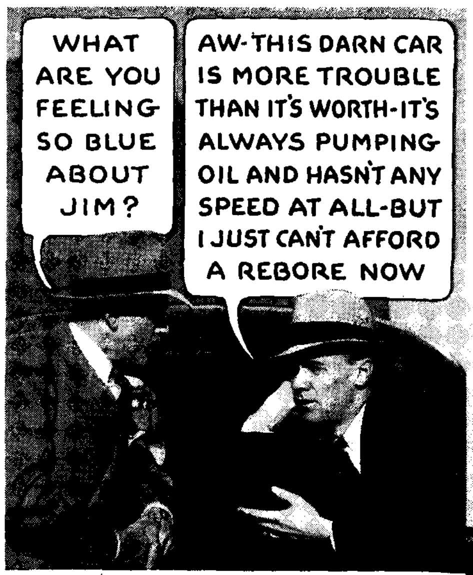
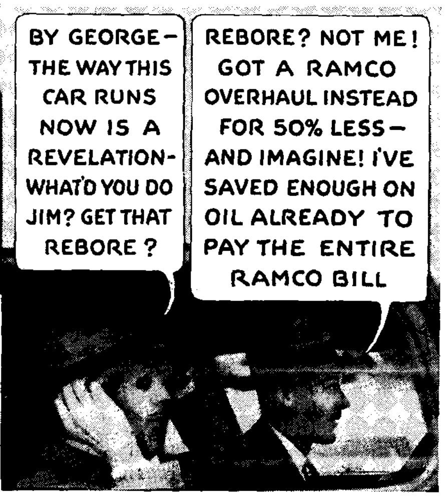


CARS RUN LIKE 1935 MODELS AFTER OVERHAUL COSTING ONLY $18 UP!

Car Owners amazed at savings of revolutionary RAMCO Overhaul with RAMCO Piston Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders compared with old Overhaul Costs . . . Restores "first year" gas and oil mileage...Brings back "new car" pep, power, quiet and efficiency.


WHAT ARE YOU FEELING SO BLUE ABOUT JIM?
AW-THIS DARN CAR IS MORE TROUBLE THAN IT'S WORTH-IT'S ALWAYS PUMPING OIL AND HASN'T ANY SPEED AT ALL-BUT I JUST CAN'T AFFORD A REBORE NOW


BY GEORGE-THE WAY THIS CAR RUNS NOW IS A REVELATION-WHAT'D YOU DO JIM? GET THAT REBORE?
REBORE? NOT ME! GOT A RAMCO OVERHAUL INSTEAD FOR 50% LESS-AND IMAGINE! I'VE SAVED ENOUGH ON OIL ALREADY TO PAY THE ENTIRE RAMCO BILL

Dependability...pep...speed...power...oil economy! That's what a car owner wants from his car—what he has a right to expect. And that's why you just can't blame a fellow for grumbling when his car suddenly slows down, begins to knock and rattle and starts pumping oil for which he's paid his hard earned cash.

A few years ago there was only one way out of this predicament: you had to have your cylinders rebored and new pistons put in. Which meant kissing goodbye to $40, $50, $60 or $75! What a groan that was! But no more! Today the revolutionary Ramco Overhaul has supplanted the rebore job—giving you all of its benefits (restores new car speed, pep, power, oil economy) at less than half the rebore price! Actually, a Ramco Overhaul costs only $18 up!

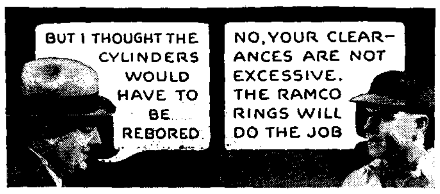
Ramco Rejuvenates Autos

And what a difference it makes! Cars perform like 1935 models afterwards. For instance, from New Orleans, G.R.D., writes: "After 160,000 miles on my Gardner, I had decided reboring was necessary but tried RAMCO instead. Now with 25,000 miles more, my car is consuming no more oil than when new and is quiet and smooth as the day I got it." And A.F.R. of St. Louis, Mo., says: "RAMCO made my Packard-8 run better than new, increased oil mileage 300%."

You, too, can experience these savings. If your car is keeping you broke paying for gas and oil—if it's just wheezing along with no speed or pickup, let your repairman rejuvenate it with a Ramco Overhaul. See him now! Get a FREE Ramco estimate!

SAVE REBORE COSTS

As Ramco Rings are made for worn motors, as well as new motors—they usually save you the expense of reboring cylinders. The result of 16 years' concentration on spring ring design, Ramcos have an Inner Ring of "live" steel that cushions the piston—expands the piston-ring to fit the irregularly worn cylinders, scientifically sealing the oil and increasing compression and ending piston rock, the basic cause of motor depreciation. . . . Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders restore collapsed piston "skirts", making alloy pistons like new—which saves new piston cost. For your own protection, avoid substitutes. Insist on Ramcos.


BUT I THOUGHT THE CYLINDERS WOULD HAVE TO BE REBORED
NO, YOUR CLEARANCES ARE NOT EXCESSIVE. THE RAMCO RINGS WILL DO THE JOB

You can find the nearest Ramco Dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory under "Piston Rings."

FREE! WRITE FOR VALUABLE BOOK "HOW TO ANALYZE YOUR MOTOR"

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Without cost or obligation, send us your valuable book "How to Analyze Your Motor."
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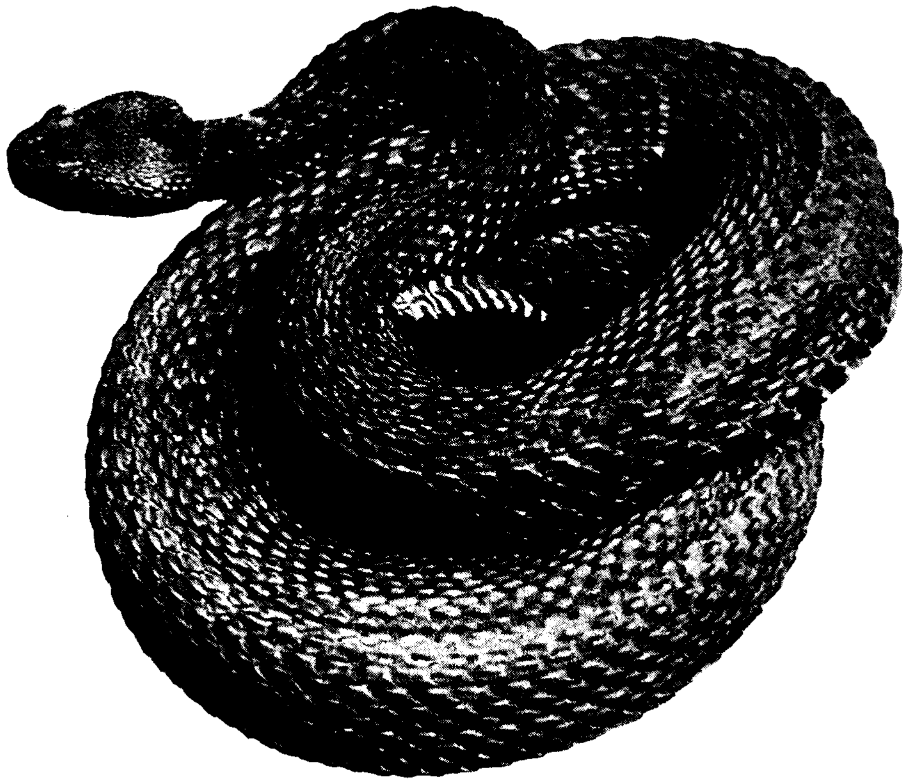
MOTOR OVERHAUL

RAMCO PISTON RINGS—PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS

DEALERS—Write for particulars on Ramco Master and Junior Service Stock Proposition



WATCH YOUR STEP!

★The U. S. Public Health Service states: "... *it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time*"

A RATTLER WARNS...

★ATHLETE'S FOOT DOESN'T

YOUR chances of meeting the fellow in this picture are, probably, not many. His nerve-jarring *whir-r-r* is confined to few localities. But, spread through every state in the Union, in homes and in clubs, is a dreaded fungus which lies in wait for your unwary barefoot step.

A threat in your own home

This fungus spins its invisible web of misery across your path. It chooses the very places you go for cleanliness: your own bathroom, the decks of swimming pools, diving boards, shower baths at gym or club.

You step unknowingly on the web

And, shortly you notice itching between your toes. White blisters appear. Excessive moisture, redness, swelling, pain—any of these signs may mean you are a victim of Athlete's Foot.

Once *tinea trichophyton* (the fungus) has imbedded itself deeply, dire results and a long hard job are ahead of you. But—tests by a famed laboratory prove that within *thirty seconds* after it has penetrated to the fungus, Absorbine Jr. kills it and with it the menace.

Don't delay treatment

Watch your feet closely. Inspect them every night, especially during warm weather, when Athlete's Foot is at its worst. At the first sign douse on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. night and morning. And do not stop treatment until all danger from infecting yourself or others is past. Boil socks fifteen minutes to kill the fungus and prevent reinfection.

Always keep Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in your club locker. Use it after every shower to protect you from infection and to refresh and rest your feet. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness and SUNBURN

at all druggists $1.25 a bottle

Out for the Summer

Continued from page 18

Just to give interest, as the decorators say, mix things up a bit. Blend some colors or add a note of black—say one of those unpainted wrought-iron tables with a tile top. The best way is to mix textures; instead of using all iron, or all tubular metal or all rattan, which might become very monotonous, add a bit of the one to a large amount of the other, say a glass-topped iron coffee table to a rattan settee, or a rattan armchair to a metal group, and so on. Break up the metal glider ensemble with a smart hooded rattan wheel chaise, and if you would be ultra ultra accompany the latter with a matching wheeled bar.

And of course you are going to eat outdoors—off pottery dishes as colorful as the zinnias that grow by the garden path, or lovely white china plates that are so refreshing when combined with yellow, so cool with green glass. Or set your outdoor table with crystal glass, colorless except for the tall, deep tumblers that may match in hue the flowers which are arranged in a rack *underneath* your glass table top instead of upon it. No linen is used unless it is the sheerest, most gossamer of doilies.

Mrs. Meigs goes to the practical point here, too. Said she once dined on the terrace of a gentleman very famous for his gardens. Between courses the butler came out with a shotgun of insect spray and squirted everything and everybody. "Most perfect accompaniment to outdoor eating I have ever known," she added. "Of course the butler can use the spray before the guests sit down and I am sure everybody will be just as happy.

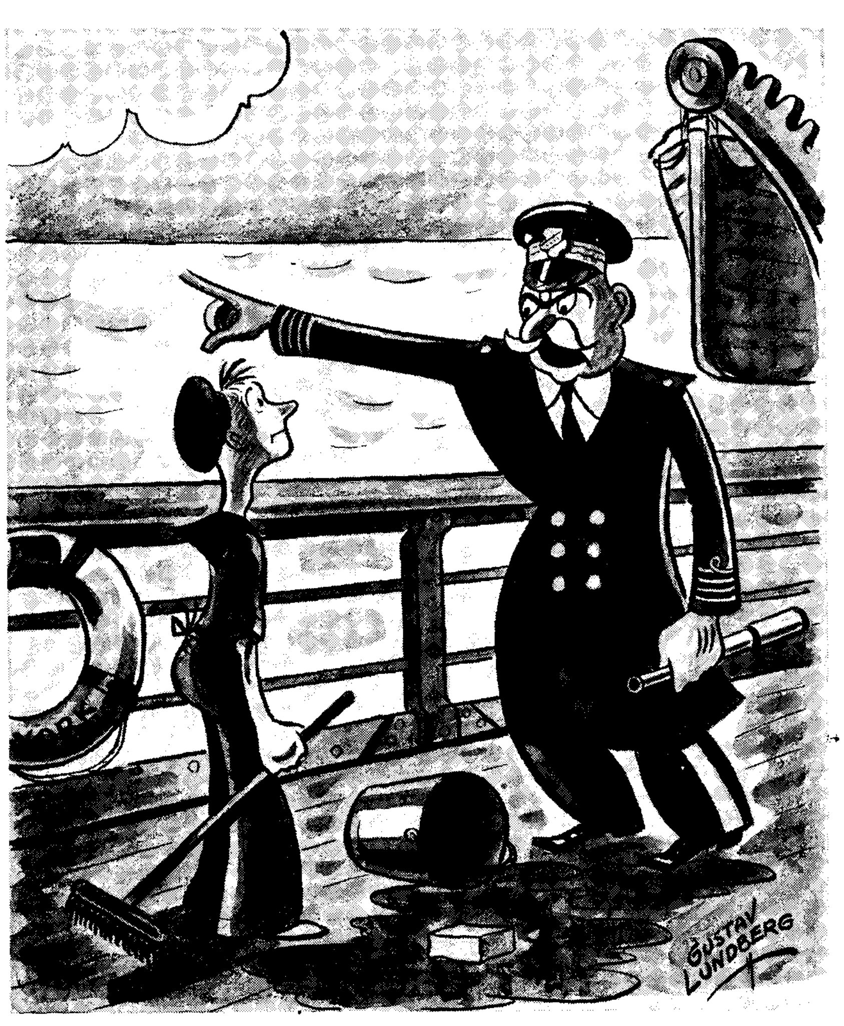
"The most perfect place for outdoor eating is a little house built for the purpose—a sort of detached porch, out somewhere in the grounds. Every country place should have one. One side at least should be open and there should be a fireplace, electric plugs and a place for ice. Here you can keep all the equipment that you need so that every time you want to give a party you don't have to tote all the dishes and food and everything else for miles."

Carting the Supper

Just an outdoor fireplace is a pretty good substitute. Ever been in Woodstock, New York? There's a place where they know how to live in the open. Practically every house has its outdoor fireplace. If it's a grand house, it's usually a grand fireplace with built-in ovens and spits and what not. If it's the other kind of a house it's probably an impromptu fireplace, loosely built of stones filched from a near-by stone wall. The point is, they have one.

If you think you would like to make one, here are a few tips. Make the firebed high; saves backaches when you're tending the fire and cooking. Build a chimney to create a draft; just as important outdoors as in. The sides of the fireplace are built up to hold an iron grill just the right height for a steak to broil over a bed of coals.

If you don't go in for a fireplace, you may want a cocktail wheelbarrow and a snack cart. The first is all the name implies, ably equipped and fitting your favorite color scheme. And the latter—first, there's a bell to call everyone to supper. Then, in copper, metal-lined boxes, in sundry colored jars and dishes, in the toaster with its miles of electric cord, in the well-filled racks at the side, and under and hanging to its awning top, are all the necessities for congenial dining. The final touch for the complete outdoor living-room.



"You're fired!"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

They Come Up Swimming

Continued from page 19

her eyes open under the surface she really felt at home, felt that she was discovering a new game. The earlier you start a youngster, the better. Start her before she has time to acquire any fear of the water. If you live in a climate where it is possible to swim all year, start the child at three or four. If you have only the summer months for suitable swimming weather, wait a couple of years. Teach the youngster yourself, or let someone teach her in whom she has confidence.

"Once you have accustomed the child to the water," he continued—"and this time will vary according to the temperament of the child—then start thinking about teaching her to swim. Work in shallow water and put water wings on the youngster. Convince her that she can't sink with those wings on her. Let her stretch her arms out in front and kick. A parent doesn't have to be much of a swimmer to teach a youngster how to do it. Show the child the ordinary crawl kick, merely moving the legs up and down like a pair of scissors, with the knees slightly bent. Let the child try this kick with her arms held out in front of her. When she finds that she can actually progress forward without even moving her arms you've mastered half of it. Now she'll want to move her arms. The rest is easy. It is only a matter of practice for the child—and patience for the teacher.

"As to diving, here's how I taught young Peggy to dive: I had her stand on the edge of the pool with her arms outstretched over her head. I held a stick in front of her parallel to the water surface and perhaps a foot above it. I told her to dive over the stick, emphasizing that she must hit the water first with her hands. If the hands go in first she doesn't bump her head or her stomach. If the child gets a bad bump in this early stage it is apt to set her back considerably.

"At first Peggy (this will be true of any child) just fell into the water. Gradually I held the stick higher so she had to spring slightly. As soon as her head popped out of the water I had the stick there for her to grab. She just hung on and I pulled her in. Now Peggy had a lot of fun doing this and she's learning to dive. Children are instinctive imitators."

Inspiring Confidence

Cooling found Katherine Rawls swimming and diving in a high school meet in Miami. He worked with her a while and in 1931, when she was fourteen, he brought her to New York to compete in the Senior outdoor championships. No one had ever heard of this fourteen-year-old eighty-seven-pound youngster. At that time the two leaders of the swimming world were Eleanor Holm, most versatile of all champions, and the marvelous Georgia Coleman, greatest of divers.

Unheralded and unsung, young Katherine stood the swimming world on its ear by winning the 300-yard medley swim from Miss Holm; winning the 200-yard backstroke, and placing second to Miss Coleman in the dive. It was then that Katherine leaped into the ranks of championship swimmers—and the name of Willis Cooling, already well-known, became a byword in natatorial circles.

Ruth, Mary and Helen Hoerger are at present the juvenile sensations of the aquatic world. Ruth is twelve, Mary eleven and Helen is six. All of them are expert swimmers and divers, and their mother, Mrs. Fred Hoerger, has through them become known as perhaps the greatest teacher of youngsters in the country. She has specialized in the teaching of diving and she says that anyone who has a kitchen can teach a youngster to dive. That is, if there is a table in the kitchen—and who ever heard of a kitchen without a table?

"You can't start children to swim and dive too early," Mrs. Hoerger believes. "Put the child on the kitchen table and stand a foot or two away. Tell the child to dive into your arms. As a rule a child has so much confidence in its mother that it will do anything the mother says. Let the child dive into your arms. Any child will love this. After a while the child will naturally want to dive from something higher. Place it on top of the kitchen closet. Now your child is beginning to learn a lot of things. The child is gaining confidence and is acquiring a sense of balance. Let the child dive off the top of the closet into your arms. The youngster will love it. It is a new game.

It Takes Time

"Now if you live in a place where you have a back yard you will have no trouble teaching the child the next steps," Mrs. Hoerger added. "Install a sand pit and a springboard. My husband and I taught our three youngsters to dive in our back yard. We rigged up a harness to put around their waists and to this attached two belts, one of which I held while my husband held the other. The children loved to dive into the sand from the board. They knew we would always catch them before they landed. They were never hurt and they were playing a new game. They were doing swan dives and jackknife dives from the sand board long before they ever tried diving into a pool. They were really becoming tumblers—diving is mostly tumbling, plus graceful execution.

"When I started them diving," she went on, "I put heavy suits and sweatshirts on them. I padded them well so they wouldn't hurt themselves no matter how they landed. Once a child is hurt by the water it is hard to rid her of the fear she acquires. Now the children did those tumbling exercises (which were now dives) from the low board.

"Mind you, this all takes time," she added. "You can't teach a child to dive in a month. There are four standard dives which a child should learn before she attempts anything else: The plain front dive, the front jackknife, the backjack and back dive. That back dive is the most difficult of all to teach. It may be a year before a child gets this one done properly.

"In teaching a child to swim," Mrs. Hoerger says, "it is hard to lay down any hard and fast rules. I usually teach the crawl stroke first. I have the child hang on to the edge of the pool with her body extended out on the surface of the water. Then I teach her the proper kick. After she has that down well I have her do the same thing without holding on to the edge of the pool. Then comes the arm stroke.

"However," she added, "sometimes a child is a natural breast stroke swimmer. My Mary started right off using the frog kick and it was so natural that I allowed her to learn the breast stroke first before teaching her the crawl."

And any mother, whether she can swim or dive herself, can teach her child the elements of good form in the water. That is, if she has a kitchen in her home.

Amazing ROUND-END bristle

Exclusive with

Pro-phy-lac-tic

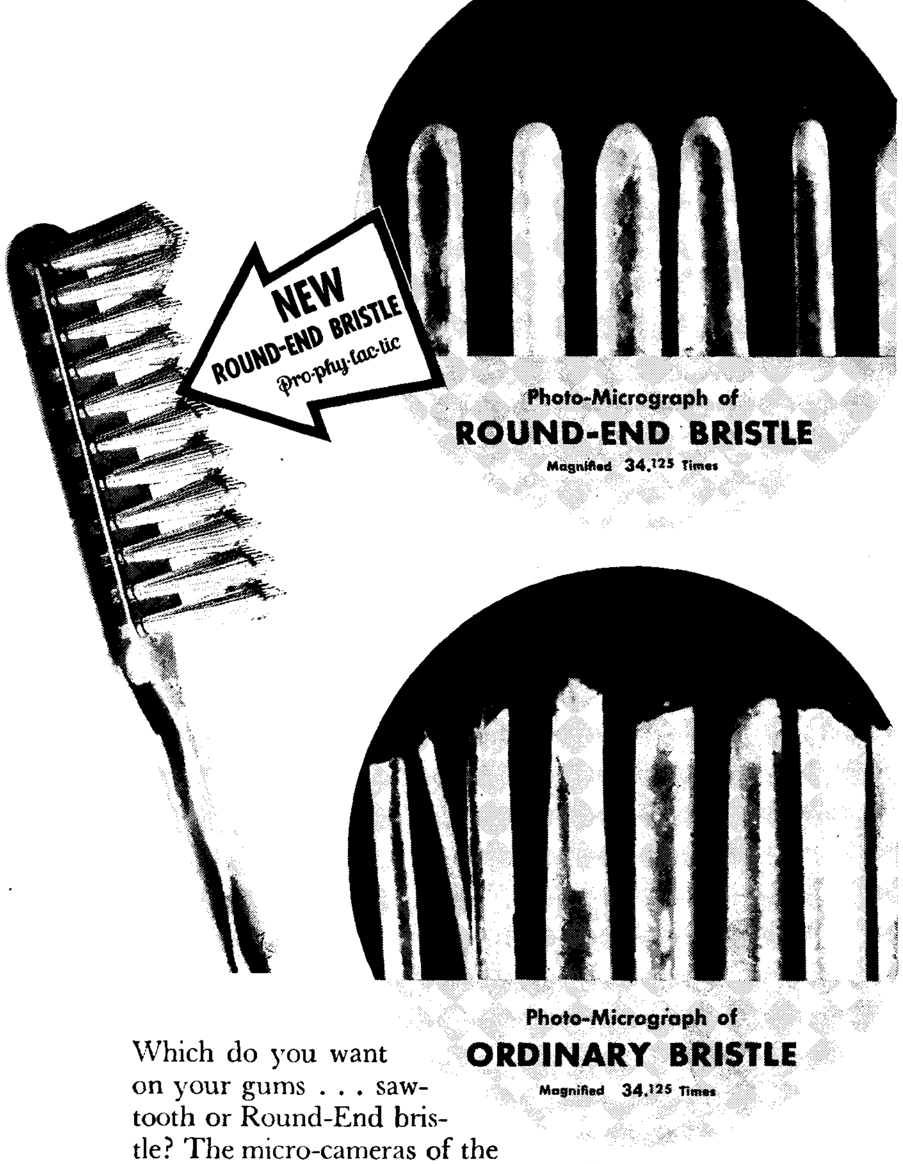


Photo-Micrograph of
ROUND-END BRISTLE
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United States patents are pending but Pro-phy-lac-tic gives it to you *now*, in addition to Perma-Grip, our invention which ended loose bristles by "welding" them into the handle.

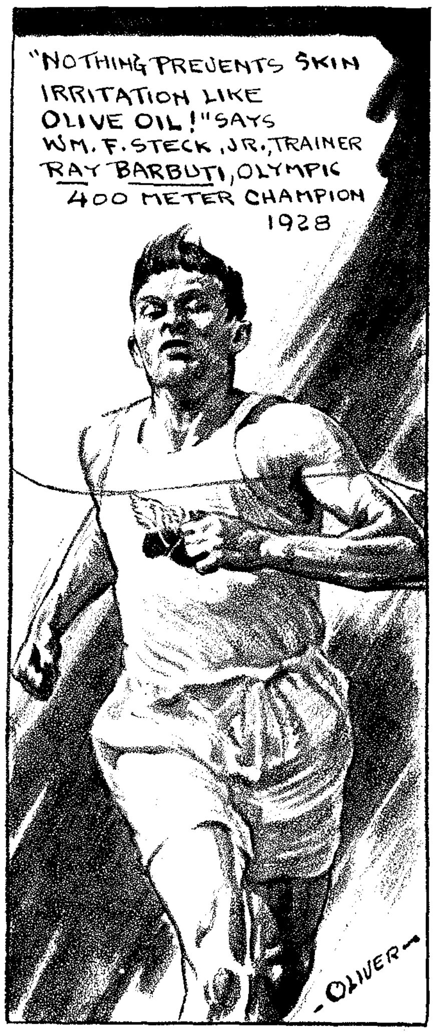
Thus in every new Pro-phy-lac-tic you get *gum protection*, plus that famous tuft which enables thorough cleaning of the back teeth.

There are four sizes of the new TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic, which have Round-End bristle of finer quality, full of life and resistant to moisture. *Regular Adult* and *Small-type for Adults*, 50¢. *Youth's*, 35¢. *Child's*, 25¢. All in the familiar yellow and red box; guaranteed to satisfy you or your money refunded.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

SURVEYS INDICATE **64% of all Tooth Brushes sold in the United States are TUFTED type**

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER


"NOTHING PREVENTS SKIN IRRITATION LIKE OLIVE OIL!" SAYS WM. F. STECK, JR., TRAINER RAY BARBUTI, OLYMPIC 400 METER CHAMPION 1928
OLIVER

NO SKIN-BURN AFTER SHAVING

. . . when you use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with soothing Olive Oil

YOU don't have to be an athlete to "take *it on the skin*"! No sir—not when you shave every day!

And so that every man can shave in comfort, we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of Olive Oil. Try it! See how it puts an end to razor rawness . . . see how fine and fresh your face feels all the time! That's because Olive Oil, as thousands of trainers and athletes would tell you, is "tops" for preventing skin irritation!

RICHER LATHER, TOO

This same unique formula, including Olive Oil, also explains Palmolive's richer, heavier, creamier lather. Lather that *soothes* your face—that stands up a full ten minutes and never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, easiest, most comfortable shave you ever had! Why not get a tube of Palmolive Shave Cream today?

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢

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40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

The New America

Continued from page 13

aside. More, in his Utopia, would have used gold only for vessels of dishonor. Hardly any of them recognized the intimate and increasing importance of money as the nexus of the social and economic scheme. But to invent a social mechanism without money is like inventing a body without blood.

The early socialisms, such as Owen's, concerned themselves with a new adjustment of property and work, and treated money as a secondary matter. Owen introduced "Labor Notes" as money substitutes into his model community, and as late as 1920 the Soviet government was trying out a system of ration cards for everyone, in the evident hope of superseding money altogether. It was one of the chief defects of Fabian socialism that it refused to discuss money or recognize that the two questions of property and money organization are inextricably interwoven. Fabian socialism was, and is, merely a project for withdrawing certain general interests; land, natural products, transport, staple production, from the realm of private to public ownership. Upon the fact that through money manipulation the natural claims of the creditor upon the debtor can be increased or diminished, or that a whole rentier class, as in Germany during the great inflation, can be pauperized and wiped out without any formal confiscation whatever; upon that reality, socialist theorists have nothing to say.

Scared of Words

It was one of the oddities of American thought in the past that it had a curious aversion to the words "communist" and "socialist," and even today, with immense collective public undertakings of an essential socialist type taking shape, there is still a kind of squeamishness about giving these things their proper names. But it is impossible to discuss the readjustment of the social mechanism without giving these types of constructive suggestion their proper role in the business. One of the most astonishing things that has happened during my visit to the United States was the move to expel Mr. John Strachey from America on the ground—I doubt if there was a sound case—that he was a revolutionary communist and that he was lecturing in that character. With Mr. Hopkins organizing his millions for production for use and not profit, I should have thought that any lucid exponent of the Russian experiment, and of Marxist ideas generally, would have been welcomed as a most desirable witness for cross-examination by the American publicists.

Directly one is confronted with the actual spectacle of America struggling to adjust itself to the novel conditions of today, directly one sees theory trying to realize itself in fact, it becomes plain that without exception, all these schemes for new and altered human relationships, these various socialisms, communisms, and plans for the corporate state, all the endless "plans" and devices for monetary innovation that are put before the world as substitutes for current law and usage, are the sketchiest, most incomplete anticipations of the real planning that is demanded of us. None of them really covers more than a part of the field, if a new social order is indeed to replace the old. They are the projects of individuals or small groups of associates; they have none of the breadth of a science to which millions of minds have contributed; they are tentatives or dogmas, or magic formulae. Either they are so general that, like collectivist socialism, anyone can "in principle" accept them, and do nothing more about it, or else they are so narrow and negative that, like class-war Marxism, they provide for nothing beyond conflict and revolution. They are found to be void of any constructive quality so soon as they are put to the test. When I went to Russia in 1920, the Communist party did not know whether it intended to have such a thing as money in the new order, and Lenin, in the most experimental mood, was studying the problem of the electrification of Russia, and the conversion, province by province, of the peasant into an agricultural laborer. To this day the amateurishness of things in Russia, the amount of haphazard improvisation, is astounding.

Sharp Turn Ahead

Now, plainly, America is undergoing a social if not a political revolution. It is changing its administrative methods, its economic organization, its working conceptions of private and public property, its methods of pay, maintenance and distribution, upon the most drastic and extensive scale. Every radical theory is out of breath. Immense and irreversible changes are happening. Unless these changes are drawn together into a greater unity than they now possess, unless a coherent vision of the New America and the new world that is latent in the knowledge and invention of today can be given to the miseducated and perplexed masses waiting for leadership throughout the world, these changes will end in downfall and disaster. The deliberate readjustment of the social mechanism, the bold reconstruction of the money-property system of relationships, so as to realize the possibilities of human expansion that are now running to waste and disaster, is the only way out from catastrophe to a new lease of life for civilization.

Is that effort likely to be made? In time?

If that effort is to be made at all, it must be made now, chiefly in English; and the main part of it should come from America. No other country has the necessary freedom of speech and mind left if the conception of the new order is to be worked out. Europe and Asia stagger toward war. All other communities are confused by the war threat. No other community than the English community can give its mind to this huge and difficult but not impossible task of intellectual and purposive world organization.

English Spoken Here

But if America pulled her back and reassured her, Britain might be able to stay out of the impending Old World conflagration. Her mental strength could be combined into the American effort. The stronger the links between Britain and America, the weaker the links between Britain and the Continent. Liberty of speech and considerable liberty of political organization may quite possibly keep on in the British Empire for a score of years yet, and in America they may last for twice that time.

This may be a hopeful estimate, but it is a possible one. These are the years of opportunity that remain to us. During these years the vague, exciting promise of a New Deal for mankind which has been dangled before our people may be converted into a clear, firm intention, planning definitely, experimenting boldly, explaining lucidly, to evolve that new phase in human affairs, that fuller life which is manifestly so possible and so tantalizingly not yet in our grasp.

I have already hailed the President as a very strange and great man, a recipient and resonator of all that is most soundly progressive in Anglo-Saxon thought. But in his position, and with his character, he cannot originate, and if the New Deal is still inchoate, it is because there are no strong, clear leaders to support him.

It is the duty of every civilized man to contribute thought, influence, and material help to his effort to make over the worn-out private capitalism of America, which has produced so much in its time, made such a flourish of hope and performance, and which totters now at last so dangerously, to make that over if it can be made over into a renascent, progressive modern state. I have been saying this to everyone I have met in America. It is preposterous to think of this as a one-man job, to set up a President as something between a divinity and a cockshy, and hold him responsible for the whole business.

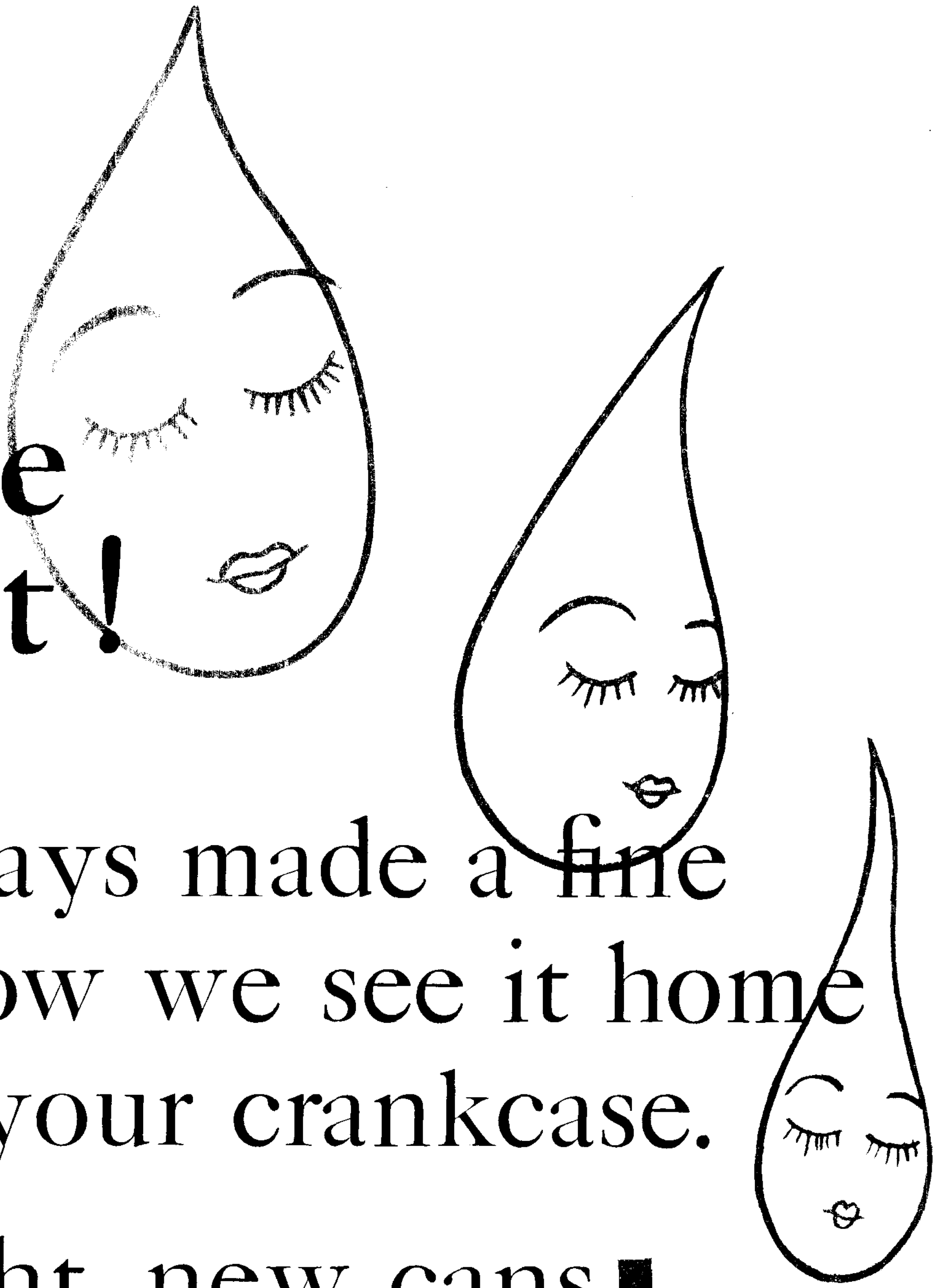
No Room for Shirkers

I hear here in America the same accusation against Franklin Roosevelt, made, I think, with much less justice, that was formerly leveled against Woodrow Wilson when his world-state schemes were wrecked—that the President has political bias and whimsical preferences, and that he excludes good men eager to help him. They say he shifts his confidence, though, perhaps, in some cases, he has reason for that. And able men complain: "He will not let us work with him."

But that is really no excuse for not working body and soul and substance, for the definition and realization of the possible New World. The thing most conspicuously absent from the contemporary American scheme and the thing most urgently needed in American political affairs, is a clear-speaking, well-led opposition of honorable men, a Radical Republican opposition, as resolutely creative as the President himself, neither obstructive nor malignant, but critically helpful and ready to take over the constructive task if by any reason he presently falters and fails. The true task of an opposition in a democratic state is not the frustration of government but its criticisms and the preparation of alternative methods. There is too much mere carping at the President in able and experienced circles, too much watchful waiting, and not enough collateral response to the forces that are driving toward reconstructive effort.

The raucous voices, let it be remembered, are the residual heirs of America; America in default falls to them; they are the natural, final masters of negative, inarticulate men. If America does not go high and resolute and proud, consciously taking the leadership of mankind in the realization of a new way of living, she will go low and she will drag the world down with her. She will develop enormous internal stresses unless she rouses herself to a sustained, far-reaching, constructive aim; she may presently see one Boss ruling here, and another there, and aimless bickerings and social and civil war breaking out between region and region. The only way out for America and for mankind is up.

Handsome new escort!



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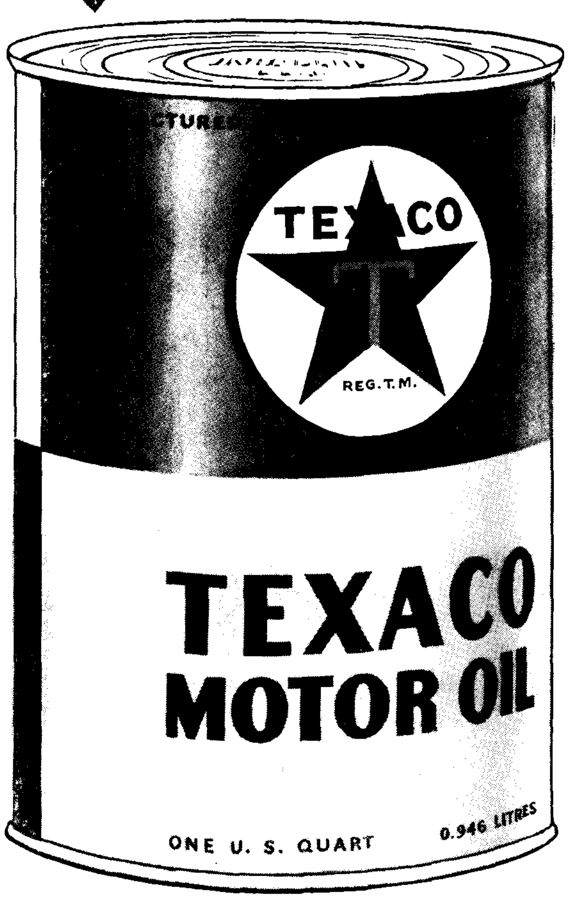
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The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 20

possessed white stripes or something to distinguish it from other dinner suits.

"Hayes," he exclaimed as the door was closed behind him, "this looks to me like another mare's nest!"

Lincoln Hayes pointed to a side table upon which refreshments were set.

"Help yourself, Maguire. Good of you to bother. But I don't know who else to ask."

"You're welcome," growled Maguire, helping himself to an enormous tot of whisky. "We're friends, young Hayes, as your father and I were friends. If I can't do a job when you ask me, then that all means nothing."

"Thanks," said Lincoln Hayes.

"I have to act under cover," Maguire went on, taking a cigar from the big cedar-wood box, "for, strictly speaking, this job doesn't belong in the police department at all."

"Know it."

"So do I. Acting officially, say on a complaint from the Egyptian police, the boys could demand a parade of Donoghue's outfit. Short of it, although from your description I could spot him at a mile range, it's pretty hopeless to try to identify this white bird who calls himself Mr. Mick. To begin with, you've no evidence that his passport was in that name."

LINCOLN HAYES considered for a moment, and then:

"That's true," he admitted.

"One of those funny names that would naturally disarm suspicion. Nobody would suspect a man of adopting it."

"What about the ship's people?"

"Mm, yes," Maguire admitted, grudgingly, carefully snipping the end of his cigar. "But it's pretty easy to write in under a name on a passport, 'trade name,' or 'pen name, Mr. Mick,' and scratch it out afterwards."

"Guess that's done sometimes?"

"Guess so," said Maguire dryly. "But that's neither here nor there. Whoever he is—he's no Mr. Mick."

He extracted a sheaf of notes from an inside pocket of his dinner jacket.

"Results are: Mr. Mick—nil. Other inquiries certainly return curious facts, so that," he admitted reluctantly, "after all, there may be something in it."

"What facts, Maguire?"

"Dr. Steiner, Lobb's technician, was on vacation. He was suddenly recalled three days ago."

"May mean nothing."

"It may or it mayn't! Second point: Since his return, he's been living at Lobb's experimental laboratory down in New Jersey. Third point: In addition to the barbed wire which surrounds the whole place, as you may know, there are now armed guards, and I'm told, but I haven't confirmed it, dogs at night."

"What!"

Maguire blew cigar smoke into the air, then took an appreciative drink from his tumbler.

"I'll admit this much," he said; "there's a certain movement around the Lobb quarters. I don't say it's connected with what you tell me, but there's movement there."

"Failed to reply to personal letter," said Lincoln Hayes. "When I called, was out. . . ."

Stefanson burst into the library unannounced.

"Hello!" Maguire exclaimed. "What's this?"

Stefanson wore a leather overcoat, his mane of fair hair was wildly disheveled. He peered about him through the heavy lenses of his spectacles in a state of obvious excitement.

"Glad you're back," said Lincoln Hayes, and pressed a bell.

"Hayes!" Stefanson burst out. "Greatorex and I only got back half an hour ago. The flying was great. We saw them from miles off. They've got rows of arcs swung in an open field, more than half a mile from the laboratory or any of the outbuildings—and the place was alive with workmen!"

"Rush job," Lincoln Hayes murmured thoughtfully.

"This is getting interesting," said Maguire.

"You know what it looks like to me?" Stefanson asked, peering from face to face.

"No."

"They seem to be building a tower."

"Building a tower?"

Maguire glared at him almost ferociously.

"Looked like that. We could see scaffolding, and figures moving about on it—at least *I* could, through my glasses. But I didn't have long to look."

Lincoln Hayes came from behind the big table and, crossing, helped himself to a drink. Over his shoulder:

"Why not?" he asked.

"We were chased!"

"What!"

"You know Lobb has a flying field near by? Well, it was suddenly lighted up, and I saw a small plane taking off!"

"Whew!" whistled Maguire. "What in thunder's going on there!"

"Don't know. Something very hot. This scout was fast. He chased us for miles."

Maguire turned to Lincoln Hayes

"I think you know more about this than I do," he added, "and I can see what you're afraid of. Steiner has got hold of a perfect lamp. He has grasped the principle. He's a brilliant man. What he plans to do is this: to build such a lamp on a magnified scale. . . ."

There was a short, complete silence.

"If you are right," said Maguire, "evidently they have got light from the lamp in their possession. They wouldn't start big-scale experiments otherwise."

"Suspect they have," came Hayes' monotone. "It's to shield it from onlookers that they are taking all these precautions."

"But I've something else to say," boomed Maguire. "If Steiner, and you think he's a bright lad, knows, as you seem to know, Stefanson, that this thing acts like a thunderstorm, is he going to be fool enough to take a chance?"

Stefanson peered eagerly at the speaker, and then:

"He may think he can insulate it," he replied; "in fact, he may have succeeded."

"Oh!"

Maguire dropped ash from his cigar into a bronze bowl.

There was a rap on the door and Rorke and Ann came in; they had been to a theater. Ann looked about her eagerly.

"Any news, Lincoln?"

"Yes," Hayes answered, "there's a certain development."

"QUICK! Jump! Behind those bushes!" The night was clear but moonless, and the bushes indicated were merely a deeper shadow in the darkness. Two figures darted across the narrow road. There was a muffled curse, a sound of stumbling, and:

"I'm in a ditch, sir, and it ain't too soft," came in a cockney voice.

"Quiet! Watch for the headlights."

The nonchalant tones of the second speaker might have been identified by one who knew Lincoln Hayes, but, could one have seen the pair, their closest friends would have failed to recognize either the president of Western States Electric, or Slim, his town chauffeur. They presented the down-and-out appearance of two workmen who had known no work for many weary months. Hayes groped and touched Slim.

"Hurt?"

"No, sir."

Hayes, crouching low behind the bush, peered out intently. He was watching the road. They had had ample warning of the approach of the car, for it was a lonely spot. And now came the glare of the headlights. It illuminated a high, barbed-wire fence on the other side and lighted up the dusty road.

"Down!" snapped Hayes. "Duck."

The car swept by, leaving them covered in dust.

"Blimy, guv-nor—'e was goin' some!"

"See the man beside the driver?"

"I did."

"Who was it?"

"Mr. Mick."

"Right."

THEY scrambled onto the road again. Any doubt which might have remained in Hayes' mind, and there was little, now was dispelled.

The stolen Lamp was in the possession of Simon Lobb!

"Much farther, Slim, to the point you marked?"

"About another quarter mile, sir."

They trudged on. Following the brief illumination of the car lights, the night seemed darker than ever. Perhaps in a sense, Hayes reasoned, the chief object of the expedition had been accomplished. This had been to obtain working data, or data upon which some action could be taken, to the effect that the missing Lamp was actually in Simon Lobb's hands.

"One of Lobb's cars, Slim?"

"Yes, sir."

The presence of the man, Mick, under these circumstances was practically conclusive evidence.

And now, as they went trudging along the narrow, dusty road, Slim suddenly touched Lincoln Hayes' arm.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but do you notice a feelin' like—"

"Like what?"

"Like there was *somebody else* with us?"

The man spoke aggressively, but his tone masked a hidden fear.

Hayes pulled up and stared at his companion in the darkness. He realized that Slim had put into words a vague impression, hitherto indefinable, which had been creeping upon his own mind. Now, standing still, he was listening.

That vague, distant murmur which belongs to a countryside pierced by arterial roads alone was discernible. Otherwise, the night was still.

"It's the silence, Slim," he said quietly. "Just a fancy."

"It may be, sir, but I've still got it."

They pressed on, and now, undeniably, Hayes began to get it; an idea which seemed to be conveyed to his brain through no known sense, but a definite idea, that there was a *third member* of the party!

"There's somebody just a'ead, sir," Slim said suddenly. "Two paces a'ead!"

Then they pulled up and stood still, staring in front of them. Darkness. A vague, sketchy outline of posts and barbed wire on the right, shadowed bushes on the left, and the dusty whiteness of the road about their feet. Otherwise, nothing.

"Know what you mean, Slim," said Hayes. "But this part of Lobb's property practically a ditch in winter. Long, narrow hollow. Echoes."

"I hope it is, sir; I don't like it."

Once again they proceeded.

"'Ere's the point. Now we 'ave to look out for the dogs."

They halted.

"Don't light your torch," Hayes directed tonelessly. "Must grope our way to point. Do dogs roam all over the property?"

"No, sir; not from what I've seen. There's a very thick thorn 'edge, the original 'edge, sir, twelve feet back of the barbed wire. It's in the gap between the two the dogs are loose."

"Spotted this last night?"

"Yes, sir, and night before."

"Hello!"

They became quite silent, then:

"There *is* someone near us!" Slim whispered.

At which moment, before Hayes could reply, came a distant, angry barking, the noise growing ever louder.

"Scented!" Hayes muttered.

Nearer and nearer came the angry dogs, a pack of Alsatians, as the wolf note indicated.

"Back to the ditch!" Hayes snapped out the order with some energy. "Down flat and lie still."

They groped their way across, tearing their ragged topcoats upon thorns, but finally found a place where they could lie down. The dogs were now within thirty yards.

"Look, sir, look!" Slim whispered. "There's someone running on the *other side* of the barbed wire!"

Lincoln Hayes stared through the darkness, to which his eyes were becoming accustomed. He could not be sure, could not trust his own eyesight. Certainly, perhaps an illusion created by Slim's excited words, a vague, misty figure did seem to pass like a wraith along against the shadow of the distant hedge. Then came the dogs.

Hayes fully expected that they would pull up in an angry howling bunch immediately facing the spot where they were hidden. Remembering that, according to Slim, there was a fault in the barbed wire at this point, he had his hand upon his automatic, anticipating that some of the dogs might get through. What happened left him speechless with wonder.

The dogs went by like a wolf pack in full cry, racing past the point at which he and Slim were hidden, as though ignorant of their existence! They were on some other scent. West they swept, full twenty strong, and the formidable sound of them died away in the night.

"Gosh," said Slim, "*what* are they followin'?"

"Don't know." Hayes sprang up. "But now is our chance."

"I shall 'ave to use me light."

"Go ahead, Slim; got to jump."

THEY ran across the road and Slim directed a ray from his light on the powerful entanglement which bordered the Lobb property.

"Here you are, sir. It don't want much more cuttin'."

There was a ragged gap in the fortifications, but not quite wide enough to permit of the passage of a man's body. Lincoln Hayes whipped out a wire-cutter and, while Slim held the light, enlarged the opening, gingerly pressing back the jagged ends until:

"Get through now," he said. "In you go."

They crawled through and found themselves in the narrow belt between the barbed wire and the equally impassable hedge.

"How far the first gate?"

"Three hundred yards, sir, this way."

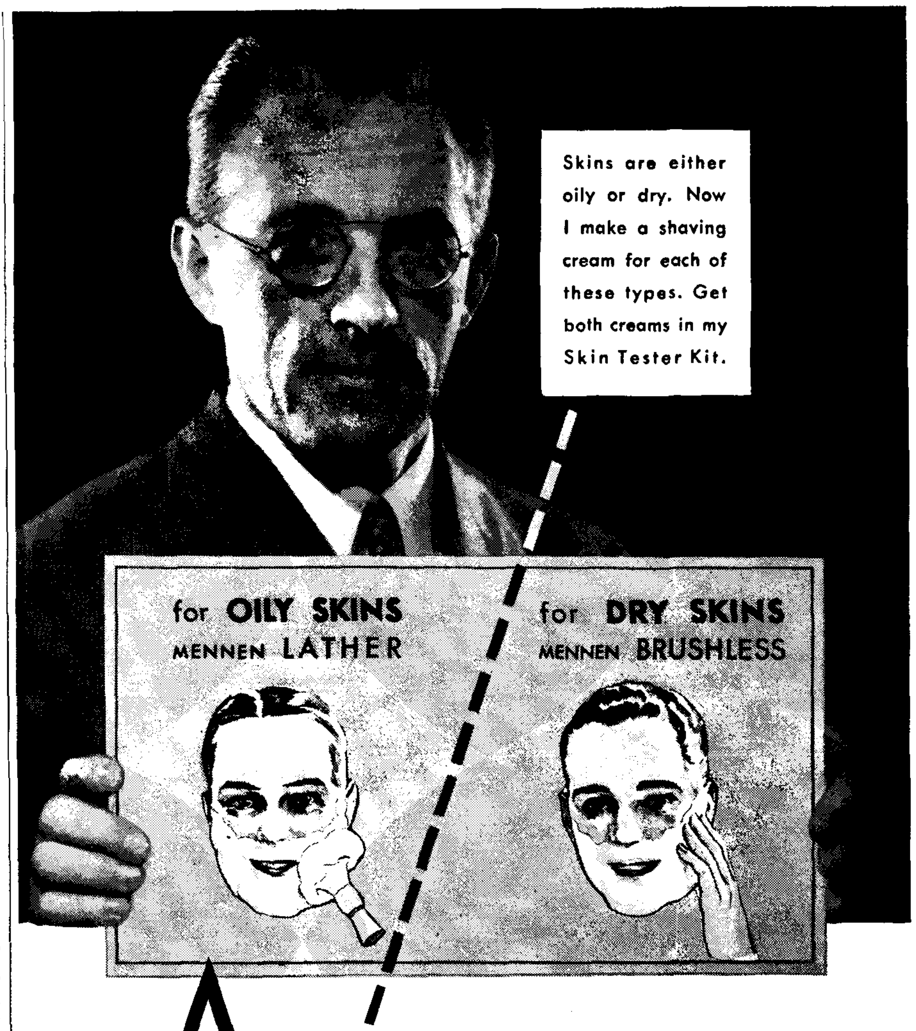
"Lead," Hayes directed. "Keep light on."

They proceeded at a steady trot for all of three hundred yards.

"Here's the gate!" Slim panted.

A high, closely barred gate, pad-

(Continued on page 42)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"ONE man's *shave* may be another's poison. Yes sir. All faces aren't alike. Not by a long shot. No more are all skins alike. Actually, skins are divided into two main types—Oily and Dry. And each type needs its own especial *type of shave*. Prove this in just two shaving-mornings, by trying out the two types of Mennen Shaving Cream you get in my skin tester kit.

"Mennen *Lather* Shave is especially for men with *oily* skins. It loosens deeply imbedded oil and grease deposits, washes out over-active pores. Makes skin healthier, smoother—better able to take it. Leaves it feeling fresh—and looking fine.

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"WE'VE often thought of having a nervous breakdown about this. It's so baffling. The thing we can't fathom is: men certainly know they perspire. Well then, why don't they know what comes next—disagreeable underarm odor? We love to dance, but given our choice between dancing with a man who doesn't use Mum, and sitting alone in a corner—the corner, please."

• • • • •

That's what their letters say, men. Scores of them every day. And after all, there is some justice in their complaint.

The first thing you should understand is that your morning shower can't protect you from underarm perspiration odor later in the day.

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Mum is harmless to clothing, soothing to skin. It doesn't prevent perspiration. Just the disagreeable odor of it.

Make Mum a daily habit. Keep a jar in the bathroom; carry one in your traveling bag. All toilet counters have it. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 74 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WHEN YOUR FEET PERSPIRE AND BURN
Mum will soothe and cool them. Prevents every trace of odor and keeps hose and shoe linings fresher.

(Continued from page 41)

locked, occupied a gap in the hedge.

"Over you go."

"Take the light, sir."

Slim scaled the gate and dropped on the other side.

"Pass the light through to me, sir."

A few moments later Lincoln Hayes stood beside Slim.

"Light out."

They were out of reach of the dogs for the time being. They were also without the law and on the private property of Simon Lobb!

"What we've got to look out for now," said Slim, "is the guards."

"Prefer guards to dogs," Hayes said.

"The field w'ere the work's goin' on, sir, is 'arf a mile from this 'ere point."

"Where's the laboratory?"

"We 'ave to pass it to reach the field."

"Going to be tricky. Daren't use the light any more."

Up to their knees in undergrowth, they pressed on to where the ground sloped sharply upward. Over a dimly visible crest a belt of light glowed against the dark background.

"That light be the flying ground, Slim?"

"May be, sir; or the men at work on the tower. I don't think it's far away enough for the flying field."

"Good."

THEY waded on, silent except for hard breathing, and presently came to the top of the slope. Here they pulled up and a queer prospect confronted them.

A series of long, low buildings lay in a hollow below. Only one of these buildings showed any light. Hayes guessed it to be the experimental laboratory. There were some tall radio masts; and a jumble of what looked like yards and garages away down to the left. Beyond, the ground rose again. Work was in progress under the glare of a number of arc lamps.

An odd structure, resembling, as he saw it, the first platform of the Eiffel Tower, rose strangely amid a nest of scaffolding. Active figures could be seen moving about under the glare of the arcs.

Lincoln Hayes focussed a pair of small glasses.

It was difficult to make out with certainty of what the structure was composed, but as seen through the glasses it strangely resembled a metal tripod, and even more strangely resembled a colossal reproduction of that ancient Egyptian curiosity, long enshrined in the Metropolitan Museum, but now destroyed—the Hayes Lamp!

Hayes slipped the glasses back into his pocket and turned to Slim. A muted sound of hammering and riveting reached them from the scene of activity.

"What are you thinking, Slim?"

"About the dogs, sir."

"So am I."

"If I may say so, sir, that was a bit o' luck, w'otever we owe it to!"

"Quite! Let's make the building."

They pressed on down the long slope. To Hayes, who had spent so many months upon the quest of the secret of the Light, it was a queer thought that, in the eleventh hour, Simon Lobb, not merely his commercial opponent but an active enemy, although his activity was cunningly masked, should have succeeded. Yet, on his own part, it was not enmity that urged Hayes to destroy Lobb's enterprise. Lobb had pointedly avoided an interview, because Lobb was incapable of understanding motives other than his own. . . .

A faint sound disturbed his trend of thought.

"Take cover," he whispered urgently; "down flat."

A plane flying very low and carrying a Lobb searchlight came up over the crest!

In the short time at their disposal, both men had taken to cover scientifically; Slim was indistinguishably enveloped in a low bush; Lincoln Hayes, hacking with his wire-cutter, had successfully covered himself with weeds and tangled grass. The light passed over them and on; there was no indication that they had been seen.

"Keep quiet," Hayes warned. "Guards may be following the plane."

For fully five minutes they lay there, and then:

"Think we might move," said Hayes.

In the darkness they slipped off their ragged topcoats. Both wore workmen's overalls beneath. With their artificially dirtied faces and hands they were a typical looking pair of mechanics.

"Once among the sheds," said Hayes tonelessly, "we act in the open. Leave the coats."

Ten minutes later they reached the first of the outbuildings. It had no visible windows. But as their feet gritted on the ash path, two men appeared around the corner of the shed, carrying a long girder. The leader of the pair observed Hayes and Slim in the darkness.

"Truck just in," he shouted. "They're waiting up there. Get busy."

Hayes squeezed Slim's arm significantly. They walked around the corner of the building as far as the open door. By the light of two lanterns, a heavy-jowled man, evidently a foreman, was supervising the removal of another girder by two workmen. Hayes drew Slim back.

"Too risky," he whispered. "Man with that face will know all his gang."

They had not been observed, and as they crept away:

"Follow men with girder," said Hayes. "All we want is a glimpse of work."

They proceeded in the direction of that still distant field where arc lamps split the darkness. A truck was being loaded with girders, but they cautiously circled around it. There was a well-made path; it led by the long, low building from which they had seen light stream out. The lighted windows, however, were evidently on the other side.

"Round here," said Hayes.

THEY left the path and waded through undergrowth, presently finding themselves on a strip of sloping grass upon which the light from a number of windows shone out. They crept towards the first of these windows and looked in.

The place was a long, low workshop, or laboratory, at the moment unoccupied. There were a number of workbenches and a wealth of apparatus. Nothing was visible of any importance in regard to their investigation. Waiting until the small lorry with its load of girders had passed, they resumed their way towards the lighted area.

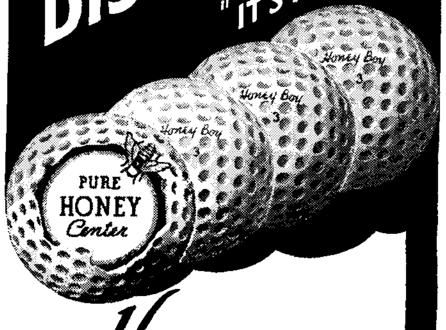
Several workmen they met going in the other direction, but these seemed to accept their presence as quite normal. And so at last, unchallenged, they reached the scene of operations.

This consisted, as Hayes had seen through his glasses, of a sort of tall metal tower set in the center of a large meadow. At the point where the ash path reached the meadow, its place was taken by planking which led to the foot of the tower. A wooden shed, open on one side, stood just right of this point. It was lighted up, and at a trestle table three men were seated, bending over a plan.

"Round back of here," whispered Hayes.

They darted clear of the path just as a group of workmen came along it, and took cover in the shadow of the shed. Lincoln Hayes, warning Slim to stay where he was, crept on and on around

IT'S TOUGHER WITH ADDED DISTANCE... "IT'S A HONEY"



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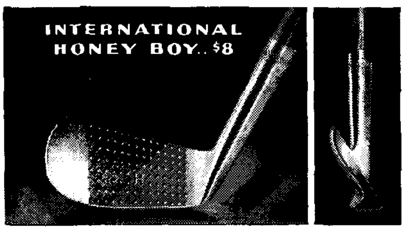


the corner, until finally he reached a point where, although hidden from observation, he could, by listening intently, hear something of the conversation taking place inside the shed. . . .

In the main it proved to be incomprehensible. He discovered that the three men were Simon Lobb, Dr. Steiner and a certain Mr. Martin, possibly Steiner's assistant.

He directed his attention to the strange building being created away there to the right. Impossible to doubt that it was a giant reproduction of the Hayes Lamp!

Someone else had come in—evidently to make a report.

"The dogs behaved very strangely tonight, Mr. Lobb. They seem to have chased someone around three sides of the fencing. Jefferson reports they are tired out. The guards found no trace. Leibig went up and searched the whole area with a light—but no result."

"I don't like it," came the oily voice, which Hayes recognized as that of Simon Lobb. "Hayes isn't twiddling his thumbs, whatever Donoghue may say. It's only a matter of days, now, isn't it, Steiner?"

Steiner's reply was drowned by the sound of another truck which now came along the path. Six men who traveled with it proceeded to unload kegs and carried them along the planking towards the arc-lighted structure.

Hayes rejoined Slim.

"Where we make our getaway," he said. "Try back the way we came."

THEIR working kit had served them on the scene of operations, but this disguise was unlikely to afford any advantage once they struck out across open country for the barbed wire. Extreme caution was indicated.

Once, by good fortune, they sighted a guard, his rifle across his arm, silhouetted against the dim sky-line. They lay still, and he moved on to the south, not having seen them. And so at last they came to the gate in the hedge.

They stood there for a while, breathing hard and listening keenly.

There was nothing to indicate the presence of the dogs.

"We'll risk it. Come on, Slim."

They scaled the high gate and dropped on to the path. Slim did not wait for the order to run. Shining his light upon the ground before him, he set out at a terrific pace. Lincoln Hayes did likewise. They reached the gap in the barbed wire and found themselves once more on the high road.

"If dogs came now," said Hayes, "they'd pour through there like a cataract."

"It's my idea, sir, to keep on runnin'."

He proceeded to illustrate his idea.

SIMON LOBB'S study in his Fifth Avenue apartment might have struck a critical observer as a burlesque, on a smaller scale, of the big library in the Hayes home. Its form was somewhat similar, including the open hearth and the big writing table. In fact, it was notorious, among those who knew the man that Simon Lobb sought to copy as he sought to rival Lincoln Hayes. Background and inspiration were lacking.

The ornaments upon the bookcases were garish modern pieces; the books were all, without exception, magnificently bound, but had obviously never been taken from the shelves; the rugs were too bright; the appointments of the big writing table glittered voluptuously. Lobb himself was a fine-looking man, but at forty-five he had run heavily to flesh. He had that personality which always seems to be overdressed. Later the same night, or, rather, early the following morning, found him seated at this writing table, smoking a cigar larger than any which Lincoln Hayes ever attempted.

In an armchair, staring at the florid face of his chief, sat Dr. Steiner, a stockily built man, nearly quite bald, but with a fine head. He wore horn-rimmed spectacles and had the appearance of a German professor. Seated in another chair, and also staring at Simon Lobb, was a thin, pale little man, having a very earnest expression. Any member of Lincoln Hayes' party would have identified him as Mr. Mick.

"I don't understand," said Simon Lobb, in his full, unctuous voice, "why you should blather about those other dangers! *What* other dangers?"

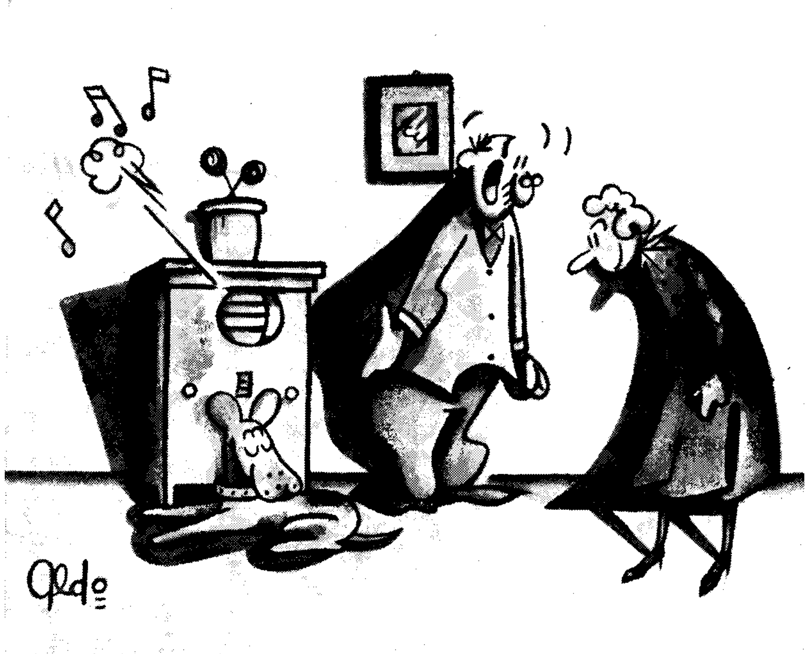
"To me"—Dr. Steiner had a slight accent—"it is inexplicable."

"Because, Doctor," said Mr. Mick, "you are only thinking of the opposition of Lincoln Hayes. I tell you there is worse opposition."

"You haven't heard the whole story, Steiner," Lobb interjected.

"I know its essentials," the doctor protested, glancing at Mr. Mick. "How he secured the marked map and the

(*Continued on page 44*)



"Look, Lucy, he's listenin' to his dog biscuits program!" ALDO

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The burning rays that bake court and fairway, beat down on your scalp—dry out its nourishing oils, leave your hair bleached, brittle and lifeless. Your reviving plunge or shower completes the damage, washing away the last trace of the natural oils so necessary to your hair's health and its good looks.

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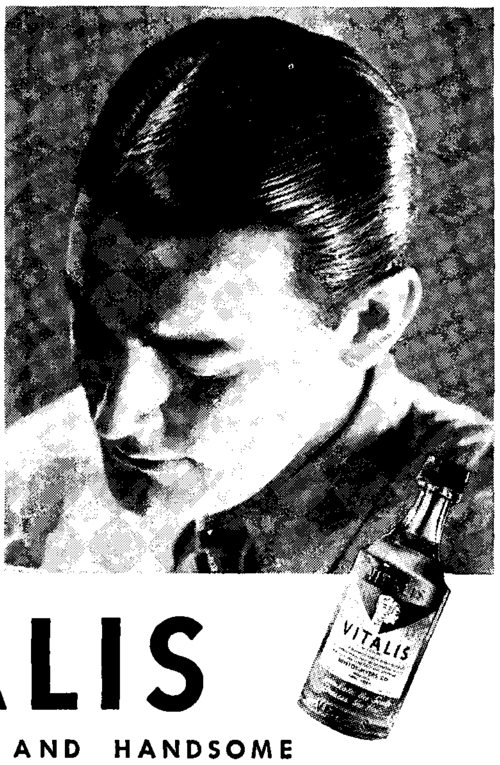

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(Continued from page 43)

notes on the ship, and dispatched them to us here. Later, how he attached himself to Lincoln Hayes' party and finally found himself in the monastery from which he succeeded in obtaining the Lamp."

"That's not all," Lobb broke in excitedly. "He was covering Lincoln Hayes, you understand. And a woman, a beautiful woman, from his account, led Hayes through yards and yards of passages in the middle of the night, and he followed."

"Very interesting," Steiner murmured.

"They came to a secret temple, all stage-lighted. Isn't that right?"

"It is true," Mr. Mick declared; "it was awful."

"Didn't awe you enough to make you forget your job," Steiner said.

Simon Lobb laughed gutturally, and poured out another drink for himself, without offering any to his guests.

"It was a great, echoing place," said Mr. Mick; "I won't try to describe it to you, Doctor—"

"Thanks," said Dr. Steiner.

"But Hayes and the woman went in there; I was barefooted and I crept in after them. I started exploring and the first thing I saw in a side room was a row of lamps. I just grabbed one at random, and made away."

"Very wise," murmured Dr. Steiner.

"I guess it wasn't missed right away, because I got clear down to Siwa with it. But directly my plane landed at Heliopolis, I made fast going. I know that territory well and how to move quick. I was in Cherbourg days ahead of any ocean transport. I just made my ship."

"You have done wonders about it," said Simon Lobb, "you and Donoghue's. But although you've tipped me off about Hayes' recent movements, I think you would be wise now to blot yourself out. In a few weeks' time you could show your face again."

"Good advice," said Dr. Steiner, dryly.

MR. MICK bowed and was about to go; at the door he paused, and turning:

"I think, Mr. Lobb," he said, "as you have been so generous to me, I ought to emphasize the fact again that Lincoln Hayes is not your only enemy."

"You've said that twice," said Dr. Steiner; "make your meaning clear."

"Very well." Mr. Mick's weak voice changed; his appearance changed. The bulldog strength which underlay that mild manner came suddenly to the surface. "I will. You employed me through Donoghue's, and profited by my work. I've worked hard and done my job well—"

And as he stood in the open doorway, looking back, he presented the figure of a particularly dangerous little man. Neither Steiner nor Lobb spoke.

"You have paid me well," he went on. "I don't deny it. But now that my work's done, you treat me as though it had been dirty work. I'm going to tell you this: it's no dirtier than your own. I'm going to tell you something else, although you don't deserve to hear it. The man you have to fear is called Mohammed Ahmes Bey. I haven't met him myself, and I don't want to, but I know about him. In telling you that, I've earned every dollar you've ever paid me. Good night."

He went out, closing the door behind him.

"Nasty fellow," muttered Lobb.

"Smartest agent Donoghue's ever had," said Dr. Steiner.

A curious silence followed Mr. Mick's departure, and then:

"Help yourself to a drink, Steiner," said Simon Lobb thickly. "There are points about this thing that I don't altogether like. The Lamp works—we've had it alight. What did it do—blind us!"

Dr. Steiner moved quietly to a side table and helped himself to a highball.

"Simply because we were not prepared for its astonishing candle power," he replied. "My calculations are now complete. When the pylon is ready, unless we have made some grave error of orientation, which I do not believe, we shall be able to produce a light there, adequate to illuminate—when suitably placed—the whole of Manhattan."

Simon Lobb rubbed his fat hands together.

"It sounds like a madman's dream," he said, "but I have seen the light from that little lamp, produced without any power, without any cost."

DR. STEINER sipped appreciatively from his tumbler.

"You are about to see something," he replied, his voice guttural but very authoritative, "which means that the name of Simon Lobb will overshadow that of any man in Europe or America."

"There doesn't seem to be any evidence that Hayes is working along the same lines?"

"Obviously, he is not."

"Yet somebody flew over the New Jersey works and was never identified. And there was an alarm earlier tonight."

"That's true," said Steiner quietly. "But in view of our rapid development I think we can afford to forget it."

"You don't attach any importance to what we may call the Egyptian side of the business?"

"None whatever."

"If Mohammed Ahmes Bey, whoever he may be—"

"A mere name."

"Nevertheless, now that our plans are complete, I think we were wise to bring the Lamp here tonight."

Dr. Steiner smiled slightly and unlocked a stout attaché case which stood upon the floor beside his chair.

"Will you open the safe, Lobb?" he said.

Simon Lobb stood up and selected a key from a bunch which he carried; he stepped out from behind the table and swung open a secret safe concealed behind one of the bookcases. Dr. Steiner from the bag took out the stolen lamp. It was contained in a polished wooden case made specially to protect it.

"Don't remove it from the case," said Steiner warningly, "at any time."

"Not likely."

Lobb placed the precious object in the recessed safe and stood looking at it and rubbing his hands.

"I'm dashing back now," said Dr. Steiner. "I shan't leave the laboratory again until the job is finished. . . ."

Simon Lobb nodded. He scarcely knew that Steiner had left, so absorbed was he in contemplation of the wonder lying in the safe, when there came a rap on the door.

"Yes?" Lobb's voice was suddenly excited. "Who is it?"

The door opened and his Cuban butler came in.

"A gentleman to see you, sir, by appointment."

Lobb stooped to close the safe.

"I have no other appointment tonight."

"Pardon me, Mr. Lobb," came a deep voice.

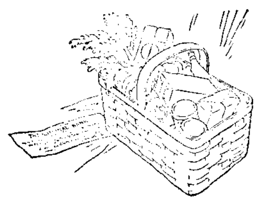
The butler vainly tried to bar the way. But a tall man wearing evening dress and a French cape swept him aside and entered the study.

"Who are you?"

"I am called Mohammed Ahmes Bey."

At which moment there was a blinding flash—and the study became plunged in darkness.

(To be concluded next week)



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A Strong, Safe Man

Continued from page 8

"Still—"

"No." Sue felt herself a weak thing next this determination.

"It isn't really as bad as you make out," she began. "Practically every débutante in town poses and all the social register is busy endorsing things, and—" His expression of extreme distaste stopped her and she could think of nothing, only marvel that this wondrous being beside her should belong to such a poor thing as herself. No wonder he hated publicity. He was above it always.

They went on with their lunch. "Aren't you tired? Don't you want to toddle home and rest?" he asked when at length they emerged into the dull world once more.

"I must go up to the office a minute, to United Models and Advertisers. No, I'm not tired." But it was lovely to have him think of it, to have him there looking after her.

THEY drew up before the Travis Building and their lovely hour was over. "It has been so heavenly," Sue said.

A girl with a mahogany-colored head and fringed, mahogany-colored eyes was leaving the swinging doors. "Why, Sue!" she cried and embraced her with extravagant zeal. "I'm just back from the South. Been showing frocks in Palm Beach. So swell seeing everyone again."

"This is Mr. Cowdray. George, you must have seen Miss Honnele in magazines—Riva Honnele." Sue had never liked Riva Honnele. She liked her no better now. "Thanks for bringing me down," she said, giving George her hand. "I am late. I must fly."

"Goodby for the moment," he murmured.

"Such a beautiful girl, and the sweetest disposition," cooed Riva, left alone with Mr. Cowdray.

"She surely is," he agreed warmly. "Are you going my way?"

That appeared to be a splendid idea. Riva entered Mr. Cowdray's taxi while Sue went on to the office of United Models.

Miss Braing, the secretary, glanced up at her from the telephone, then down again. "Vaski has just been on the phone," she said. "About that colored shot for tomorrow. He wants to use some apple-green chiffon dinner frock or other that you showed him."

"It is the loveliest color," Sue said; "it should photograph marvelously." She stood silent a moment, her eyes on the ever-busy Miss Braing. "I wanted to tell you," she said, in a small voice. "This is probably the last photograph I shall do. I am planning to give up my work as a model."

The cryptic Miss Braing, with her precise, efficient manner, glanced up. "What do you mean—give it up? You've only just started. Don't be ridiculous."

"I'm going to—to marry."

"Oh-h!" moaned Miss Braing like a chapter from Job. This was too much. She suffered for a time in silence, then she began to draw on her reserves. "Well, that's all right, too," she said, "but it isn't," she said, gently shoving Sue back on the track, "any reason for giving up your work."

"I'm afraid it is. Mr. Cowdray is awfully opposed to publicity and all publicity seeking."

"My stars! Mr. Cowdray objects!" said Miss Braing in a tone as if Mr. Cowdray were something that spoiled overnight. "And who," she said acidly, "is this Mr. Cowdray?" But she knew.

"Very well," she said. "I'm sorry." For she was a wise woman and she had been through this sort of thing before.

Later she called up Rodney Brooks. "I'm frightfully sorry about this," she said.

"It isn't your fault," he vouchsafed. "It's the will of God, I suppose."

"I think we'd better start a matrimonial agency out and out," said Miss Braing morosely. In the silence each looked glum at respective telephones. Miss Braing pushed back her hair and tried to think of a way out. "What about your talking to this Cowdray creature?" she suggested.

"No go," said Mr. Brooks, offhand. "You can't talk sense to a museum piece like that." But as he said the words he suddenly stiffened. "Sa-ay!" he breathed. "I wonder." He slapped the desk and the mound of layouts it held. "Listen, Miss Braing," he said, "I think you have an idea. I believe I'll do just that thing—talk to Cowdray."

"Well, it won't do any harm, I should think," said Miss Braing reasonably and hung up.

Mr. Brooks thoughtfully replaced the receiver. In his mind were visions of Mr. Cowdray charging down the field with a football to the applause of thousands. He thought about Mr. Cowdray and his splendid Nordic head as it had appeared for years in sports pages devoted to prep school and college athletics. And it didn't take any sixth sense to remind Mr. Brooks that for many years Mr. Cowdray had basked in the limelight. . . .

"Yes, I might talk to George," said Mr. Brooks to himself, and his eyes narrowed slightly. Cowdray the hero. Cowdray, who always put so much showmanship into anything he played. . . .

"Well." He picked up the telephone again and called Sue Harmon. "Listen," he said, "don't tell Vaski that you are leaving. It may cool his enthusiasm for the picture he's doing from you tomorrow. This is the last one you'll do for us, so let's make it a honey."

"I see," said Sue. She experienced a definite emotional jolt at his calm acceptance of her withdrawal. He had become used to the idea very quickly, she thought.

"We're making a complete change of type while we're about it," he said casually. "We are going to use a girl who screens dark."

A DREADFUL premonition came over Sue. "Have you someone especially in mind?"

"Riva Honnele. She ought to be a wow."

"Yes, she will be just the type," said Sue, with a catch of her breath, and hung up. It was as if by mutual agreement they had called the conversation off.

Sue did not move. Riva Honnele, the one girl in all the world whom she really and truly disliked and distrusted, was to take her place. . . .

She went up to the studio of Vaski, the best-known of all commercial photographers, the next day, feeling low.

"You are looking pious today," Vaski told her. "Swell way of doing your hair. You have nice ears. Treasure them, show them. Too few ears—"

He worked with his camera and his lights. Conversation was swept aside. There was concentration in the air.

"Lift your chin a little—" Vaski's voice came; "soften the arm along the chair back. . . ." She worked with him, she became part of him and of the camera. Sunlight glowed in her extraordi-

(Continued on page 46)

MYRA'S TURNED JIM DOWN, UNCLE, JUST BECAUSE HE'S A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
MYRA'S RIGHT. CARELESSNESS ABOUT "B.O." SHOWS LACK OF CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS ___
AND THAT'S A VERY UNDESIRABLE TRAIT IN A HUSBAND, MY DEAR. IT WRECKS MANY A MARRIAGE
YOU MEAN JIM MIGHT BE INCONSIDERATE IN OTHER WAYS, TOO? I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT
MIND YOU, I LIKE JIM. HE JUST DOESN'T REALIZE. I'LL TELL HIM ABOUT LIFEBUOY
LATER
WOW! THAT WAS PLAIN TALK FROM THE DOCTOR. I WON'T TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES WITH "B.O."
LIFEBUOY SURE STARTS THE DAY RIGHT! MAKES ME FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY_ FIT AS A FIDDLE
A YEAR LATER
"B.O." GONE_happily married!
JIM SPOILS ME, DOCTOR. HE'S SO CONSIDERATE!
GIVE THE DOCTOR THE CREDIT, DARLING. HE OPENED MY EYES TO A LOT OF THINGS
MY KID SISTER WANTS TO KNOW YOUR COMPLEXION SECRET
WHY, YOU KNOW MY SECRET IS JUST_LIFEBUOY

MILLIONS *know* that Lifebuoy means a lovelier complexion. They've seen their own skins clear and freshen—glow with new healthy radiance under its gentle, yet thorough cleansing. For Lifebuoy does *two* things for your complexion.

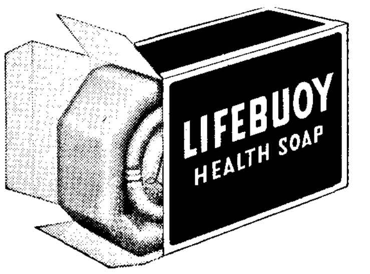
Its rich, penetrating lather *deep-cleanses* pores, washes away clogged impurities that dull the skin's natural clearness. Yet Lifebuoy is so mild and gentle, the most delicate complexion thrives on it. Tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps". No wonder millions say, "it agrees with my skin".

Summer's coming —beware "B. O."

Already we can feel the sun warmer. Soon we'll be perspiring under blazing summer heat. More than ever we'll need to guard against unforgivable "B. O." (*body odor*).

Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You'll enjoy your tub or shower as never before. Here's a soap that really *lathers*—gives quantities of it even in cold or hard water. This searching, purifying lather deodorizes pores, removes every trace of "B. O.", leaves you feeling gloriously clean and pepped up. You'll find that Lifebuoy's own pleasant hygienic scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

LIFEBUOY *stops* **"B.O."**
HEALTH SOAP (BODY ODOR)

What a shot...
What a shaft...
What a Player!

● 485 yards to the green ... 3 strokes behind ... a booming 255 yard drive and PLUNK ... a spoon shot drops into the cup. Golf history is made.

That amazing shot in the Masters Tournament at Augusta will serve as golf conversation for years to come.

Gene says: *"When I faced the shot I realized all it meant. I had to go for the pin. Luck or no luck, the shot went home—I had the first 'dodo' of my career. And you can tell the world for me that those dependable* TRUE TEMPER *Shafted Clubs gave me the confidence to try."*

Gene Sarazen

●

Insist on TRUE TEMPER *Shafts in your Clubs . . . All dealers and pros can supply you.*

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
Sporting Goods Division
Geneva, Ohio

TRUE TEMPER
STEEL golf SHAFTS

(Continued from page 45)

nary red-gold hair. Her eyes were pools of amber. She was alight with beauty, cool and proud. And tomorrow and tomorrow work would be gone. She would be Mrs. George Cowdray, taking the dachshunds out for a walk. . . . Mrs. George Cowdray waiting for her dominant mate in the cliffs of Park Avenue. . . . Brief domestic pictures flashing with Vaski's lights. George being a cave man year in and year out. . . .

"This is the last picture I shall do," she said suddenly.

Surprisingly, this was no news to Vaski. "Yes, Brooks broke it to me this morning," he said. "Sorry to lose you." But he wasn't broken up about it. It did not, you could see, make much difference to him one way or another!

"Well, you are giving up a real career," Vaski was saying, in jerks, busy with his plates. "You are by far the best model in town. I always hate to see anyone give up the thing at which he or she really excels. . . . But you've decided; there's no use trying to change your mind."

"It isn't really a career, do you think?"

"Anything's a career if you do it well and with all you have."

"I AM going to marry," Sue said. "My fiancé has never approved of my work as a model. He thinks one's face should be private property."

"That's a funny thing. Have you ever had anyone recognize you as the girl they see in posters and back covers?"

"No, I never have. It *is* queer, isn't it?"

"Seems to dispose of this theory of public and private property. However, that isn't the point. If this bozo doesn't want you to pose that's something between you two."

"I wouldn't do anything he didn't like."

"Certainly not. Though I think he's behind the times about this job of yours. It's an honest way to make a living and that seems to be the point with most models."

She stood up and looked around the studio. "I am glad," she said, "that my leaving does not upset you. Mr. Brooks was afraid it might."

"Sorry to have you go, of course," said Vaski politely. "But I try not to let things upset me." He moved a chair. "I'm using Riva Honnele for the series. She's coming in any time now to talk things over."

"You don't waste much time, do you?" said Sue bitterly.

"Not as a rule," said Mr. Vaski.

Sue went into the dressing-room. She laid aside her filmy green frock. She laid aside her public looks and her job and her sense of comradeship in work. Silly to feel chilly and desolate and suddenly an alien. For didn't she have George?

Outside she heard Vaski talking to someone and then Riva came in, with her voice that set one's nerves on edge and her reddish dark hair and her eyes like illuminated red plums.

"Hello, Riva," said Sue to her successor and walked out. She couldn't bear to stay, not for a second.

She walked out to say goodby to Vaski and there, in that studio of all places was, of all persons on earth, George Cowdray. Rodney Brooks was there too, but that was explicable. But George! How very extraordinary.

"Hello, Sue," said George importantly.

"Hello." But she was thinking, was deciding what was up, and then she saw: Mr. Brooks had brought George here to try to prevail upon him to let her go on posing, to show Vaski and her at work, to use all his skill and his persuasive selling ability upon the piece of adamant that was her future husband.

George was talking to Vaski, was looking at Vaski's cameras and complicated system of lights. And Rodney Brooks was grinning at her. She looked back coldly at his attractive, impudent face. So he imagined that he could get around George!

"I was just ready to go," she said to George. "I'm so glad you have come for me." George, talking to Vaski, did not hear her.

"Are you running along immediately or are you going to wait for Cowdray?" asked Mr. Brooks. "I have a taxi waiting downstairs. Glad to give you a lift."

"I am going with Mr. Cowdray," she said. "We have a date."

George turned at that. "Oh, listen, dear, do you mind waiting a bit? The fact is, I've come up to help out. To give a hand to Brooks."

"So, just as I thought," Sue told herself. Brooks had persuaded George to go this far, putting it up to him, of course, that it was for *her* sake. How she disliked that sort of thing!

She moved toward George. "I know what Mr. Brooks has asked you to do," she said. "And I know how you loathe doing it. You are sweet to give in just this once but you don't need to. I don't want to pose any more if you really don't want me to. I know you have only consented to agree because you think it important to me. And it isn't."

George cleared his throat fussily. Vaski, looking at her and slowly rubbing his nose, said nothing.

"So you see," said Sue, smiling and moving toward the door.

Mr. Brooks was there, looking at her with his cool, confident gray eyes which seemed to be mocking you, but you could never quite catch them at it. . . . She felt a tug at her heart. She was leaving him.

"Goodby," she said, looking up at him.

"So sorry if we've interfered with your engagement with Cowdray," he said apologetically. "But you won't hold it against us, I know. You see," he said, "we've had to rearrange all our plans for the campaign, and Cowdray, like a good scout, has consented to help us out."

SUE looked puzzled. "Help out," she said. What was he talking about? "Why, George—" she started. "That is really very nice of you but what can you—"

But Mr. Brooks was interrupting her. Mr. Brooks was saying things, strings of words she hardly heard: "—and he is going to pose for it."

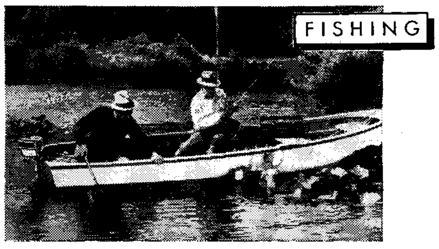
"What? What on earth?" But she looked at George, at Vaski, back again at Rod Brooks. She had been drawing on her gloves. She paused now in the act. "George is going to *what?*"

"To pose," said Mr. Brooks.

She turned to George. "Not for money, naturally," boomed George, erect and steady as a rock in appearance. That complacent voice. So pleased with itself. Pleased with itself as always. That voice which kept on saying things. Saying all the things that people always said when they were caught by news cameras, when they posed for, as they said, "Charity."

"It seems," he was going on and on and on, "that Brooks has a very fine product. He wishes to present it with dignity—"

"You know," said Rod Brooks gently to Sue, "we want a big-business executive. The strong, dynamic type. The sort of thing we can't get in a professional model. I've explained all that to Mr. Cowdray. He is used to being in the public eye—you recall how the papers were full of him in his college days. So he has consented to let us take a shot at him surrounded by paneled walls, in-



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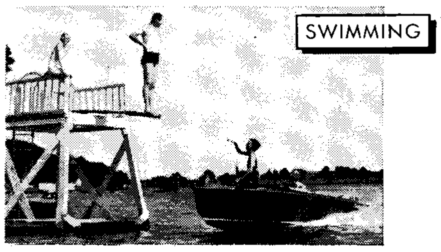

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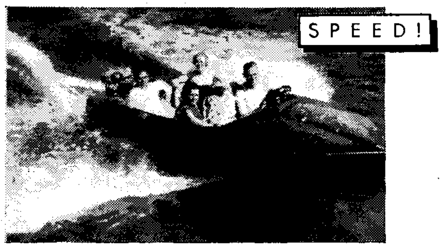

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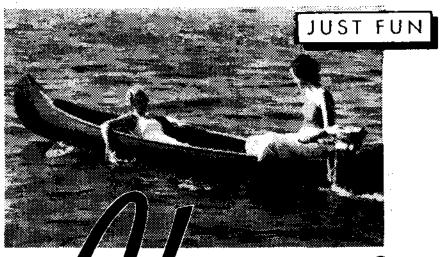

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laid desks, and so on." Sue listened. Somehow she did not hear it all. Somehow she was thinking of any number of other things. Things about George. . . . "It will all be on a very high plane," Rodney Brooks finished gravely.

She began saying stupidly, "Oh, yes, I see. Why, of course," but just stopped herself. She pulled on a glove, looking at George, who appeared pleased and who seemed to swell visibly. She pulled on the other glove and said nothing. Presently she raised her head and met Mr. Brooks' eyes.

He was no longer smiling. His mouth looked as if he might know what it was like to be struck in the face, his eyes looked as if they would refuse to notice the blow. And they also looked, as always, as if they liked her a lot. Vaski, behind her, suggested that Mr. Cowdray sit down and let him study him.

MR. COWDRAY sat down. Sue watched him and sat down also. Rodney Brooks walked across the room and examined some photographs which hung there. Sue sat still. She was tired, she was thinking on how small a space can be shown the map of a mental continent. She sat for quite a while looking at her gloved hands.

"Well," she sighed presently. And stood up.

She walked across the room to Vaski, Vaski, so wise and so still. "Mr. Cowdray ought to be a marvelous model," she said, "the very picture of a great executive." George did not look around. He was busy, turning his head this way and that for Vaski. George posing not as a necessity, not to use whatever gift fate had given him, but just for—vanity. And fooling himself as he did it!

Riva came out from the dressing-room. She flashed Sue a triumphant smile.

"Stand beside Mr. Cowdray," said Vaski. She did so, looking adoringly up into the face that turned to her, lofty and protective.

Mr. Brooks came back across the long room. "Well," he said to Sue, "shall we move on? Vaski does not want us under his feet." Vaski went on squinting and throwing back his head. "Glad to have you," he murmured absently. But George said nothing. Amiably, like a large St. Bernard, he was holding the pose.

Rod Brooks took Sue's arm, his hand closing firmly, and the door clicked behind them. "Great break, getting Cowdray to pose for us," he said with careless serenity, entering the elevator.

They had passed a dozen floors before she spoke. "Great," she said. She looked up at Mr. Brooks. He was incalculable. He was not crowing over her, he was not letting out anything. He wouldn't. She saw that he never would. He had some quiet thing in him, some quality that separated him from everybody else in the world.

The elevator stopped. She walked out. And he walked out also and out of the rather narrow limits she had set for his character.

"Do you really prefer to have Riva Honnele pose for this campaign?" she asked, standing at the curb. "I—I've been thinking—I'd rather like to go on." She kept her eyes from him, for they were full of tears.

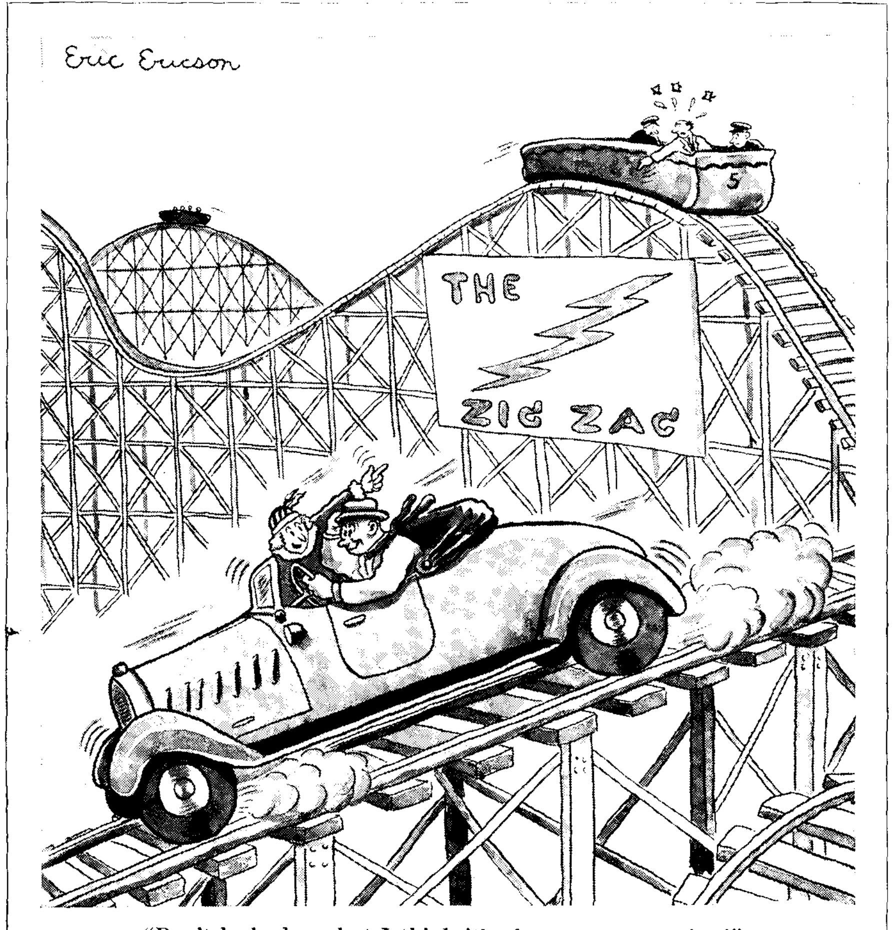
Obviously Mr. Brooks did not see them, for his voice was cheerful: "You *would?*" he cried. "Gosh, that's perfect." He signaled a taxi. They entered and his arm went around her. She looked straight ahead. What had happened? Who was this dependable stranger whose sure arm encircled and possessed her? How could you tell where frothy surface covered solid rock and where a firm crust broke under your feet into a fatuous custard?

Presently he pulled her toward him. "Put your head down on my shoulder," said Mr. Brooks, the realist. "Haven't you learned that you should always relax when you can?"

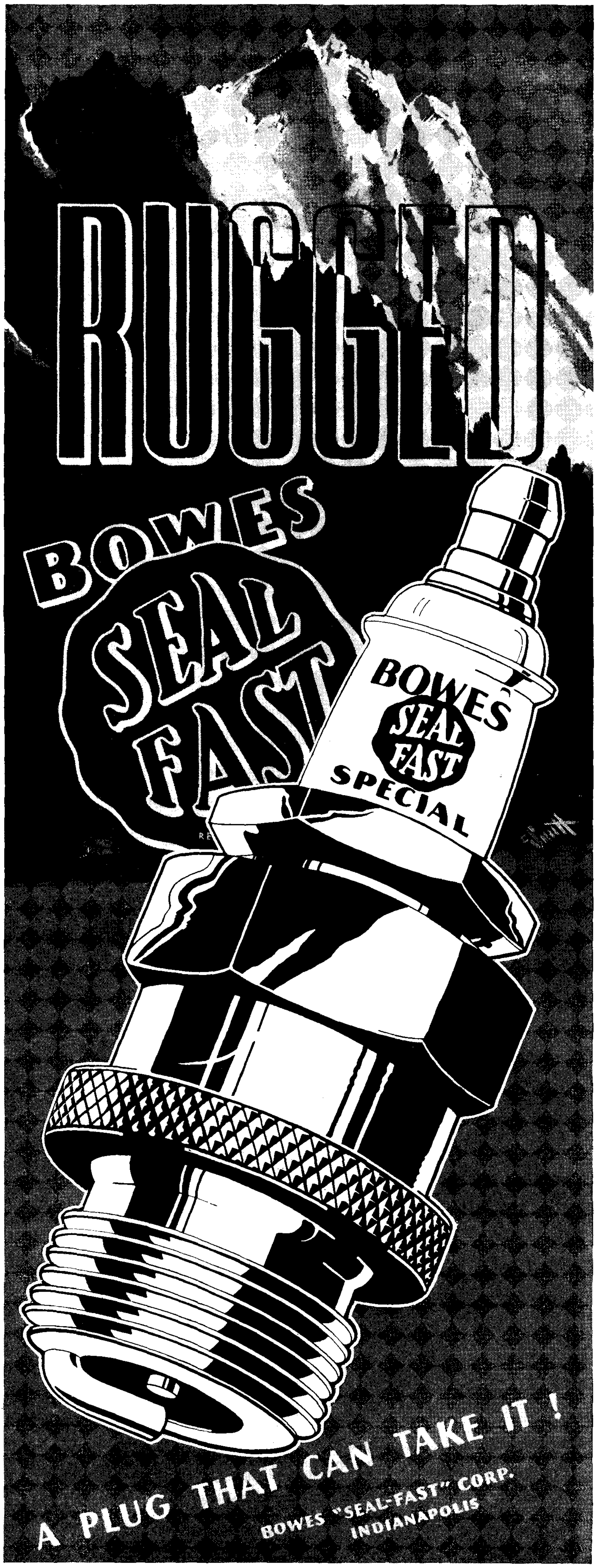
There was a silence. He leaned down and kissed her.

"You are tired," he murmured. "Grab off a little rest, angel. Down with your head."

And Sue Harmon, lately fiancée of Mr. George Cowdray, in the blissful consciousness that there is no more restful sensation than this one of definitely belonging, was only too delighted to oblige.



"Don't look, dear, but I think it's the manager coming!" ERIC ERICSON



Man Missing

Continued from page 11

it. I eat there. The waiter told me there was a barrel there to go to Brooklyn, so I stopped in and got it."

"The waiter told him, O'Malley!" I observed.

"You come and show us where you took it," O'Malley told the driver.

"What's the idea?" the driver asked. "I took it there all right."

We got a car and drove to Brooklyn and the driver pointed out the house. It was the address that Mrs. Oliss had given us. A woman who looked much like Mrs. Oliss opened the door.

"You remember me bringing a barrel here the first of the week?" the driver asked.

"Why, certainly," she answered. "It was some china that my sister sent me, but I haven't opened it yet."

"We'll open it," O'Malley told her.

We opened it and there was only china in it.

"There's a good idea gone wrong, O'Malley," I derided him. "You thought you'd find Oliss there."

"That's right," he admitted. "Well, I didn't. Still, I got something else."

HE TOOK a scrap of folded paper out of his pocket. It looked like a map. It had lines on it marked as streets, and a circle with a cross inside of it.

"What's that?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I found it when I went out to speak to the chef. It was in the waiter's coat that was hanging up there. We'll go find out about it."

We got in the car and followed the map. It brought us to a disused gravel pit. There was a lot of rubbish in it. We determined what spot the cross marked, and we dug there and found a barrel and found Oliss in it.

"I knew it was the waiter all along!" I said exultantly.

"Yeah, boy, you're smart," O'Malley complimented me. "You picked the right guy from the start. We'll send for somebody to look after this, and then we'll go back and get some cops and pick that Dunby up."

We drove back to Manhattan and went to the station house and got some cops. But it wasn't Dunby that they arrested; it was the express man.

"What's this?" he demanded angrily. "You cops are crazy! I didn't have anything to do with this. I didn't kill Oliss! I've just been helping these guys find him."

"Sure," O'Malley said. "And you knew the place because you put him there. You're a smart guy, but you're a sap, too, and we got enough on you to sit you in a dozen chairs."

"This has got me, O'Malley," I asserted. "I don't understand any of it."

"You got all the pieces. This Mrs. Oliss is a flirt and was tired of her husband. She likes a lot of men around, and they admired her, but the waiter and this express guy, Joe Bogand, looked the best to her. Bogand figured she would marry him if he got rid of Oliss. He knocked Oliss off and carried him away the way we found him, in a barrel."

"Wasn't the waiter in it too?" I insisted.

"No; he didn't have nothing to do with it."

"But Mrs. Oliss must have been," I declared.

"Why, yes and no. Mrs. Oliss didn't have no hand in planning or carrying out the murder. She probably has a good idea who done it, but she was glad her husband was gone and wasn't telling nothing to the police."

"I believe that," I said, "because you say it; but I don't see what you've got on Bogand."

"Well, Oliss got killed by someone that he knew. He was just closing the restaurant and he wouldn't have let no one in unless he knew him. He got killed in the basement, because there wasn't no blood upstairs; so it was by someone that wouldn't make him suspicious by going to the basement. A smart guy done this crime, and a guy don't confess that thinks he's smarter than the cops. We come to the conclusion that nobody knew who knocked off Oliss except the guy that done it; so no one else could tell us."

"Yes," I agreed, "you told me that."

"Then sure you'd ought to see the rest of it. A smart guy always has a weak point; and, if we'd figured right, this guy's weak point was that he was in love with Mrs. Oliss. The waiter was in love with her; we didn't think he done the murder, but we decided that the way to pick the unknown guy was by pretending that we thought the waiter done it. I went and ate there and told 'em all I was a cop and talked with everybody and asked 'em did they think the waiter done it? I told 'em us cops thought he did, and that we had so much proof on him that we needed only a little more and we'd be sure to pin it on him."

"I see," I exclaimed. "You were working on the murderer's probable jealousy of the waiter. Mrs. Oliss liked Dunby, and when you offered Bogand the chance he couldn't resist trying to get rid of his rival."

"That's right. We didn't know who the guy was or what he would do. A lot of guys had the run of the restaurant and went and talked with the chef, the same as I did. Bogand was one of 'em. Nobody pays any attention to the old lady that washes dishes, but she's a smart one. I had her watch what happened in the kitchen for me, and she seen Bogand put the paper into the waiter's coat."

"WHAT a fool he was," I said, "to point out to you the body which would convict him!"

"He thought it would convict the waiter. A smart guy is likely to be a bigger fool when it concerns a woman than a dumb one. My idea is Bogand didn't plan it to be known there'd been a murder. He figured to make Oliss disappear. But it's harder to kill a guy than most folks think and he couldn't get rid of the blood."

"Does that," I asked, "account for the two barrels?"

"Sure. A lot of people are always delivering things in a restaurant basement and taking things out again. Bogand was one of 'em. He knew it might look suspicious to take out anything big enough to hold a body; but Mrs. Oliss had left word for him to take the china to her sister. I expect we won't find nobody about the place who knows just when he took the barrel of china away. He kept it. The day after the murder, when he come and got the other barrel, he had the barrel of china in the truck, and he went and delivered it. He figured if anybody tried to trace what he took, they'd go no farther when they found the china."

"You did nice police work," I declared.

"I'm one of them that thinks so. Let's go eat in some swell place. I wonder would they have put my name up with the cops that died in line of duty if I had got killed by indigestion eating in that restaurant?"

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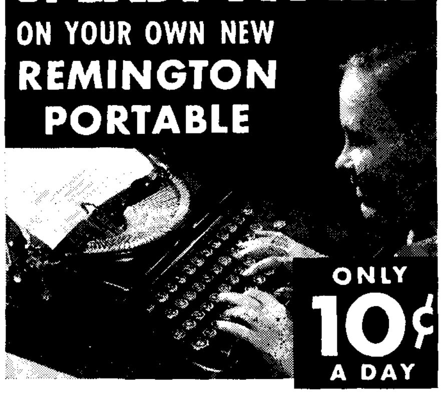

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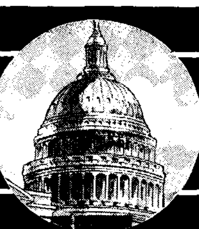

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Our Daily Dollars

Continued from page 10

Before night the news was all over the country. Next day there was a panic. Millions fled from the banks. That panic lasted four years. Banks failed by the hundreds.

That made people think about money. It brought William J. Bryan and free silver into history. But it set a lot of men to pondering the weakness of our banking system. A movement for a central bank got under way. But it didn't get far. By 1907 bankers themselves got to murmuring about the system. Paul Warburg has said that up to Woodrow Wilson's day our banks had about reached the stage of European banks in the time of the de Medicis and of the Asiatic banks in the time of Hammurabi. Every time they were put under a strain they broke down.

Mr. Eccles Speaks

People used to say the banks failed because the business world on which they rested failed. But in 1907 they broke down without waiting for a business depression to catch up with them. Then, in 1908, a monetary commission was named by the bankers to study the proposal for a central bank. Professors were drafted—a bankers' brain trust. The National Civic Federation, supported by bankers, engaged the late J. Laurence Laughlin to conduct an agitation for a central bank. Old Senator Aldrich, looked upon as the spokesman for Wall Street, introduced a bill for one in the Senate. Then Woodrow Wilson was elected. Carter Glass in the House and Senator Robert L. Owen in the Senate introduced bills for a Federal Reserve System. The Glass bill was drawn chiefly by Professor H. Parker Willis of Columbia.

A central bank is a bankers' bank. It is a device for managing the bank reserves of a nation. Every bank should have a cash reserve large enough to take care of any ordinary situation. The banks can all keep a certain portion of their cash reserves in the central bank. These combined reserves make up a pool, a reservoir of credit which the central bank may move around to any bank or banking district in special situations when and where it is most needed. The central bank can also regulate the credit policies of the banking system and exercise certain control and supervision over all the banks.

The difference between Glass and the bankers was that they wanted a single central bank and Glass wanted what was in effect twelve regional central banks, each independent in its own part of the country. But over all would be a Federal Reserve Board to supervise them and coördinate their policies. Aldrich was for a bankers' bank, owned and controlled by the bankers. Aldrich and Glass both were for the issuance of currency by the Reserve banks. The man who spiked this was William J. Bryan, then Secretary of State. Bryan demanded that the Reserve Board members be appointed by the President, that the government have representatives on the directorates of the twelve regional banks and that one of these should be chairman. He demanded that the issuance of currency be entirely in the hands of the government agents. Glass opposed this. Bryan and Glass fought it out before Wilson. Bryan won because he convinced Wilson and Wilson ordered Glass to yield. Oddly, now the bankers fight the central bank idea and defend the present Reserve System they tried to defeat, while former Senator Owen and the western Democrats who put over the Reserve System are for a central bank.

Now, it's around this power of the Federal Reserve System to expand or contract the currency that this fight is growing on Capitol Hill. Senator Glass and the Liberty League and the bankers say an institution with such tremendous power ought not to be in the hands of the politicians. But let's hear from Marriner S. Eccles, the man who started all this buzzing.

"The Federal Reserve System can expand and contract the currency at will," he argued to me. "I maintain that there is no power—political or economic—lodged in the government which is more charged with general or social interest than this power to increase or decrease the supply of money. You don't have to change the amount of money much to produce far-reaching results. There are times when by increasing that supply just 5 per cent you can substantially affect the course of business. Of course there are times when you could not get noticeable consequences unless you increased it 20 per cent.

"But if I am right about this, then I think you will have to admit that the power which can do this can control the course of business in this country. Now I believe that this power should exist. It should be lodged somewhere. We cannot permit our money system or our banking situation to drift freely to the winds of chance. Our bankers themselves decided this matter over a dozen years ago. They are for control. This leaves only one question: Where should such a vast power be located? It's just about the most important power in the nation. It touches everybody's pocketbook."

If you ask Mr. Shouse, of the Liberty League, himself a politician, or Mr. Rudolf Hecht, of the American Bankers Association, they will answer the question. They will say: "Certainly we don't want it lodged with a bunch of politicians." Senator Glass will tell you: "We don't want to use that power as an instrument of Treasury policy to help a political government."

A Question of Power Control

I asked Eccles about this power to increase or decrease the supply of money.

"Well," he answered, "You've heard of the old preacher who said he believed in looking a difficulty square in the face—and then passing it by. The trouble with this difficulty is that you can't pass it by. Now I'm ready to admit that political control has plenty of weakness. But remember I am not and never have been a politician. I am a banker. I have seen every kind of banking from the operations of a large bank in a large city like Salt Lake to small country banks which deal with farmers. Bankers have their weaknesses too. But I am willing to stand on these two principles:

"First, that that power should be lodged in some agency which, when it acts, will act with its eye on the public interest.

"Second, that our system of broad political representation, with all its faults, constitutes a better guarantee that the general interest will be served than would control by a group of individuals chosen by bankers, business men, professional men or any other private interests. Neither one is perfect. But bankers and business men are less likely to select men who will think in terms of the broad interest of all so-

(*Continued on page 50*)

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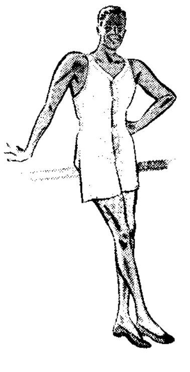

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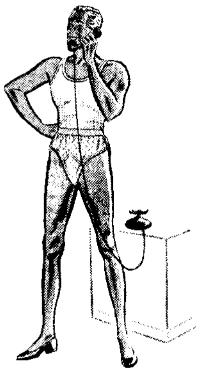

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ROCK ISLAND

(Continued from page 49)

ciety than a President of the United States acting under the immense and sobering trust of his great office. I don't think anybody would want to leave the selection of the Supreme Court to the bar associations or of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the railroads.

"The banks can create and destroy money. Bank credit is money. It's the money we do most of our business with, not with that currency which we usually think of as money. We do not propose to disturb that power. It will be managed by the banks and supervised by the Federal Reserve banks. These banks are twelve in number. They are owned by the banks and the directors are elected by the banks. They will continue to elect their own governors subject to approval of the Reserve Board.

How Money Circulates

"But while the banks can make and destroy bank credit, by making and calling loans, the Federal Reserve Board can make and destroy currency—actual cash. And this is another thing. It is inconceivable that this should be left to the decision of 15,000 bankers. It is even more unthinkable that it should be left to the decision of twelve governors of twelve Reserve banks named by the private bankers. We merely insist that this power should be exercised by the government of the United States, the representatives of the people and in the interest of the people."

That sounds like good American doctrine. Now let's hear what the bankers say. But first how does the Federal Reserve expand and contract the currency? Does it print money? Yes. Is this just paper money or fiat money like the greenbacks we hear about? No. The Reserve can print and issue money but it must have forty cents in gold and sixty cents in either bonds or commercial paper back of every dollar it issues. Well, when it prints the money, how does it get it out into circulation? And when it wants to contract the currency, how does it get those dollars back again?

It's an interesting process. It's done by what is called the "open market operations" of the board. The Reserve System can print money—a dollar for every forty cents in gold it owns. Then it can take this money, go out into the "open market"—into Wall Street—and buy United States bonds. The man who sells the bonds now has money instead of bonds and this money of course he deposits in his bank. If the System buys twenty million dollars in bonds, obviously it puts out twenty million dollars in currency. It could buy a hundred million in bonds and increase the currency a hundred million. It could buy two billion. The House actually passed a bill in 1932 under Hoover directing it to buy as high as eight billion to expand the currency and raise prices. It was dropped in the Senate.

Now of course it is not all quite as simple as this. Often bonds may be bought without any money actually being issued, just bank credits. We cannot go into the intricacies of the system here. But this "open market" buying of bonds tends to expand the currency or, what is the same thing, the reserves of member banks. When the Reserve Board wants to contract the currency—to draw money back from circulation—it sells bonds. The buyers pay for them with cash and the money returns to the Reserve Board.

"Well," says the reader, "I thought you said that Bryan had won out on his fight to have the Reserve Board named by the President and to have the power to issue money lodged with the agents of the government. How did this power slip out of the government's hands?"

It's just one more case of the pernickety ways things have of growing up opposite to the way they were intended. The President does appoint the Reserve Board. The power to issue Reserve notes or currency is in the hands of the government—the Reserve agent. There is one in each bank. But the power to decide when currency shall be issued and when withdrawn and how much, is in the hands of another set of men not even named in the Reserve law.

The twelve Reserve banks are owned by the banks in the twelve Reserve districts. The banks name nine out of the twelve directors. The government names only three. These directors then name an officer not created by the law—called the governor of the Reserve bank. And he has become the executive officer of the bank. A committee has been created made up of the twelve governors, all named by the bankers, to carry on the open market operations of the bank. This committee decides when the system will sell bonds and when it will buy them back. The decision must be approved by the Reserve Board, but the board cannot take the initiative. Thus this power remains in the hands of the bankers in fact.

This is what Eccles wants to change. He wants to do two things about it. First, while the Reserve banks will continue to name their governors, he wants the appointment to be subject to the approval of the Reserve Board. Second, he wants the open market operations of the bank to be carried on by the Federal Reserve Board itself and not the governors of the banks. He would provide for a committee of four governors to confer with the board on the matter but without vote.

The new bill takes the power out of the hands of the governors and puts it in the hands of an open market committee made up of the governor of the Reserve Board and two other members of the Reserve Board and two governors of Reserve banks. This gives the board a majority. This, Eccles thinks, is not going far enough. Hence he favors leaving it with the board alone.

When Inflationists Get Together

Now it is this power to carry out open market operations which Senator Glass and the bankers are afraid to see pass completely into the hands of a government dominated by political considerations. One of our great bankers put the matter to me thus:

"I want to make it clear that we are not opposed to the President's banking bill. The American Bankers Association has endorsed practically the whole bill. There are some provisions which we think perhaps a little doubtful, but we are prepared to support the bill in its entirety save for the plan to put the open market operations of the system under control of the government absolutely.

"Does anyone doubt the dangers which threaten us now from those groups which are demanding inflation of the currency? Mr. Eccles of course is not an inflationist. But there are plenty of them in the land. Mr. Goldsborough of Maryland wants to have the government convert all our bonds—$28,500,000,000 of them—into currency. There's some inflation for you. The thing that has protected us from the inflationists so far is that they have been unable to agree among themselves. Senator Wheeler wants the remonetization of silver. Senator Thomas wants to print money. Father Coughlin wants silver remonetized and money printed too.

"But now all of these various kinds of inflationists have gotten together. They met in Washington January 16th

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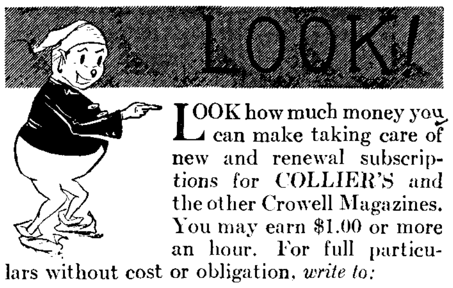

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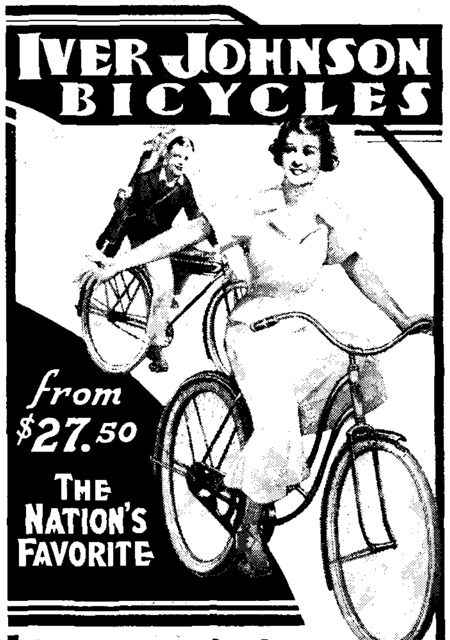

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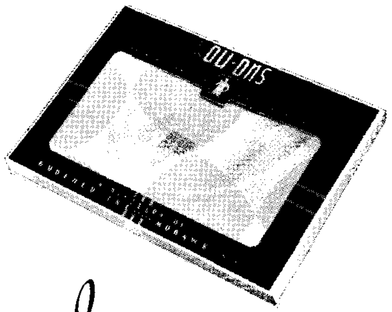

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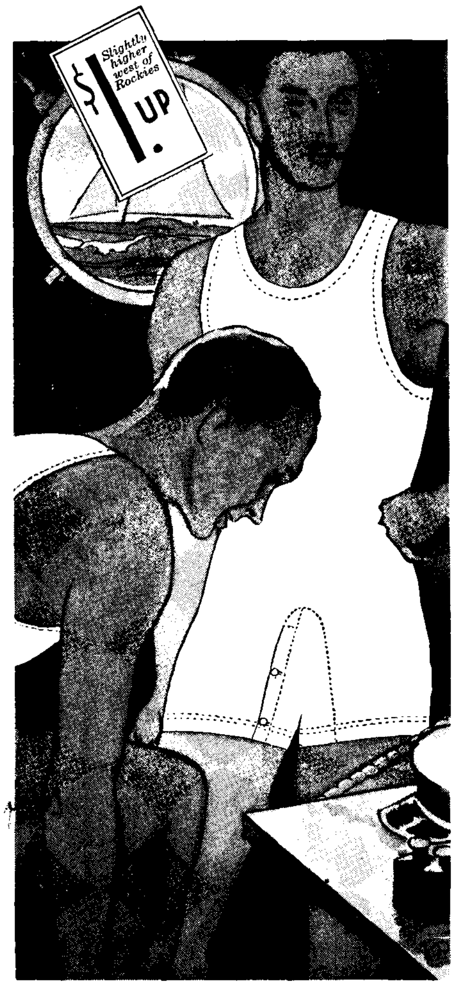
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in what they called a National Monetary Conference. Everybody was there—Senator Thomas, former Senator Owen, Father Coughlin. They claimed to speak for seventy-five million people. And, for the first time, they all agreed on one plan—namely the creation of a central bank or at least the taking over of the Federal Reserve bank or at the very least the capture of the central bank functions of the Reserve System by the government and the issuing of enough money at once to raise prices to the 1926 level, to pay the bonus, to carry on public works, to pay relief. In short, they demand that borrowing by the government shall cease and that the government, through the Reserve Board, shall create the necessary funds for all emergency purposes by buying government non-interest-bearing bonds, not in the open market, but from the government itself.

"This is not what Mr. Eccles advocates. But he does advocate putting the mechanism for accomplishing this in the hands of the government. It will then merely be a question of whether the government will use the power.

"We do not have to be told that governments are at the mercy of political groups—powerful minorities—particularly when many powerful minorities unite. What government will be strong enough to resist the use of this power when the political pressure becomes great enough? What political leader will say 'no'?

"Bankers may not be wiser or stronger than statesmen. But they can say 'no' to political pressure more easily. And this is the great need of the hour."

It is upon this proposition that the Liberty League, the American Bankers Association, Senator Glass and many conservative Democratic senators and most of the Republican senators are united. Behind all of this is the question of further government spending and government borrowing.

One of the Liberty Leaguers put it this way:

"The government has spent $12,800,000,000 since 1930 on emergency purposes, every penny of which it has borrowed. It is about to borrow over $4,500,000,000 more. This represents the cost of the depression which we are passing down to our children. How much further will we go with this? That is a fair business question for any sane government. Surely there must be an end of this. But when will that end be reached? As long as borrowing can be made easy we cannot expect political leaders to resist the lure. Borrowing has been easy. The Treasury has issued its bonds. The banks have bought them. The banks are loaded with them now.

"In June 1930, the banks held about $4,500,000,000 of government bonds—a little over one fourth of our debt. Today they hold—the Reserve banks and the others—$13,000,000,000, nearly half of our huge debt. When this becomes dangerous to the government the banks can be counted on to resist further bond buying. This is the greatest check on government borrowing. But pass this banking bill, put the government in charge of the open market operations of the board, without let or hindrance, and there will be no check on the government.

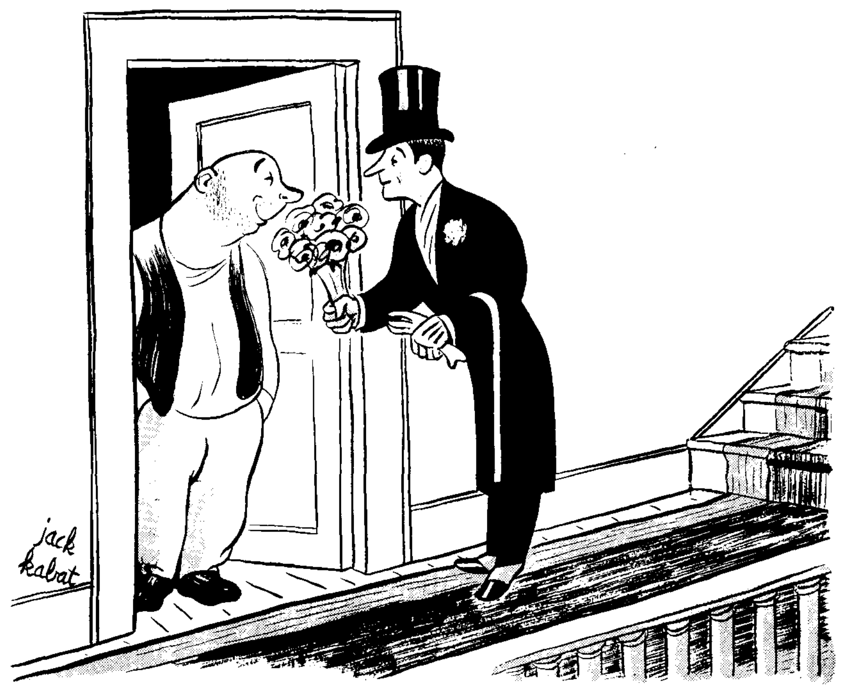
"Who should control this great power? We answer—neither the politicians nor the bankers. It should be lodged both with the government and the banking organization. They should collaborate in exercise of this vital function."

How Shall We Spend?

Thus the matter stands. But the end of it is certain to be the rise of a determined drive against further government borrowing and a curtailment of government spending. In other words, the movement is growing for a demand for a balanced budget. But that is another big argument, with two sides to it and both violently presented. It involves two questions—borrowing and spending.

The bankers want borrowing to stop. But so do Father Coughlin and Huey Long and Senator Thomas. If we stop borrowing, shall we stop spending? If we go on spending we shall have to do it in one of two ways. We will either have to tax ourselves to the limit or we will have to print money. Print the money, say the inflationists. But the budget balancers say no. Spend whatever is necessary, they say, to take care of relief. And raise that by means of taxes, however grievous the burden. But not one dollar more of debt and no trifling with our Reserve System to make borrowing easier.

Thus, to return to what I suggested at the outset, this grave question emerges as the possible issue around which the next great campaign — the Battle of 1936—will be fought. It promises to be as feverish, as dramatic, as hectic, as that other great money battle fought out just forty years ago when the Cross of Gold flamed in the heavens.



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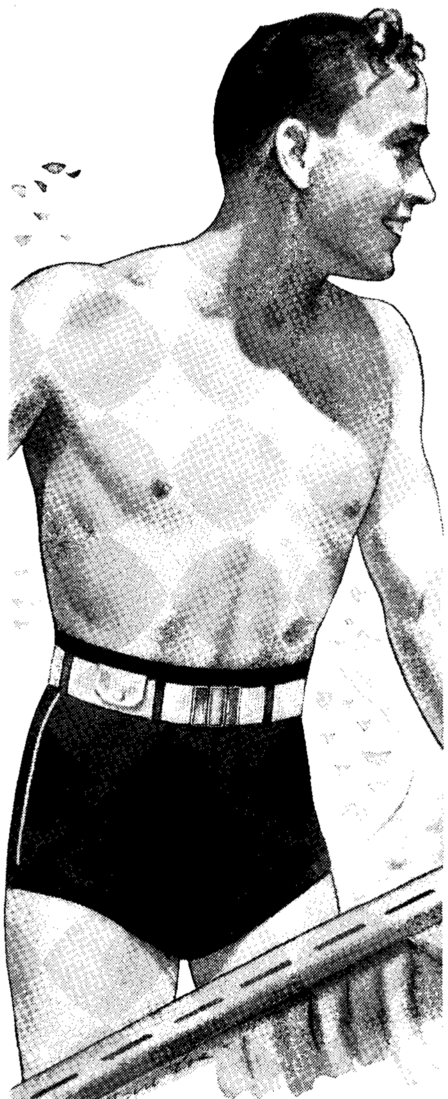

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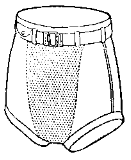

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Continued from page 32

"No one has to, Sturgis. It does not matter."

"But you want *me* to believe it."

"You *do* believe it," she said, "just as I believe, now you tell me that the Prince Tokugawa is dead, that if I open my handbag and look at the revolver in it I will find *two* empty shells in the cylinder."

He stared at her.

"Will you look?"

"Yes," she said, "if you want me to."

"I do want you to."

She picked up her handbag and gave it to him. He opened it. The revolver was concealed in the center pocket. He took out the gun with her chiffon handkerchief wrapped between his fingers and its metal. And he broke it. The percussion caps of two of its small brass shells were punched in by the firing pin. "How would that have happened?" he asked her. He closed the handbag and dropped it on her berth.

"The gun makes no noise when it is fired," she said, "and I do not lock my cabin."

"And it does not seem as necessary to get rid of that tonight—and the pictures—as it did the other night?"

SHE said, "I have not thought of it. I was startled in Tokyo Station. The danger was quite real there when I suddenly realized what I had been given to carry. Tonight it is something I have heard about—"

"Tonight," he said, "the danger to you is much more real than it was two nights ago when Ito was killed. A few hours ago I was threatened with the possibility of your exposure to the Japanese authorities—if you were indiscreet."

She threw her head back.

"But I shan't be indiscreet," she said. "Who killed Ito and Tokugawa, Nahta?"

She smiled.

"Damn it," he said, "don't you realize that you carry enough evidence on you to hang you for both murders?"

"Yes, Sturgis. That is why I have been asked to carry it—in the hope that fear for myself will make me betray the murderer. But it won't, Sturgis. I won't do that," she shook her head.

He leaned toward her.

"You won't do it," he said in a low voice, "because that is what the murderer wants you to do. He wants you to become fearful enough for your own safety, so that you will expose him."

"But I shan't—"

"That is what he wanted out of it—his own death. Just as he wanted death when he made you ride the airlines. But he has changed his mind—he will take your death instead if he thinks *his* death will give you happiness. He is afraid of that chance of happiness, that's why he threatened me. Nahta—Krupp can use his hands—either that or his servant—"

She was shaking her head.

"I have told you nothing, Sturgis—and I will tell you nothing. And you can prove nothing."

"But at any minute it may occur to him to turn you over to the ship's officers—"

"I am not afraid of that."

"But these things you carry are a death warrant—"

"Are you asking me to save myself—is that important to you, Sturgis?"

There was a sudden shouting on deck, the shouting of confusion, perhaps of panic.

She was speaking to him and her voice was strong, so that for a moment the noises above were lost on his ears.

"Sturgis—what is there left that you want to do in life? Are there any things you want to see—to feel?" She was standing back from him and she was so much older than he was in the things she knew and the things she believed, that an awkwardness came upon him and a thin tracery of chill was in his wrists. He tried to say something but the voice in him was a dusty shadow in his throat.

And again she spoke—softly.

"We will not last. I have known that from the beginning, I think. We can not—but tonight we don't have to. Oh, Sturgis, can't you see what it is that the gods have shown us? The only real beauty there is in the world—the beauty of love in death? Can't you see that, Sturgis? Nothing matters but the ecstasy of having each other—of losing ourselves so completely that when the water breaks in our locked door—we will not know it—and there will be nothing left but a cosmic echo across the world of two people who have loved."

"For God's sake—" he said and he stepped back with the cold chill of horror on him.

The woman looked down at her hands. When she looked up at him again there was a smile somewhere in her eyes like a remembrance of beauty, but it meant nothing now, for the smoldering of desire was dead within him and the memory of its flame was chilled by the cold winds of fear.

Her maid was in the doorway behind him, speaking sharply in Russian. She had the sable coat on her arm. Panic raced in her words. All the rest of the Dairen's lights went out and she screamed sharply.

Then they were running in the darkened passage toward the entryway, which was washed now with the pale blue dawn light.

"I want you to go out on deck and up that ladder forward."

"You will get off?" she said. "There are plenty of boats?"

He took her arm. *"Yes—go up—go up,"* he touched her maid's shoulder and motioned to the deck above, *"up—up!"* The Slavic woman swung the bags as stolidly as the porters had swung them down Tokyo Station platform. She started to run again. She had big hips but she could run. Not as a runner runs but as a farmer plows. She passed them and ran up the ladder to the boat deck, both of the traveling cases swinging free in her powerful grip.

"GO ON," Sturg said to Nahta, "follow her—follow her!" He looked back into the lounge. It was empty and there was no one on the promenade. The water, under the pale light, was devilishly close to the rail.

Behind him there were voices and he saw that the Prince Tokugawa's cabin door was open and a procession was coming out. Major Oku led it, with a priest in white with a round black biretta affair on his head next behind. There was a stretcher next, with a steward at each end of it and somebody on the stretcher who had ceased to draw pay, for there was a white blanket drawn completely over him and the blanket was lashed on like the blankets over the wounded they had been hoisting out of the transport in Kobe just before the Dairen sailed. Behind the stretcher there was another priest. He was praying.

Major Oku opened the opposite door to the port side of the promenade and the cold gray air whispered through the

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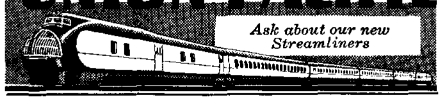
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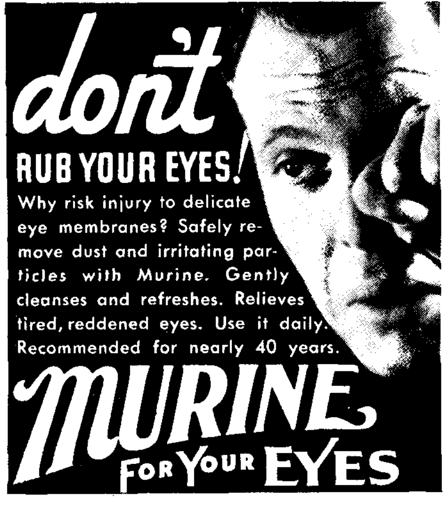
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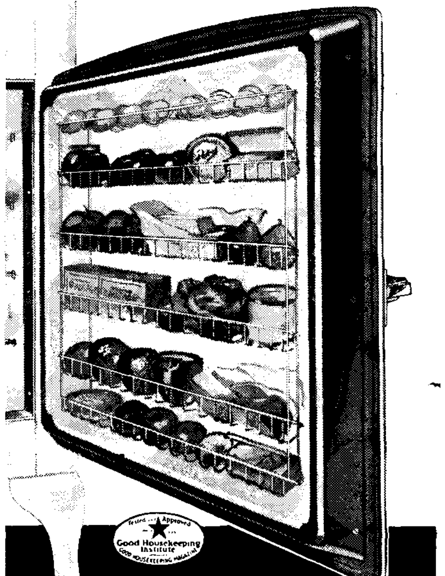

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entryway like the feel of something wet and dead. The opening of the door sounded like a tight door opening on a frosty night.

Sturg had a feeling that the whole thing was going to happen in a moment—that there was going to be sort of a double shuffle underfoot and that water was going to pour in through the promenade rail and flood the entryway. Someone called, "Hammond!" He looked around. A lifeboat was creaking down past the rail. De Jong beckoned him to climb into it. Stewards were in it and Tomishima was in it. Three sickly-looking Japanese passengers were in it and the bar boy was in it.

Rainey's voice called from the deck above:

"Where's that American—and the cripple—and there's one other man—Major Nugent. Where's Major Nugent?"

There was a ship's officer calling, "On the promenade deck, please? Who is below, please?"

Sturgis went back into the entryway and called, "Pat—Pat Nugent!" There were footsteps running up the port passage toward the entryway. Li with Krupp in his arms. Krupp was dressed now, and so was Li.

Sturg ducked quickly into the port passageway and went down to the second door. He pulled it open and slammed it back against the passage wall. The major was in his cabin in his waterproof and his Homburg hat, the crook of his stick hooked over his left arm. There was no light in the cabin except the pale dawn light that glazed the thick glass of the port. By that light the major was leaning close to his mirror folding his scarf.

"Were you looking for me, Sturgis?"

"Move!" Sturgis said.

"Right you are!"

On the boat deck it looked almost as if they had posed it except that the Dairen was listing slowly over to starboard with water in her after well deck. Everyone was dressed but Nethercot. Two boats were already off. There were life belts but only one or two men had them strapped on. The rest seemed self-conscious about them. Ship's officers stood by each boat, with men loosening the gripes and breaking out lowering tackle with no confusion.

Vonny Cass was forward, just under the bridge, with Watanabe beside her and Major Oku just below. Mrs. Rainey, flanked still by Nethercot and Utterhoe, was talking to Nahta.

Sturg waved to Vonny. She smiled and lifted a hand.

The Dairen had perhaps ten minutes more, depending on how long her bulkheads held. Takesaburo Ono had his black gang corralled alongside the wireless shack. They had abandoned when the last dynamos carried. They were shivering. There were cooks in white and stewards in singlets.

THE skipper stood on the engine-room ventilator panels. His long blue coat was buttoned to his chin and he looked more like a skipper than most skippers look except that his bowlegs against the sky were rather more horsy than salty.

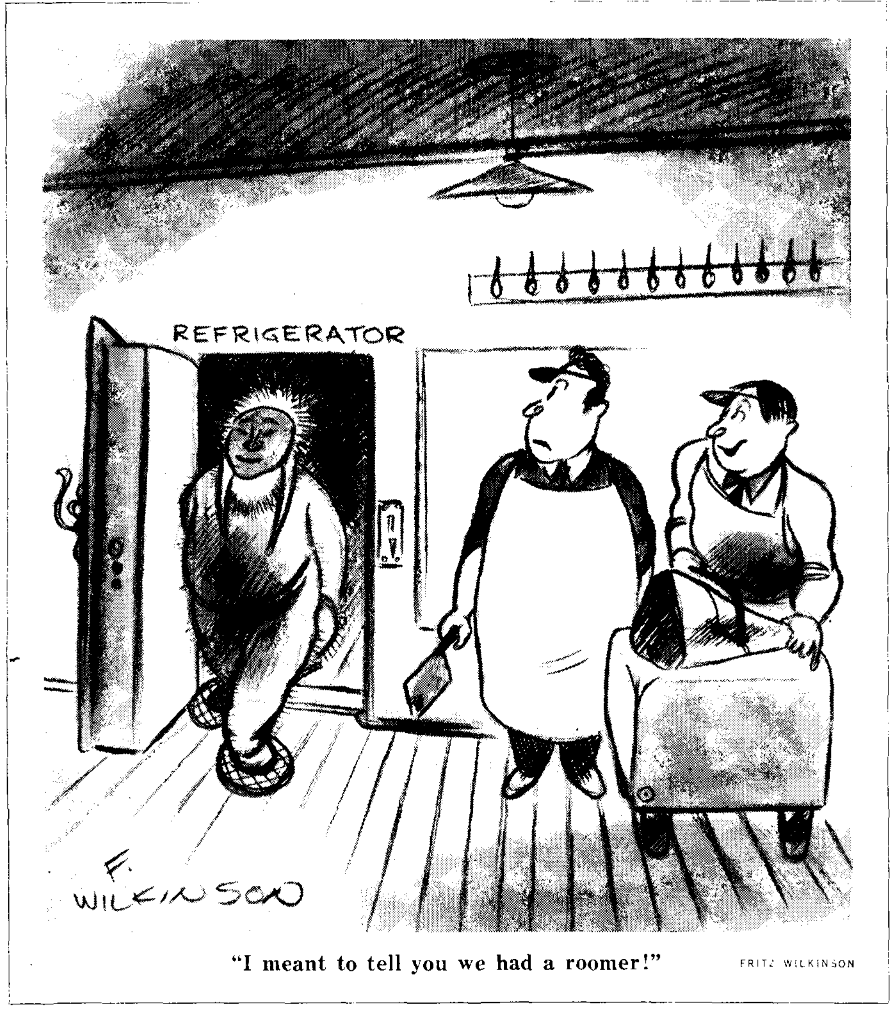
Like a great belch behind him, there was a roar of air from the engine-room well—an upsurge—an explosive cough. They were getting the gear ready in the boats. There was a creak of rope and a knock of wood on wood to it.

The skipper said, "When you get in, first man right, second man left. One, one side. One, the other side. Men and women go together. Room for both. Don't step in boat until boat is down to deck level." Then in Japanese, he spoke to his officers: "*Annone.* When you float—cut the falls clear quickly."

The third and fourth boats were at deck level, hanging out about four feet with the list. Aoki, the chief officer, began to hand people in with long arm swings. Aoki was smiling politely. . . .

When they struck the water the whole picture became rational in a solid way. The boats rolled slightly and that seemed to be what everybody had been waiting for—the rolling of the boats. They pitched and dipped—and they felt like boats rather than cars on a Ferris wheel—which they had just been—and people drew breath. The dawnlight

(*Continued on page* 54)



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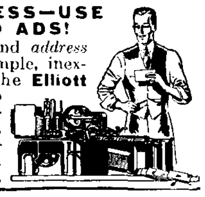

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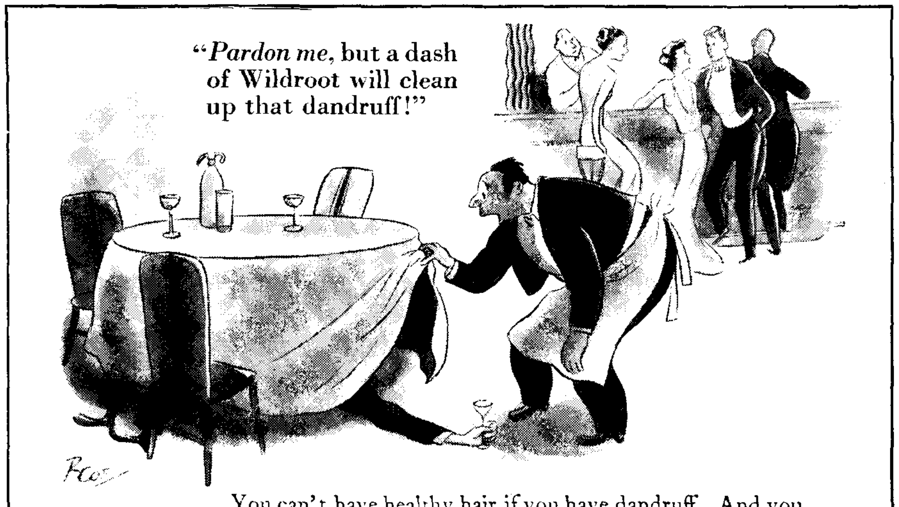
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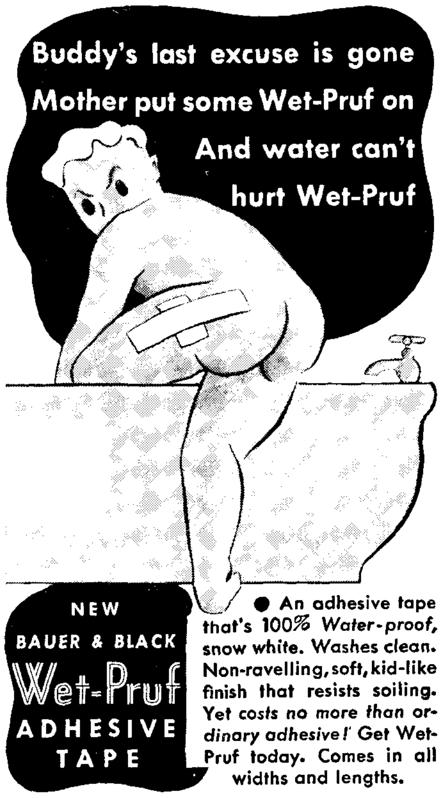
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(Continued from page 53)

was suddenly brighter. There were people rowing. People tugging on long sweeps and nothing very much happening because there was no place to go. It looked as if they were trying to save somebody by their rowing and that was stupid because nobody was in the water—everybody was in the boats and they all had most of their luggage.

Then an amazing thing happened. The Dairen Maru went down right in the middle of all the small boats. There was a wave with it. It billowed outward first and then it rolled back. But it didn't do all the damage it is supposed to do. None of that sucking under stuff—just a big wave, like breakers. It carried the boats in toward the Dairen and they began to hit stuff with hollow thumping noises. But it didn't carry them far enough in to trap them under the cargo booms.

THERE were five boats. And around them there were things shooting up out of the water. Things like mattresses and boards and gratings. They came shooting straight up out of the water, endwise, and it's a holy wonder some of them didn't slam through the bottom of some of the boats.

Then way down underneath the whole business there was an authoritative vibration.

Where the Dairen had been, there was a widening border of froth. Foam, rather—foam that gave a filigreed middle-class frame to a pagan picture that had actually happened. Somewhere under it there was a dead ship going lazily downward into the darkness, turning over and over and leaving a trail of sighing white bubbles behind.

And there were Vonny Cass and Colonel Watanabe in the stern of one boat and a crazy Irish major in another. There were Nahta and her maid in a third. There was Sturgis Hammond somewhere in a boat full of Japanese jabberers. He saw Vonny suddenly and raised his clasped hands and shook them. There was Mrs. Rainey somewhere else, and there were her husband and Nethercot, with his bare feet and his mackintosh. And there was the shrouded body of the Prince Iturbi Tokugawa—in the captain's motor gig. And all between and in and around the whole picture were floating pillows and bits of wood and a life belt here and a bright-colored biscuit tin and a hat.

The dawn was getting brighter. But just before it got bright enough to hurt the eyes, there was fog. A white cottony, Yellow Sea fog, like the fogs off San Francisco. It crept in until it got about eight hundred yards from the boats, then it rushed the boats and there weren't any boats. Just each boat alone in a small pool of oily water that clung to the sides like a conscience stain—and traveled with it.

There should have been a noise when the fog came in—a sucking noise or a backdraft noise. The kind of noise that sucks the leaves up under the muzzle of a big gun when it's fired in October. But there wasn't any noise except the sobbing of Takesaburo Ono. He was in his own boat and he was sobbing for his engines.

People were calling to each other from boat to boat. Out of the fog, a boat crawled into their circle of greasy water. Hands clutched at it and locked it to them gunwale to gunwale. Mark Utterhoe called over.

"Have you the time?" and someone said, "Five minutes of five." Rainey's voice picked it up and passed it on in Japanese. The boats drifted apart again. Out in the fog there was another voice calling instructions in Japanese—then in English.

"We are positioned, please, to Destroyer Imoto nearest ship. Not much time to wait. Kindly all boats remain together until rescued. No rowing, please. One man to keep calling number of boat each minute loud as can."

After that there was silence except when the boat numbers were called. They called them in rotation.

"*Ichi!*"

"San—*hooo!*"

"*Go!*"

"*Ho—shichi!*"

"*Ho—ku—!*"

The fog dripped greasily from chin points and there was the wet slime of it on thwarts and gunwales. It soaked through clothing and the salt rime of it stung the flesh. Everyone was hungry, with a cold, aching hunger. Cigarettes were wet and matches were wet and soggy with the dampness.

It was six o'clock and half-past seven and it was eight o'clock and those few hours were like a lifetime by themselves—a lifetime that ended suddenly in laughter.

It was weird laughter—metallic and mocking. It chuckled and screeched through the fog at them in short bursts and long insucks of breath. The destroyer, laughing on its siren like a mechanical hoot owl.

"*Chew—chew—ugweep—ugweepo.*"

The Imoto came in on the boats with a precision that was almost surgical. Voice navigation. Well forward, one of her officers kept calling to the Dairen's captain at twenty-second intervals, timing the replies, judging the decreasing distance of the Dairen's skipper's voice. He did it so nicely that he laid his own bridge right above the Dairen's Number One boat. That brought the Imoto's stern not twenty-five feet from Sturg's boat. There wasn't a ripple from her powerful wheels. Her rear end just grew up out of the white blankness and there she was with three of her men aft yelling and heaving a line.

Takesaburo Ono brought his boat in on her but the three Jap gobs fended off. Three of the other four boats were in on her now, like animated water bugs. The fourth was still out beyond the range of vision but answering calls. That was Number Three boat, with Vonny and Colonel Watanabe and the stewards and whoever else had gotten into it. It came in after a few moments and the Imoto's commander leaned over the wing of his bridge and began to shout loudly at them through a megaphone.

WHEN he was finished, Rainey said, "He says all Europeans and Americans will be blindfolded as they step aboard."

That was all. A rating came out of a door under the bridge with an armful of Japanese towels. Utterhoe went up first, with Mrs. Rainey and Nethercot next. They were made to stand facing forward while the rating tied up their eyes and ushered them into line. Sturg's boat was the next to the last to unload. He got out and stood for his blindfold.

Presently his section of the line was being led along the tiny steel-plated deck and guided through a doorway. He heard Rainey's voice ahead of him:

"The ladies are to be allowed to stand in the passageways. The men are to be taken down onto the engine-room gratings. It's the only place they can put us. Nobody touch his blindfold."

They were going down a runged ladder—being guided down backward. There was a sense of heat coming up on their legs, like tepid water—and their feet were on the gratings. . . .

Presently there was the shrill squeak of a speaking-tube whistle and the engines went on a stand-by bell. Then crankheads crashed gently below them and the whole place sprang into lithe throbbing.

The Imoto docked at the T. S. K. docks in Dairen. There was no crowd. A few policemen at the closed pier barrier—one or two clerks from the line offices to help Mr. Masuda—the customs men, and Roger Duhaime, Amalgamated's man in Dairen.

The Imoto's chief petty officer stood at the engine-room hatchway whipping off blindfolds as the survivors came up into the daylight. For a moment Sturg couldn't see anything. He covered his face with both hands and he stumbled on cramped legs. He heard Duhaime's voice calling to him.

"What's the word, Mr. Hammond?" and he raised a hand to him. Someone guided his feet to the gangplank and helped him off. Duhaime got hold of his arm on the dock end. Sturg could see by that time.

"We got the line to admit an SOS about ten-thirty—and that's as far as we got," Duhaime said.

"She killed herself—broke her shaft and it smashed out her bottom," Sturg told him. "No casualties—"

"There's a wire for you from Mr. Rutglas. The Great White Father is in Harbin with his new wife. He wants you to meet him in Mukden tomorrow. That means the 8:10 north for you tonight."

"Listen," Sturg said, "the body of the Prince Tokugawa is on that destroyer. He was shot on the Dairen last night sometime before the shaft broke."

The Dairen's European survivors were grouped in a circle halfway down the pier, with Mr. Masuda in the center. One of his clerks had the Japanese passengers lined up. The Dairen's crew sat in a row along the lower tier bags of a soy bean shipment stenciled to the Haru Shokai in Hakodate. Sailors from the Imoto were carrying off the handbags and stacking them at the end of the gangplank. The Dairen's boats, end to end as the Imoto had towed them in, were cast off and hooked in against the pilings of the pier.

A little Japanese in a very large rubberized trench coat leaned over the stringpiece and photographed them with a tremendous camera. A petty officer leaped off the Imoto and smashed the camera out of his hand, presumably because the Imoto's stern might possibly be in the picture. Then he jumped on the camera and kicked the wreck of it overside.

The dock smells were heavy in the air they breathed. Wet teak and earthy burlap, salt fog and fish and live steam. The quick relief of being off the Imoto with his feet on the steady footing of the pier left Sturgis, and the hours of *standing on throbbing engine-room* gratings came back as the memory of car lights on a winding ribbon of roadway comes back to the eyeballs after a long night drive. The engines beat again through the heavy fatigue that was on him and because he thought for one brief second that he was going to fall, he took Roger's arm.

"Steady," Roger told him. "Can do."

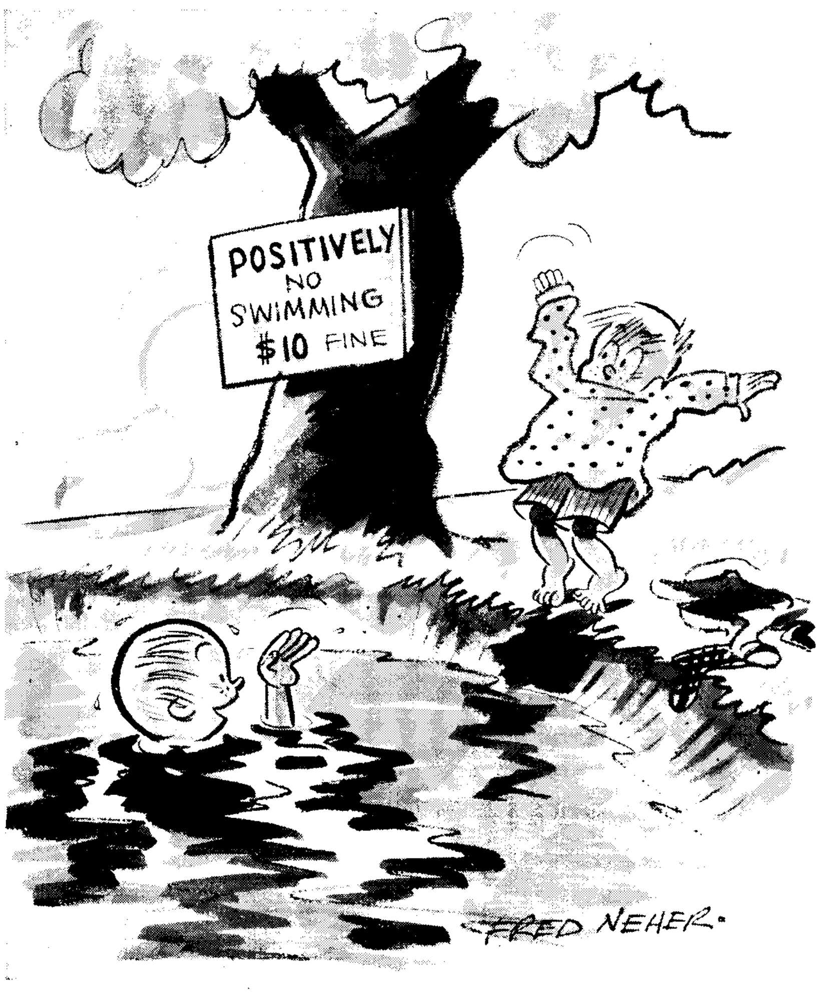
Mr. Masuda was coming up the dock with the Dairen's European passenger list following him in the flesh. Mrs. Rainey was talking again. Rainey walked along in silence, filling his pipe.

MR. MASUDA was quite delightfully casual about the whole thing. He grinned and nodded and swung his arms. He had taxicabs—he had reservations at the Yamato, line courtesy, he had apologies, claim forms, reassurances. It was Mr. Masuda's job at the moment to make it appear that a T. S. K. boat sank every day at the same hour and that there was absolutely no use for anyone to be upset about it.

Nethercot scuffed along. Utterhoe had a mandolin under his arm. From somewhere, one of Masuda's clerks had gotten a wheel chair for Krupp—an ungainly, high-backed contraption of varnished wood and large wire wheels.

Mr. Masuda began to usher his people through the barrier. Across the

(*Continued on page* 56)



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(Continued from page 55)

street from the dock entrance there was a moth-eaten rank of droshkies, with their little Siberian ponies drowsing between the shafts and their bloated drivers hunched forward on their boxes breathing last night's vodka fumes into their dirty beards. There was a beggar with a scabrous hole for a mouth, and a Hutchinson nose. He had only the heels of his feet left.

Very far away, Sturg saw Nahta and her maid going through the high picket barrier. He saw Krupp behind, wheeled through after them.

The steel arch of the Manchurian sky sprang out from under the low corrugated iron lip of the dock-approach roof. It hung like a flash of strong light on the eyes. And it hurt as ether hurts. There is no beauty in Manchuria except the beauty of cruelty.

Stevedores drew the gangway off the Imoto and there was the thick suck of waters as her wheels thrashed over. She moved easily back in the slip and cleared the end of the pier.

"No prince," Roger said, "no stiff."

"Is this everyone who's come off?"

"All I've seen."

Sturg took Duhaime's arm.

"No," he said, "there must have been one more—an American girl with light hair with a Japanese colonel—there must have been—"

"The hell you say," Roger said. "Not that I've seen, and I've seen them all."

ON SOME quick hunch, Sturgis said. "All right—down there—near the man in the wheel chair—a woman and her maid. She's got gray gabardine covers with a red stripe on her traveling bags. A Russke—I want to know where she goes. Go after her and find out. I'll be at the Yamato."

Roger Duhaime stared at him. He was going to say, "Did you go through the ship?" But instead he said, "Right," and again, "right, Chief." And he slid off.

Pat Nugent came stalking across the dock, his heels ringing on the worn timbers and the sound of them echoing up under the corrugated roof of the shed.

"Well?" he said. "Where is Miss Cass?"

"She hasn't come off," Sturg told him.

"She must have—they must have taken her off before they let us off. They wouldn't keep her on!"

Sturg shook his head.

"My district man has been on the dock since we came in."

Nugent glared down on him.

"Damn it," he said, "are you going to stand there, then? Are you going to take it?" He took four quick strides to the picket barrier and caught Masuda by the shoulder.

"You're lacking a passenger," he said coldly. "You haven't Miss Cass in your party—where is Miss Cass?"

"Please?" Mr. Masuda smiled at him agreeably. "Who, please?"

"Miss Cass."

"I don't know, please. I have here the people who were on Imoto—"

"No, I'm damned if you have. Where's your list? You must have a list. Where's Tomishima?" Pat called to Sturg. "Get the purser to come over here."

"Very sorry," Masuda said, "no lists."

Tomishima came running. He and Masuda spoke quickly in Japanese.

"Very sorry," they both said, "no passenger list. Passenger list gone with Dairen Maru."

"Steady—maybe it has—but what about Miss Cass, Purser? You know Miss Cass—"

Tomishima shrugged.

"Perhaps not get off."

"Perhaps not get off! I saw her get off. I saw her in a boat and go aboard the Imoto. Now where the hell is she, and where is Colonel Watanabe?"

"Very sorry—"

"Stow it! She had a ticket—she was on that boat with the rest of us and by heaven you'll account for her. Here—ask that lad to step over here. You man, *double*—" Nugent touched the side of Tomishima's left knee with the ferrule of his stick and pointed across the dock at Major Oku.

Tomishima got him, but Oku had no appreciable English as such.

"He say," Masuda said, "he not in charge."

"You tell him," Nugent said, "that it doesn't matter to me who is in charge. I want to know what has happened to Miss Cass."

"He says," Masuda said, "that he is attached to Dairen Maru under the orders of Lieutenant Colonel Watanabe."

"Where is Colonel Watanabe, then?"

"He says," Masuda said, "that Army Headquarters will give you any further information you want, perhaps, please?"

Nugent turned his back on them and looked at Sturgis. Beyond the pier head, the Imoto turned easily, a great fan of foam under her slim stern, churned up by her reversed wheels. She came broadside on for a moment, a gray silhouette, sleek and poisonous as a snake, then she gathered herself and swung off easily toward the naval docks, the white foam at her heels turning yellow.

Nugent said, "Come along, Sturgis, m'lad." and he went down the steps to the street level with Sturgis after him. He sent a cab driver up for their bags and got into the doubtful vehicle after Sturgis and held out cigarettes.

It was on Sturgis suddenly like a conviction of sickness that he would never see Vonny Cass again. These things were rumored in Manchukuo—Intelligence Department disappearances—official eliminations. People spoke of them casually and believed that they were quite possible in a country where everything else is possible, until they happened and became quite impossible. They could hold her beyond the reach of diplomatic intervention—intervention hampered by the necessity of working from Tokyo through Japan's official offices in the Leased Territory. And when the chase became too hot, if it ever did—they could dismiss all responsibility and shuffle it off onto the local authorities. After all, a ship had sunk and the sinking of a ship can cover a multitude of sins.

VONNY CASS. There was no anguish in him, for there were certain things that he knew to be true and the calmness of knowing them left no room for anguish. A slim shoulder in the crowds—a hat worn so—the faint echo of another woman's laughter. Then a cold panic was on him with an intensity that left his hands trembling and he realized suddenly that he could not remember what she looked like. He dare not try to recall her face for fear he couldn't. His memory spoke her name within him and it was like a shout across a stone-flagged compound, echoing against the barred gates. He turned helplessly from the cab window and raised his hands to see if they were trembling. He held them out before him for quite a few seconds before he took a cigarette from the major.

Nugent said, "The Yamato," and the cab started. Nugent leaned back against the worn brown leather of the seat. He said, "Ah, well—nobody goes very far in Manchuria—a few thousand miles or so but they always come back. There are so few places to go." He rapped with his gloved knuckles on the glass behind the driver and thumbed him to the right. Another block and he thumbed him to the left. Then he stopped him altogether and stared out of each side of the cab in turn, looking at the fronts of the crowded stone houses.

"There was a time, Sturgis, when I was, in a manner of speaking, a power in this damned place." He pulled back the glass. "What is that street ahead?" The driver told him. "Go down it," Pat said. And to Sturgis again, "Not at all bad to be a power under the Chinese system wherein the course of justice becomes straighter and shorter in direct ratio to the complications of its administration."

They say of Pat Nugent that he sold Chang Tso Ting out in Shensi Province. They say he stole his Number One wife—the one the old man kept in that big house in Tientsin. They say he threw dice with a friend in the Peking Club for the last two tickets on the Calcutta Sweep—that he won the ticket and sixty-five thousand pounds — that his friend took a shot at him in an alley at midnight—and that Pat went to Alaska to hunt Kadiak bear. Whatever it was, when Pat left him the old man pulled out of Shensi, gave up Peking, went back to Mukden and turned up his toes.

Again Pat stopped the cab. They were in a ratty little alley with a cool, foggy breath whipping down its length, and the dampness of its passing staining the sidewalks with ragged patches of moisture. There was a shingle beside the doorway numbered 14—a scalloped black glass shingle embossed with scratched letters of darkening gold. R. B. D. Tyrwhitt, M. D. Pat opened the cab door and got out. "I shall be a moment," he said. "Would you like to see where heroin can bring a man with a sensitive conscience?"

The varnish on the panels of Doctor Tyrwhitt's brass-knobbed doors was leprous with age and dampness. The frosted glass upper panels were two great oblong eyes, speechless with grief. The doctor opened the doors himself. He was short—so short that it was necessary for him to tilt his head back at a distinct angle to look up into their faces. He reeked with the smell of chemical filth. Sturgis looked at Nugent. Nugent stepped in.

"This," he said, "is Mr. Hammond."

Doctor Tyrwhitt paid no attention whatsoever to the introduction. He slipped back and fumbled in the pockets of his jacket. The jacket was blue serge, worn brilliant, and it hung pendulous in front almost to Doctor Tyrwhitt's knees. He found what he wanted. A spectacle case. He opened it and polished the lenses of his spectacles very carefully with the filthy ball of his thumb. He put them to his eyes.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Nugent." And he put the spectacles away again with a sharp click of their case. "It must be all of seven years, Nugent."

Beyond the high room he had let them into was another room. The doors to it were open and there was a scarred white enameled examination table dead center in it. Its nickeled heel rests were rusted and there were a blanket and a pillow on its thin cushions of imitation leather. Apparently Doctor Tyrwhitt had been asleep on it when they rang. There was something bubbling in a pot in that room. The doctor went through and turned off the stove. Nugent followed him. "A moment, Sturgis," he said. And he closed the doors between the rooms.

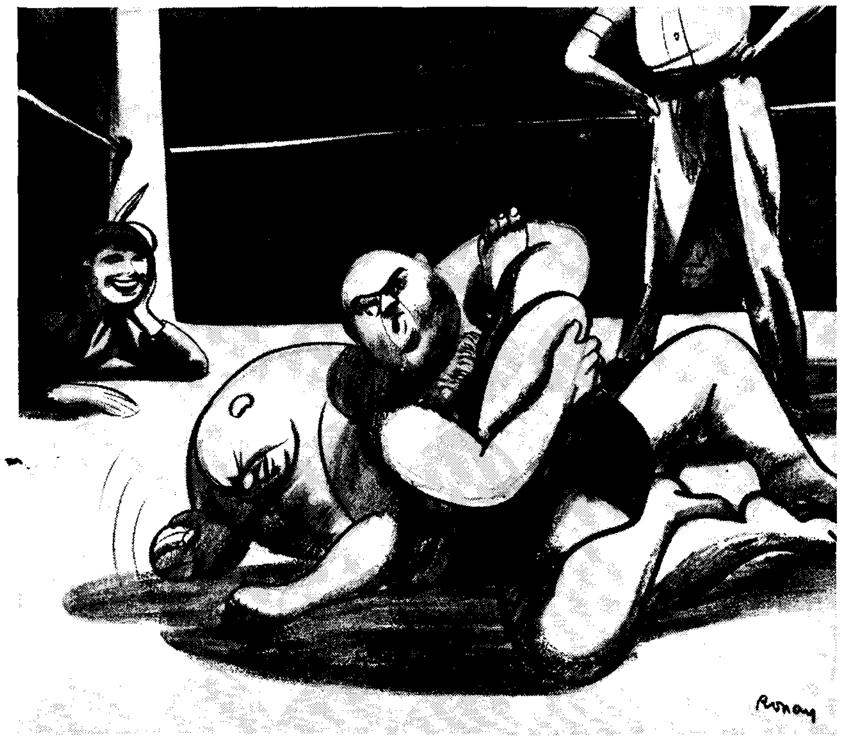
THE outer room was high, with damp gray walls and a heavy plaster cornice line. There had been a chandelier once but nothing remained of it but its plaster medallion and a rusty iron hook in the ceiling. There was a packing-case full of newspapers, dabs of cotton, used tongue depressers and pads of filthy cloth. There were two very regal and very dilapidated chairs that had once been covered with pale blue velvet. Their seats and backs were blackened with great ovals of grease. There were diplomas: The Ecole de Médicine—Johns Hopkins—one from Vienna and a B. S. from Cornell, framed in fly-specked glass. There was the blended odor of dust and dampened filth that a cigarette could not cut.

Nugent came out of the corner room and nodded to Sturgis. Doctor Tyrwhitt followed them out to the hallway. He closed his brass-knobbed doors behind them, bowing to them and showing them the bald top of his wide, high-domed head which, seen from that angle, was like a great polished wen that had swollen and burst through the mat of his oily hair.

"Pleasant friends you have," Sturgis said.

They climbed into the cab again and the engine snorted as the driver backed down to the corner and turned up once more toward the Yamato. Sturg took a long breath of the damp air.

(To be continued next week)



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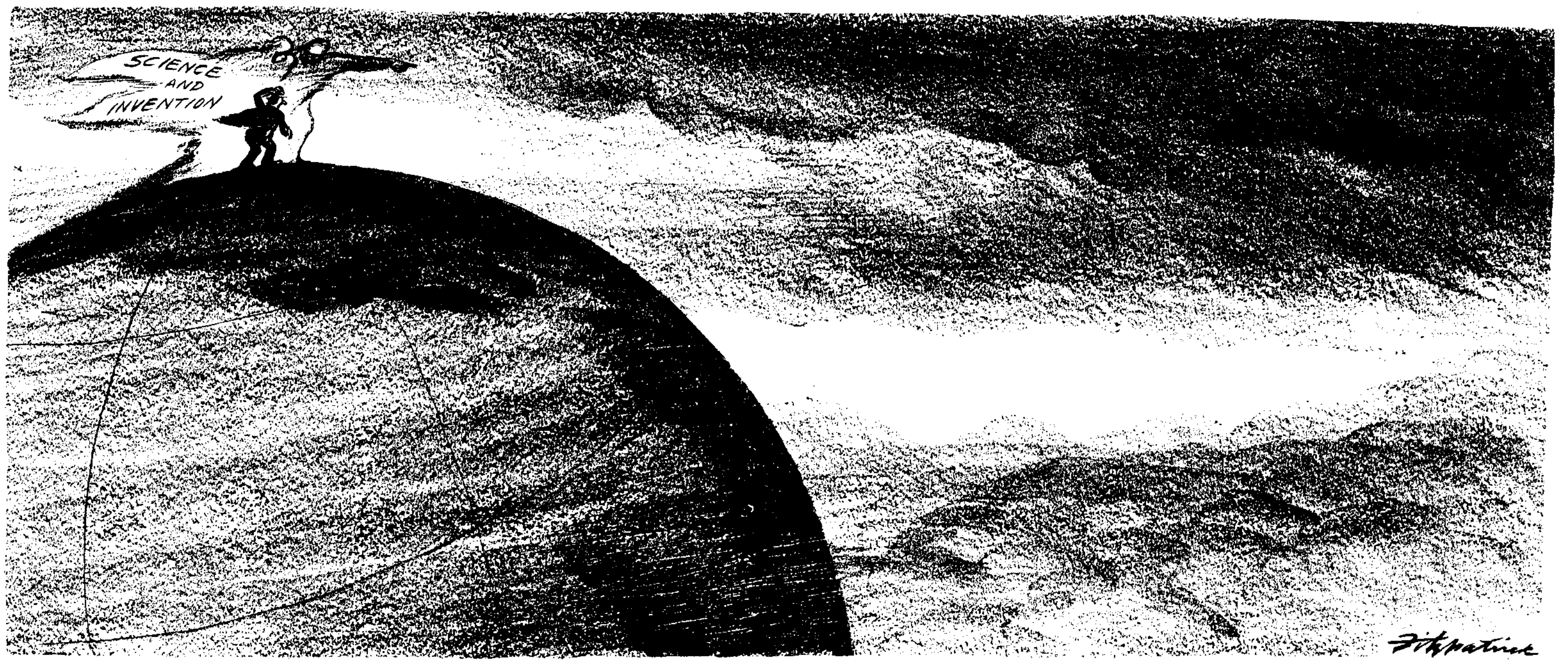

Look Ahead

LOOK ahead a few years and picture to yourself the world which is emerging. We don't have to see far into the future to realize that we are in the midst of vast changes.

What has happened during the past twenty-five years marks perhaps the greatest change ever witnessed by men. In 1910 George V ascended the British throne and William Howard Taft was midway in his term as President. The Kaiser Wilhelm was master of Germany and the Czar Nicholas seemed safely possessed of the imperial power enjoyed by the Romanoffs. The brown beard of the English King has turned gray for the Silver Jubilee the British Empire is now celebrating and nothing except the surface of things and people remains the same.

An American clipper ship is opening a transpacific service. Twenty-five years ago the narrow English Channel was a hazardous flight. Hawaii, 2,000 miles from San Francisco, is even now only eighteen hours away by air. Twenty-five years ago a week was required to make the trip. New York is a night's distance from the Pacific Coast and steadily this time of travel grows less. Every capital of Europe is but a few hours' flight from other capitals, friendly or hostile, and we know that we are at the beginning, not the end, of aviation development.

Nobody at this moment of feverish nationalism can envisage all of the consequences of the rapidly coming maturity of air transport. That its effect upon our civilization will be tremendous only the blind and the halt deny. The airplane is more important for peace and war than the ideas and policies of war lords, dictators and all other rulers.

Akin and even more pervasive is the radio, still in its infancy. Twenty-five years ago the wireless was a stuttering system of sending telegraphic signals from ships to shore. Its implications were marvelous but its possibilities were unrealized. Today, thanks largely to the radio, Adolf Hitler, the Austrian orator, now wields greater power over the German people than the Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck ever dared exert. In this country, among its other achievements, the radio made possible Father Coughlin. The radio also enables the little duchy of Luxemburg to flood Great Britain with voices. Around the world this same mechanism pierces the air with messages which pay no attention to national borders.

We have not reached the end of the road in radio development. In this intricate scientific invention statesmen and demagogues, politicians and merchants, philosophers and charlatans have a new instrument of power and of persuasion. Today electrical waves transmit our voices and our ideas over illimitable distances. Tomorrow, similar electrical impulses may, through television, serve our eyes. Try to write in the details of the picture which this one invention is creating. Plainly the destined changes are stupendous.

In other fields of chemistry, physics and biology the possibilities are scarcely less arresting. Certainly the industrial life of every highly organized nation will be profoundly influenced. New products will displace familiar articles. The research conducted by great corporations and by universities is charged with meaning for our future. Biologists are penetrating deeper into the mysteries of life.

The Shadows of Things to Come

Agriculture may be the scene of the most spectacular developments. The ancient peasant way of life in which men and women and their children sought by their own muscle, supplemented by the strength of horses or cattle, to extract a poor livelihood from the soil can be abandoned whenever any people is ready to use the science even now available. It is difficult to imagine that, given the opportunity for an abundant life, men will deliberately or even carelessly choose the worse.

In the political and economic field the obvious changes will not be less far-reaching. Despite the labels of conflicting political theories, Fascism, Communism and Democracy, one pronounced trend is evident the world over. This is toward a wider distribution of the fruits of industry.

Fascists and Communists alike hold their power by promising the entire people more generous participation in the national income. Honest statesmen and shabby demagogues unite in the same doctrine. The actual division up to now has been disappointing but we know that every industrialized nation can produce enough to provide a good life for everybody. We also know that as output is increased the necessity for division will be even more pressing.

A wider economic democracy in a more highly organized industrial civilization is plainly emerging. We shall have more and better tools and machines. We shall move faster.

The speed of railroads will be greatly accelerated. Motor roads will be even more conducive to rapid travel. Our actual relationships with people will be more extensive. More people will participate in more decisions affecting the common welfare.

Unquestionably we shall be called upon to pay a price if we are to have and to hold the multitude of good things provided by the ingenious minds of scientists and inventors. We shall have to expand our ideas to find comfort and safety in our larger world. We shall find difficulty in making the adjustment.

At home it will not be easy to preserve the liberties which historically have been American and British. Individual freedom is easily maintained in a sparsely settled land. Robinson Crusoe was entirely free from the intrusions of others. His man Friday was less fortunate.

The very unification of a land by the modern tools of communication and transport tends to make rulers impatient of dissent and opposition. The generation of today and tomorrow will be involved in one of the great historic struggles over liberty. It is inevitable.

Not less fundamental will be the necessity of discovering ways of living peacefully with foreigners. As we have become more international in our human relationships we have steadily become more nationalistic in our political ideas. It is as though our ancient prejudices were in actual revolt against the ships and motorcars and airplanes and all the devices for overcoming familiar boundaries.

When, however, we can and do cross the oceans in a few days and find ourselves actual neighbors of far-flung races, we and they must discover the basis of a friendly and secure relationship. This will not be easy.

These are tasks which call for the finest qualities of leadership. In other earlier formative periods such leaders appeared and created a republic which was new and challenging in an old and weary world. Those who possess power in the years ahead will be fortunate if they display as much wisdom and integrity in charting the way toward the new day which even now breaks upon the horizon.

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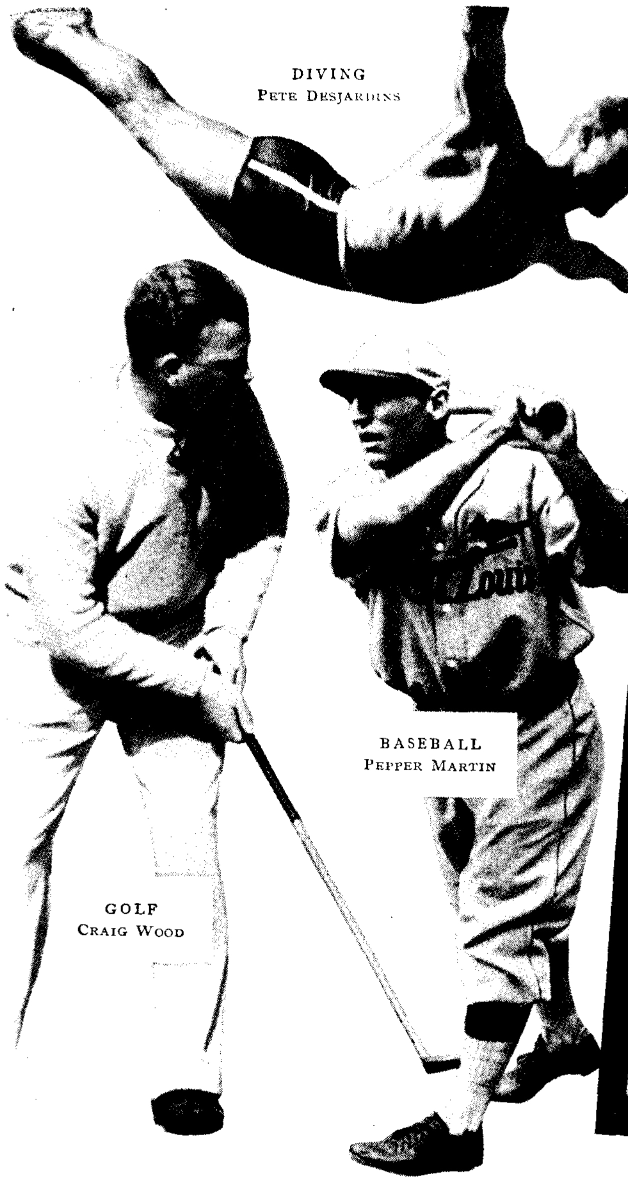
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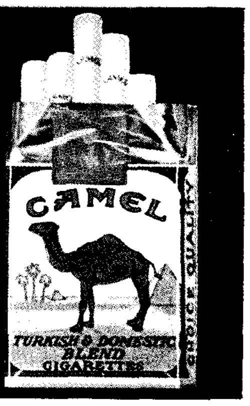
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